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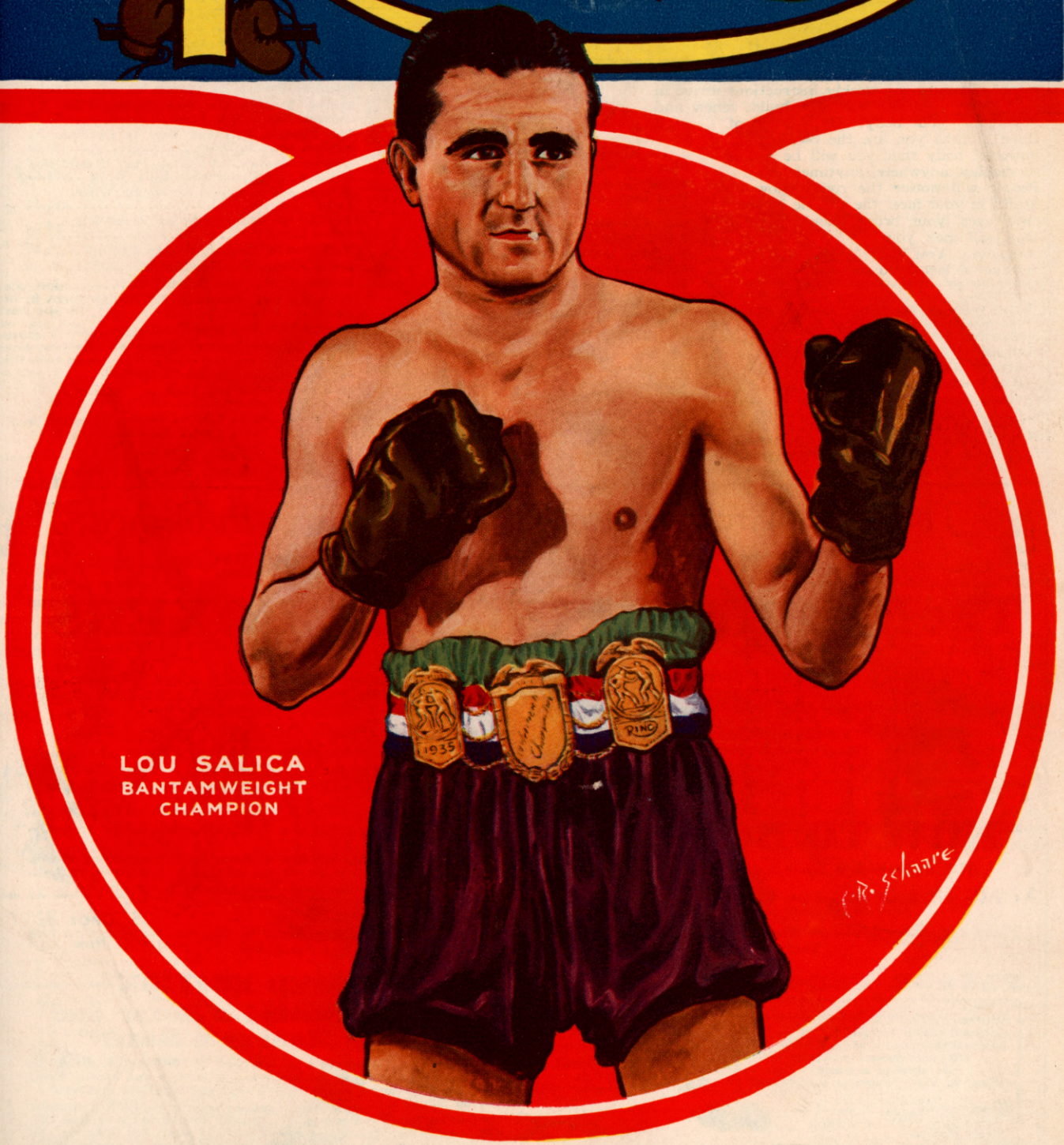

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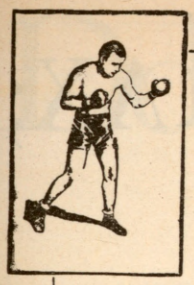

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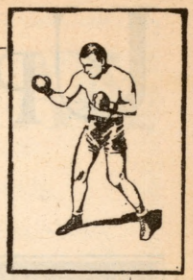

World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

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In Our Next Issue

You who have followed boxing, know the name of Billy Roche. Yes, he's the man who in the good old days of boxing refereed some of the greatest battles in American ring history and who in that same period, operated some of the best clubs in the far west. Billy has seen every champion of note, every white hope and black hope in the past forty years and has consented to tell us in the next issue, "What I think of Joe Louis." You will find the article a most interesting one.

The Carnera-Neusel battle will decide Louis' next opponent. You'll find a full page of photographs and a detailed account of the fight between these heavyweights in the January number.

Who was the greatest of the modern school of English fighters? Some experts select Owen Moran. Others pick Jimmy Wilde. We asked that question of Jimmy Johnston, Madison Square Garden promoter who has handled many foreign stars during his thirty years affiliation with boxing and Jimmy says none can compare to the great Driscoll. Read his story, "Jem Driscoll, the Wizard of Boxing," in the January number.

Who was the king of the "Left Hook Artists"? T. W. McNiel will answer that question for you in, "Masters of the Left Hook."

In addition—special stories by Daniel M. Daniel, A. D. Phillips, George T. Pardy and Nat Fleischer.

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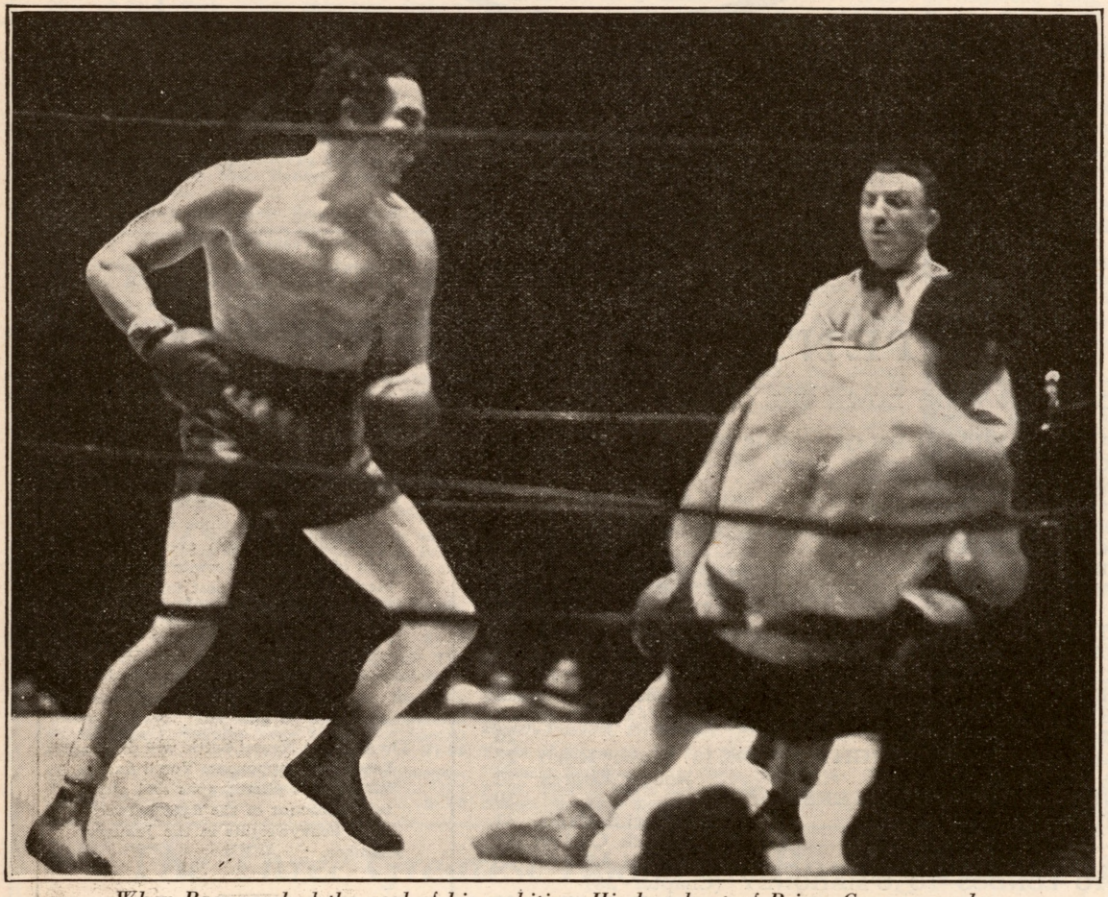
UP the LADDER for MAX;

He Takes the Title from Carnera



When Baer reached the goal of his ambition. His knockout of Primo Carnera made him world heavyweight champion.

By NAT FLEISCHER

THE Louis-Baer fight is a matter of ring history. The tumult and the furor have died down. Baer has gone into a wise retirement and Louis looks for new worlds to conquer. He probably will fight Neusel in New York before the snow flies and then will meet Max Schmeling in this country next June, followed by a world heavyweight championship fight, staged under the direction of Mike Jacobs, with the Negro and Jimmy Braddock as the principals.

With Baer badly and fairly beaten, and out of consideration in the future plans of any and all promoters, what I say here is not to be regarded as an excuse. It is a true story.

Baer went into the ring unable to defend himself properly. I said so over the air before the fight and I repeat it now. He went into action against Louis with his right thumb gone. His left knuckle, hurt before the Braddock fight, was all gone, reports to the contrary for ballyhoo purposes notwithstanding.

His thumb was sprained several weeks before he began active preparation for Louis and the fact was kept a secret from the promoters and the press. That's why, when the contracts were signed, Baer insisted on the Thomas tyèe glove, a California glove that carried a good thumb protection in it. The type was acceptable to Louis, but the boxing commission was not consulted and that's what brought about the arguments when, on the day of the weighing-in, Baer learned that the official New York State gloves, the Everlast gloves, were to be used.

When Baer threatened to call off the fight then and there, and hop on the first train West, he meant business. He was not bluffing. He was looking for an out and would have gone through with his threat.

With thumb gone, Baer could not use his right to ward off Louis' lefts. That is also why Jack Dempsey was called into the picture at the last minute—to bolster Baer's morale.

With thumb gone, Baer could not hit with the knuckle side of his right hand. That overhand right with which Baer caught Louis in the first and made Joe's knees buckle together momentarily was struck with the side of the fist. What might have happened had Max hit with the fist proper is problematical. The blow hurt Louis — that much Joe himself admitted to me after the fight.

All of this information is authentic, and is certainly not given as an alibi, for those who read my article in the October issue, which appeared on the stands on September 1, four weeks before the bout, know that I declared then that Baer would be stopped and I repeated that statement in my radio broadcasts several times during the training of both men. In fact, there wasn't and still isn't a more ardent Louis supporter, excepting possibly Bill Corum of the New York *Evening Journal,* than I. I was among the first in the East to sing the praises of Louis, and I shall continue to do just that until such time as I'm convinced that a better man has appeared on the fistic horizon.

When Baer worked with Abie Feldman, and knocked him down, Max aggravated the condition of the thumb and when he entered the ring, he had to get a shot of cocaine to deaden the pain. That's no alibi, because Max knew his condition and it was just his misfortune. But even in the finest physical condition, Baer would have received the same dose from Louis, although possibly he would have fared a little better in meting out punishment. It is my contention that even with thumb and left knuckle right, Baer still would have been a cinch for Louis. He still would have been beaten badly but at least might have put up a better fight instead of being scared out of his wits.

* * *

THE eyes of the fistic world for the two months were focused on the ebony-skinned young Bomber of Detroit and California's ring comedian. It was expected that when their million-dollar shindig at the Yankee Stadium was over, things pugilistic would return to normal. But dead pan, sleepy-eyed Louis, whose phenomenal rise has not been matched in boxing history,

DOWN the CHUTE for MAX

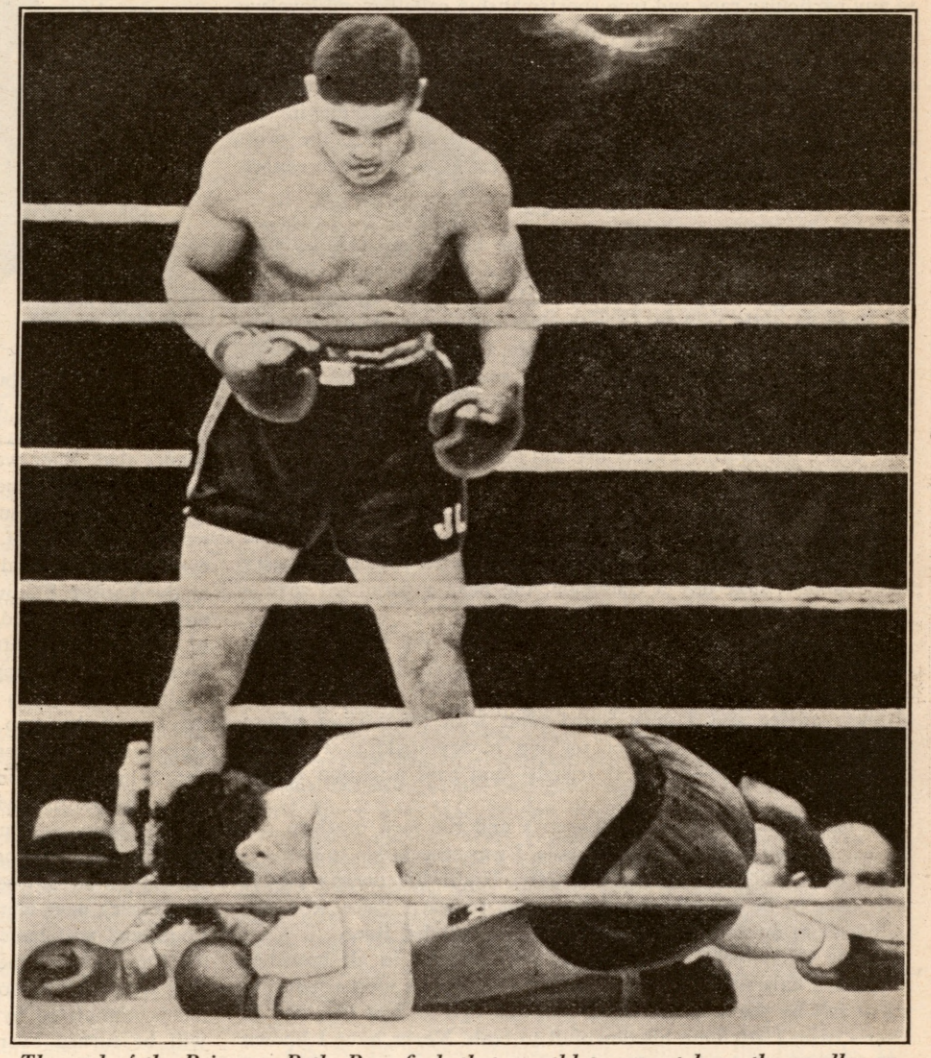
He Is Knocked Out by Louis

made such a great job out of the opportunity given him to prove his right to a championship bout with Jim Braddock, that Louis remains the one big topic of discussion in every part of the world where boxing fans gather, and will continue to do so even during the height of the football season.

Why? Because Johnny Public's imagination has been fired. What would Joe Louis have done to John L. Sullivan? How would he have fared against the mighty Bob Fitzsimmons? Would the cleverness of the sharp-shooting Jim Corbett have offset the hitting powers of the conqueror of Max Baer eventually to have outpointed this new ring marvel? Would the powerful fists of Jack Dempsey and his tigerlike fighting have checked the fistic wonder of the age? Would the shifty Jack Johnson, with his feinting prowess and his powerful lunges, have tied Louis into knots as he did other great ring men to pound out a victory?

These and other queries, mighty interesting from the point of view of comparison of Pugilistic Immortals with the latest executioner of the white race's outstanding fighters, have brought back new life, new interest and the million-dollar gate to boxing, and it is my prediction that there will be no let-up just so long as Joe Louis is willing to continue to show in public. Fame and fortune are his now, and though his rise has been meteoric, I predict still further advancement for him, with his ultimate goal, the heavyweight championship, his whenever he can get the title-holder into the ring with him.

* * *



The end of the Primrose Path. Baer finds that an athlete cannot burn the candles on both ends. He pays the penalty for his folly. Ignominious defeat follows a life of high living.

SPEAKING of predictions, by way of passing, without too much ego, let me say that ever since I saw Joe Louis in action in Detroit, I have harped on his greatness both in my RING magazine and on the air. I picked Joe to knock out Carnera in seven rounds and you know what he did. He finished Primo in six. I went on the air in Chicago over station WGN and predicted the day before the fight with Kingfish Levinsky that the Bomber would end hostilities in the first round, and Joe obliged with about four punches.

And then came the battle with Baer. From the start, I could see nothing but Louis and so declared over this station and in my RING magazine editorials. When I saw Louis the Saturday morning before the fight, after I had announced in my broadcast the previous day that Joe would score a K.O. between the fifth and seventh rounds, Louis said to me:

"Nat, I heard you on the air last night. Thanks for the nice things you've been saying about me. When you go on tonight, say I'll end the fight in five rounds because it won't go further."

I mention this because it brings to my mind a most interesting point in Louis' make-up—his uncanny ability to pick the round in which he will knock out his opponent, or else come within a round of naming the correct one. He named the round in which he would hand Carnera the sleep producer, and missed it one; told me in Chicago to say over the air that Louis would K.O. the Kingfish in four punches, and came close to doing that, and then called the Baer K.O. within a round.

And yet his trainer, Jack Blackburn, to whom must be given all the credit for having brought Louis up from a fifty-dollar fighter a year and a half ago to the million-dollar scrapper, is not satisfied that Louis has reached the point where he can be called the "perfect fighting machine."

If the Brown Bomber is not that now, then I wonder what else Joe must do to receive that appellation. According to Blackburn, when Joe has had two more fights, then he will have reached that stage and he'll be able to call his round on an opponent almost to the second. Name another fighter in all American ring history who has duplicated Louis' feat over a similar stretch of time. There is none.

I was in Louis' dressing room following his one-sided victory over Baer and for the first time in my many visits to Joe did I see him give anything that seemed to approach symptoms of elation, and that was brought about by the praise of one of the world's best little fighters to one of the world's greatest heavyweights of all time—Joe Louis. Barney leaned over and said:

"Congratulations, Joe, I have seen tonight the greatest fighter I ever saw."

That, coming from Ross, an idol in another class, was indeed a compliment worth while and what Ross expressed, was the sentiment of thousands of other unbiased fight fans, including yours truly. As for me, I have expressed it so often that I have been accused by many of my followers of disloyalty to the white race.

But to those I say that the brotherhood of man owes no loyalty to any particular race and true sportsmanship calls beyond loyalty. That multitude of ninety thousand persons who gave Louis a lusty cheer as his hand was raised in token of victory exemplified the true meaning of loyalty to the great sport of boxing, and just so long as Baer's conqueror continues to do his fighting in the roped square, and to give his best efforts at all times, the profession in which he has cast his lot will have no reason to regret his entry.

* * *

THE Louis-Baer fight is over. The knockout of Max puts an end to another comeback attempt of a former champion. The old adage, "they can't come back," continues to hold true. As Baer so aptly said in an interview credited to him with my friend, Eddie Geiger, sports editor of the Chicago *American:*

"You can't burn the candle on both ends and hope to triumph over life's battles. You can't stay out half the night, drinking, smoking and fighting Nature. It's fun while you are living in that whirl, but Nature exacts her toll and you pay the price.

"I am satisfied that had I lived like Dempsey, Leonard or Gene Tunney, I would have been able to carry on, and instead of the hisses and the hooting that greeted me as I feebly walked out of the ring to my dressing room, there would have been cheers and applause. One day a champion, the next a forgotten man—that's me right now.

"I thought I could go on forever, and when my friends begged me to quit and to attend strictly to the business of fighting while I was still in my prime, I just laughed. I sneered and snickered at their advice and I even found fault with the scribes whose writings were responsible for my big money making. I simply misunderstood them—my real friends—and paid attention to the flatterers.

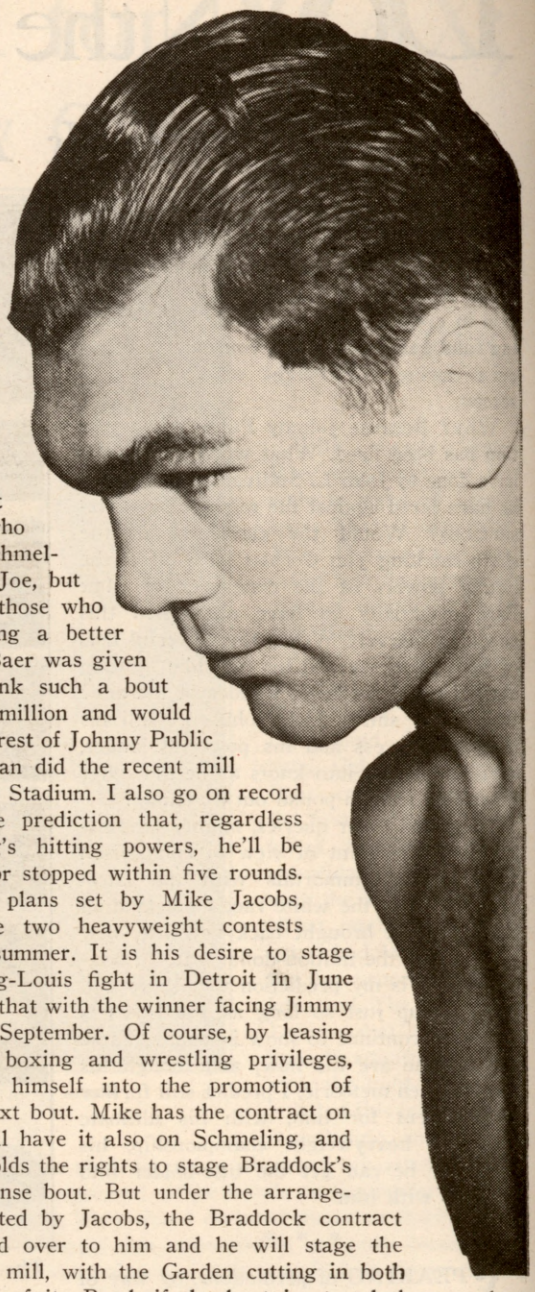
"Wine, women and song, cigarettes and the lack of sleep put me where I am tonight, not Joe Louis. I was susceptible to flattery, and I have paid for my playboy folly. Night life doesn't pay if you want to be an athlete, and I want to warn those who are following in my footsteps to take heed," concluded Baer.

In my thirty years of affiliation with athletes in all branches of sport, I have never known it to fail. I have seen most promising talent fall by the wayside either through ego or fast life, and in Baer's case, I attribute his downfall to both. Never have I known a boxer to toss away success and its accompanying financial rewards as did Baer. He had everything—physically—but mentally he lacked the will power and the foresight to keep him in line. And thus has passed from the picture Livermore Max, California's Great Lover.

* * *

AND what now? In the parade of heavyweights who appeared on the Baer-Louis card, there were some good prospects, but not a man who could reckon with Louis either now or in the near future. Since the newcomers do not measure up to the mark as Louis opponents, Promoter Jacobs finds it necessary, in order to continue Louis' activity in the big money class, to fall back on veterans, and in that class there are only two available who could draw the dough and continue to keep Jacobs in the spotlight as the million-dollar promoter.

On the one hand, Jacobs has Max Schmeling, former world heavyweight title-holder, whose recent triumphs over Hamas, Neusel and Paulino stamp him as a worthy rival for the Detroit Bomber. It is my opinion that Schmeling, whose first trip to this country was engineered by me as agent for Tex Rickard, will draw as much or possibly more than did Max Baer with Louis. Why? Because Schmeling has a colorful background, is a good boxer and the best hitter among the heavyweights now before the public, excepting Louis, and his style would enable the spectators to see a far more thrilling battle with Joe than any other opponent who might be selected for the Negro.



Max Schmeling, who is certain to figure in next million-dollar gate, with Louis as opponent.

I am not among those who think that Schmeling can take Joe, but I am among those who give Schmeling a better chance than Baer was given by me. I think such a bout would net a million and would excite the interest of Johnny Public even more than did the recent mill at the Yankee Stadium. I also go on record now with the prediction that, regardless of Schmeling's hitting powers, he'll be knocked out or stopped within five rounds.

Under the plans set by Mike Jacobs, there will be two heavyweight contests staged next summer. It is his desire to stage the Schmeling-Louis fight in Detroit in June and to follow that with the winner facing Jimmy Braddock in September. Of course, by leasing the Garden's boxing and wrestling privileges, Jacobs eased himself into the promotion of Braddock's next bout. Mike has the contract on Louis and will have it also on Schmeling, and the Garden holds the rights to stage Braddock's first title defense bout. But under the arrangements completed by Jacobs, the Braddock contract will be turned over to him and he will stage the championship mill, with the Garden cutting in both on the rental of its Bowl, if the bout is staged there, and on the profits.

* * *

NOW for the story of the fight. No doubt by this time the details of the battle between Louis and Baer are well known throughout the world. Unfortunately, the affair took place at an awkward time so far as this publication is concerned, hence our review appears a month later than it ordinarily would have been seen in print.

The story of the fight is pictorially told elsewhere in this issue of THE RING. It is a story of technique vs. clumsiness; of fists of dynamite vs. fists of clay; of sharp-shooting vs. covering up, and of courage vs. fear. If you can visualize those in Louis and Baer, you will have a complete picture of the million-dollar battle.

I am not among those who are calling Baer "yellow" because he failed to arise after that third knockdown. I do not agree with those who, having selected Max to win, now dub him a coward. The Californian is far from that. There is quite a difference between fear and cowardice. Show me the man who would do any better than did Baer against that modern killer—Joe Louis. What good would it have done Baer to get up and take his medicine—a final lethal wallop from the iron fists of one of the greatest fighters of all time? I cannot see the sense of it.

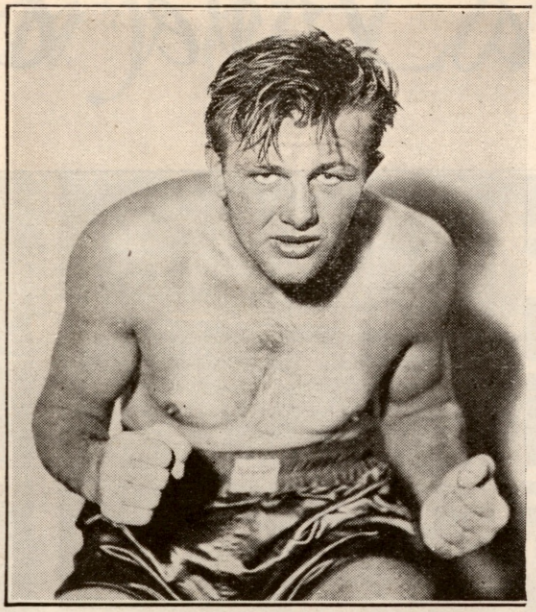
Baer had received a terrible shellacking in the third and part of the fourth rounds. He took an awful beating in the first session

when he threw everything he had in an effort to test the staying powers of the Negro, and he fully realized then, after a thrilling exchange, as did the ninety thousand in attendance, that a knockout was certain.

* * *

OF course, there are thousands of dyed-in-the-wool followers of fisticuffs who believe that when a fighter goes into the ring in such an important contest as did Baer and Louis, and when the stakes reach into the high figures which each of the fighters was certain to obtain, then the fighter owes it to his public to stand up and fight to the bitter end—come what may.

I disagree with that stand, firm stickler that I am for the old code of boxing. I was an ardent Louis supporter from the start, because I believed in his prowess as I do now, and I could not see a single fighter on the fistic horizon who could withstand the punishment which Louis could mete out. That was my opinion throughout the training periods, during which I broadcast daily and harped on this fact, and it is my opinion now.



Walter Neusel, who is being considered for a Christmas Fund bout with Louis in December.

Yet I can see the justice of Baer's stand. He was a beaten man in that fourth round. He could only hope to get up and have Louis take one more pot-shot at him to lay him low—possibly send him into insensibility, and more probably, send him to join Ernie Schaaf and Frankie Campbell into the land where all is serene and restful. Yes, that was what Baer would have invited had he decided to show his gameness and oblige those who wanted to see the slaughter continued until he was battered into a state of absolute helplessness.

Coward? No, Baer may be called everything else, but please don't dub him that. He stood more punishment in the three and three-quarter rounds in which he faced Louis than did Carnera or Levinsky against Joe, or Schmeling against Baer. Candidly, I think he took as severe a shellacking as did Willard against Dempsey, yet only the most hardened fistic fans called Jess a coward. There is a vast difference between cowardice and fear.

* * *

BAER had Louis flustered on one occasion, and only one—when he crashed that right against Joe's head and the Brown Bomber momentarily was shocked. It was about midway in the first round when, following Dempsey's advice to test Joe, Baer suddenly tore into his rival and, in a neutral corner, threw lefts and rights, but found Joe standing his ground.

It was immediately after that right to the temple stunned the Negro that Louis came in and banged away at such a rapid-fire pace that, instead of Louis showing the white flag, as Dempsey and Baer had expected, it was Baer who folded up, and then and there the real fight ended. Baer never thereafter tossed any more punches. He was kept too busy covering up to protect himself against Louis' bombardment to think of tossing blows at the black target. Louis was off balance and had momentarily dropped his guard. He was in a defenseless position after that punch to the temple and, if you have any doubts, study the motion pictures of the fight.

Throughout the entire fight, Louis hit the mark with a vengeance. He was calm, took deliberate aim, didn't waste any energy nor any punches, and worked his left with pistonlike precision. In fact, in the first, on one occasion, I counted nine consecutive lefts to the face, and in the second, six, followed by eight before the bell sounded. If that isn't hitting the mark, I don't know what is.

It was three left hooks in the third that sent Baer down for the count of four, when the bell saved him. And it was a series of hefty, solid punches that ended the fight, and if anyone who has seen the pictures doesn't agree with me that Max had taken more than his share before he was counted out, then he must be real hard-hearted. The most blood-thirsty fight fan should be satisfied after viewing the pictures just to refresh his memory if he saw the fight, that those who persist in calling Baer a coward are all out of gear with true sportsmanship.

* * *

BAER was so completely outclassed in every detail that Louis' greatness was emphasized by Max's sad showing. Dead-pan, sleepy-eyed Louis the man who looks and acts like a slow motion operator but who, once he gets the sense of the kill, is a hardened, two-fisted ring monster, neither gives nor asks for quarter. He took complete charge of the job when the gong sent him on his way and never but once let up until his task was completed—that of putting Baer out of the heavyweight picture and advancing Louis into the top rung of the challenger's ladder.

Joe's left hooks were deadly. His left jabs were cobralike stings and he poured into his adversary's body deadly right crosses that rocked the Californian almost from the start. Halfway through the first session, Louis knew that he was Baer's master, even if he hadn't known so before, and from then it was only a question of how soon Joe would end Max's misery. When Louis went into that first round exchange after Max had stunned him with the temple blow, Joe exhibited a type of fighting that made even his enemies—if he has any—applaud with vigor.

Louis met Max at his own game and before the brief rally had ended, there was Max against the ropes, arms folded over his chest for protection, with a flow of crimson coming from his badly battered face, and Louis, his breathing scarcely noticeable, calmly pursuing the task ahead of him. It was amazing, because there were thousands of skeptics who couldn't be convinced that Louis could take it when the time came, but changed their minds after the display that caused Joe to break Max's heart and to cause him to stop fighting.

* * *

IN the second round, Louis continued the fusillade. He refused to give Baer a chance to get set for a haymaker and had Max bleeding from nose and mouth from a severe face punishment. Louis hit with deadly accuracy while Baer showed no signs of anything but extreme gameness, notwithstanding the criticism that is still being heaped on him for quitting under fire.

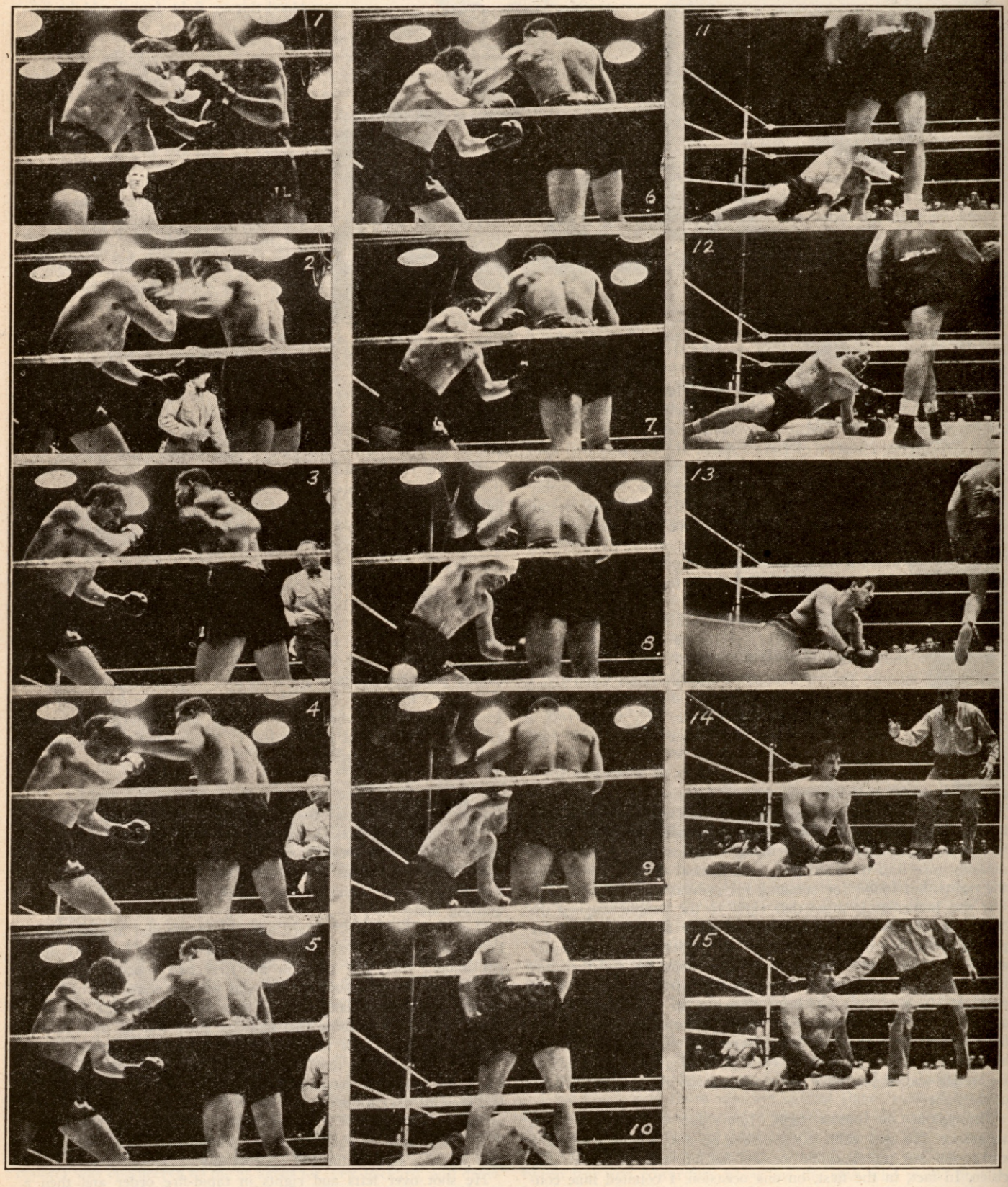
I saw the Dempsey-Willard fight in Toledo and in those seven knockdowns which Jess suffered, I don't think he took any more punishment than did Baer in the first two rounds. Max was softened up for the knockout that was soon to come. He had been plastered with sufficient blows to have put the average fellow to sleep three times in those two sessions. Baer was an open target, easy to hit, and Louis took full advantage of the openings.

It was in the third that the Detroit Slugger put on real steam. He came out with determination written all over his face. He had seen his prey tottering and he decided to end his agony. Louis, using a rapid flurry of lefts and rights, soon had Max bewildered. The sickly smile of the vanquished spread over Baer's face, and that was the sign of the end approaching.

He shot over lefts and rights in rapid-fire order and then a terrific right crashed against Max's chin and down he went. The big Californian got up at the count of nine, but as he stood facing his dark foe, the Jungle Cat of Detroit, a right to the jaw was followed by a left and down went Max again. He was dazed and helpless as the referee finished

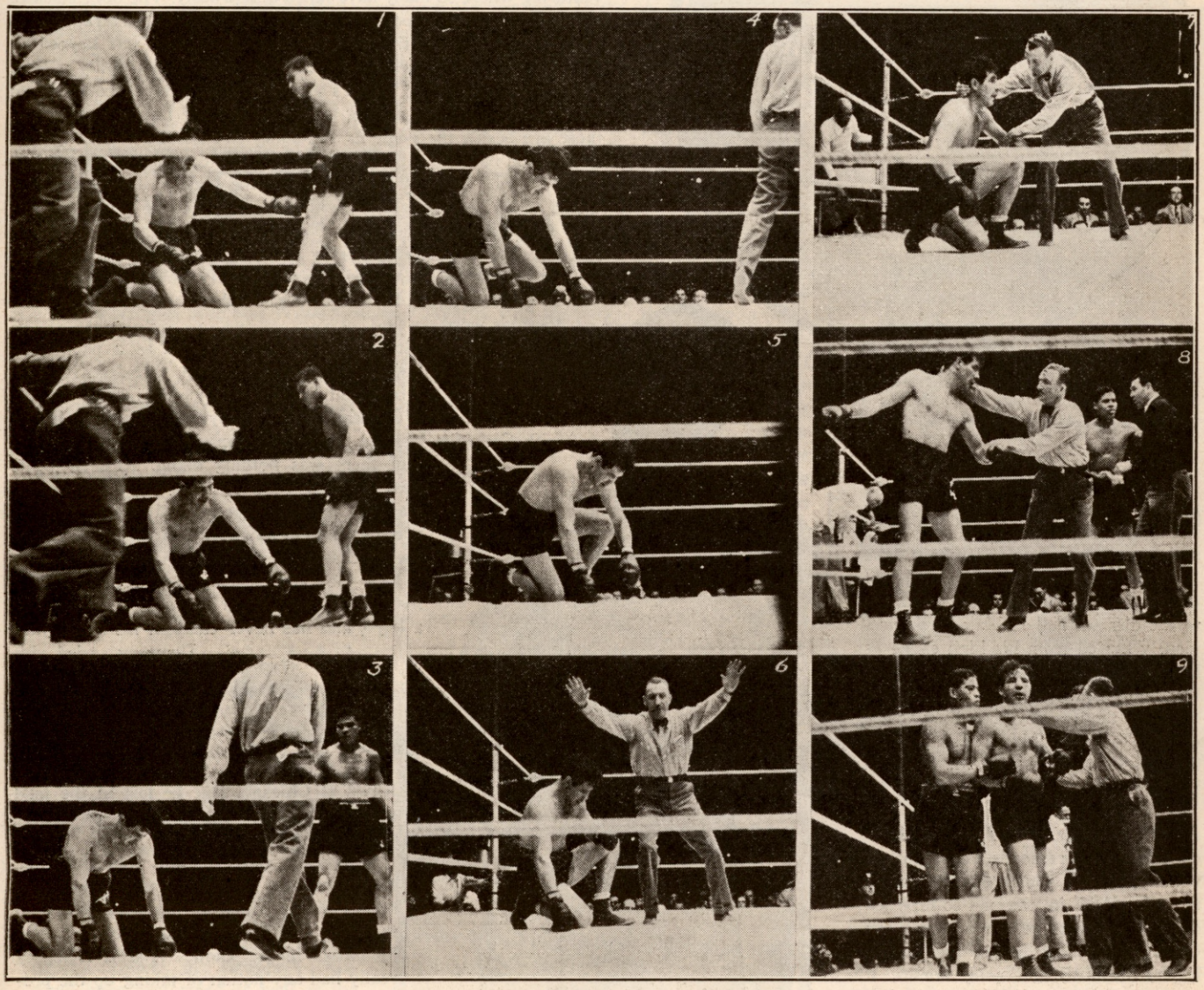
(Continued on page 42)

Magic Eye Catches



Here we get a view of the famous third round in the Louis-Baer battle. In the above, we see how Joe hammered down Max and then how the bell saved The Great Lover from being knocked out. (1) Louis lands a short right uppercut followed by (2) a looping left hook. Then (3) Joe stood off, measuring Max and (4) sent over a swinging left hook that caught Max on the temple. (5) Another left hook to the chin and Max began to reel. (6) Still another and Max's body began to sway downward. (7 to 11) Max gradually sinks to the canvas. (12-13) Louis starts to walk to his corner as Max attempts to rise. (14) Max sits on the canvas to the count of four and (15) Referee Donovan urges him to rise as the bell saves him from a knockout.

Wizardry of Louis' Fists



In the pictures on this page you will find a stirring resume of the famous fourth round of the Baer-Louis shindig which ended with Baer being counted out. In the above you will note Baer's weakness as he goes to the canvas and then follow him through to the amazing look on his face as Livermore Max is ushered to his corner by Louis, the Referee, and Jack Dempsey, who is hidden behind the official.

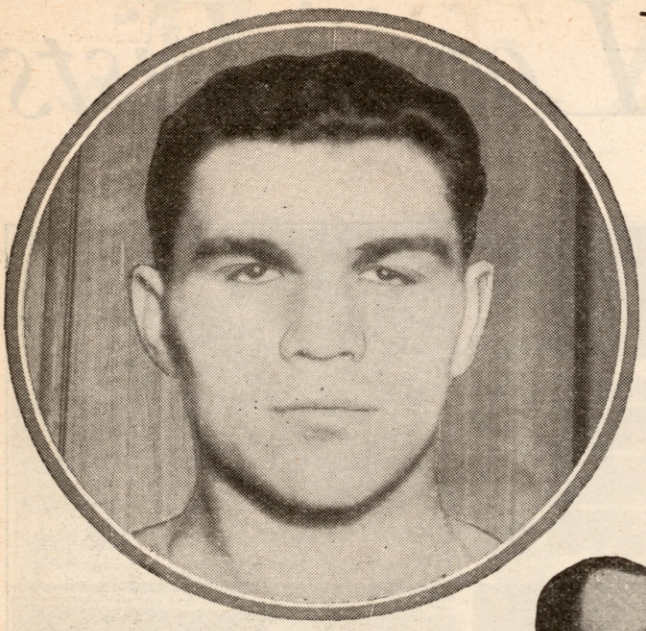
If ever there was any doubt about Louis' complete superiority over the Californian, a study of the above should be convincing. Reading down the line (1) as Baer slips to his knees following a right to the chin and a left hook, Louis is prepared for more action but Referee Donovan rushed forward to warn him to a neutral corner. (2) Baer, resting on his knees, is ready to topple over. (3) He supports himself on hands and knees with Louis still watching him. (4) Donovan, his eyes on Baer, follows Louis to the neutral corner. (5) The fallen gladiator tries to shake off the cobwebs while resting on one knee and both hands but to no avail. (6) The referee has completed the count and we see Donovan, hands raised signalling the end of the fight. (7) Referee Donovan gently helps Max to his feet. (8) Jack Dempsey, on extreme right, rushes first to congratulate Louis, while the Referee is trying to help Baer to his corner. (9) Louis, Donovan and Dempsey escort the beaten warrior to his chair.

The pictorial flashes on this page should be sufficient answer to those who insist on calling Baer a quitter. Note Max's expression as he is being led to his corner. Does it appear that he could have faced another onslaught?

From all appearances it should be obvious to the unbiased fight fan that the last two pictures in the group prove that the referee would have invited a possible fatality had Baer gotten up to face the iron fists of the hardest hitting heavyweight of years. Wouldn't it have been folly to have even permitted such a procedure?

Then why not give Baer the credit due him for his gameness and let it go at that. He was licked. Sure he was. But he took an awful shellacking and even, if what he says, "I could have gotten to my feet, but what was the use," is true, which I doubt, only one more wallop would have ended the fight.

VICTIMS *of*



Max Schmeling, whose recent victories over Paulino, Neusel, and Hamas are outstanding feats in comeback attempts.

METAPHORICALLY speaking, the treacherous curves of the pugilistic comeback trail are white with the sodden bones of those who vainly tried to reach a coveted but unattainable goal. The latest addition to the disaster roll is Max Baer, previously hurled from his high estate as heavyweight champ by Jim Braddock's fists and recently shelved, no doubt for keeps, by the uncanny propelling power of one Joe Louis, known slangily to the pugilistic world as the "Brown Bomber."

It is axiomatic that the veteran war steed, no matter how Time has stiffened his joints, responds with a gallant whinny to the sound of the battle-trumpet. And in the not-so-far-back days, as the years go, when New York City's fire-laddies dashed into action behind furiously galloping horses, it was no uncommon thing to read a humorous newspaper yarn of how some retired Department charger, dragging a milk wagon in declining age, pricked up his ears as the fire brigade went by, and disregarding the delicacy of the cargo entrusted to his care, and the futile remonstrances of a dismayed driver, hurled himself frantically in pursuit of the hook and ladder apparatus.

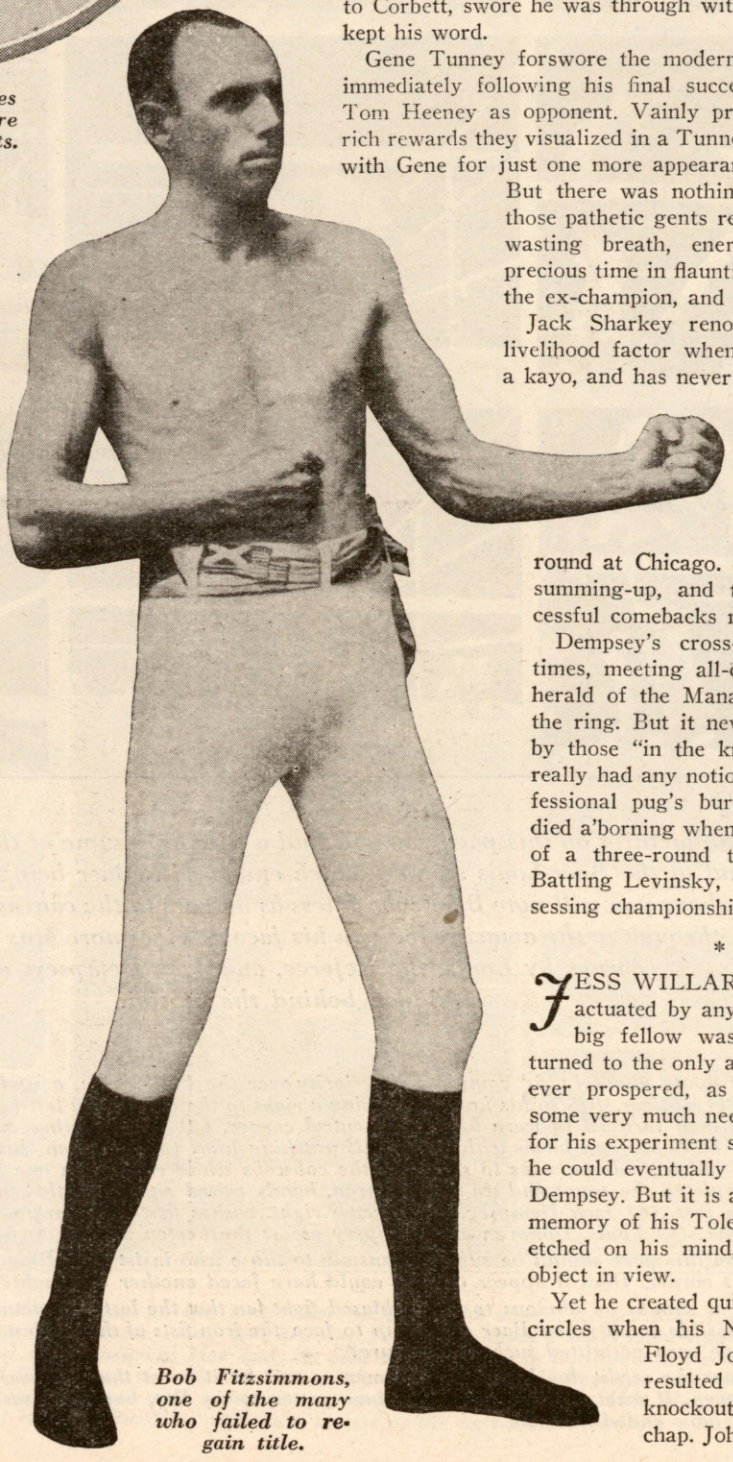
It seems to be the same with human leather-tossers, as in the case of the equine enthusiasts who are unable to realize that the days of former glories lie far behind, and that they no longer count as active factors in a strenuous game. Generally, the job of trying to convince an ex-star of the roped arena that he is definitely through, is about as thankless and futile a task as hammering cold iron in the attempt to make a horseshoe.

Yet one would imagine that a glance at the official records of fisticuffs would effectually deter a fighter who has seen his best ring days from venturing where so many have failed disastrously. The only instance this writer can recollect off-hand of a middleweight scrapper regaining the crown is that of Stanley Ketchel, who was kayoed by Billy Papke, and returned the compliment by outing Billy a little over two months after Papke's victory. Titles have, of course, been tossed back and forth among performers in the lighter grades, but these are beside the point in discussing comebacks, as the fighters in question had not retired, but were busily engaged at their trade in the interval between losing and winning back a title-crown.

But as for the big fellows, with the exceptions of John L. Sullivan, Gene Tunney and Jack Sharkey, every man-jack of them succumbed to the comeback fever and saw their ambitions wrecked on the altar of youth and superior vitality. John L., after losing to Corbett, swore he was through with the ring for good, and kept his word.

Gene Tunney forswore the modern arena as a participant immediately following his final successful title-defense, with Tom Heeney as opponent. Vainly promoters, lusting for the rich rewards they visualized in a Tunney-Sharkey gate, pleaded with Gene for just one more appearance as defending champ. But there was nothing doing. After a while those pathetic gents realized they were merely wasting breath, energy and more or less precious time in flaunting financial lures before the ex-champion, and let him alone.

Jack Sharkey renounced the gloves as a livelihood factor when he lost to Carnera on a kayo, and has never changed his mind. Jack Dempsey tried his luck with Tunney a second time, and made a rather close thing of it in that eventful seventh round at Chicago. But he lost in the final summing-up, and the tradition of unsuccessful comebacks remained intact.



Bob Fitzsimmons, one of the many who failed to regain title.

Dempsey's cross-country tour in later times, meeting all-comers, was billed as a herald of the Manassa Mauler's return to the ring. But it never was taken seriously by those "in the know." And if Dempsey really had any notion of taking up the professional pug's burden again, that notion died a'borning when he got much the worst of a three-round tussle in Chicago with Battling Levinsky, who was far from possessing championship calibre.

* * *

JESS WILLARD'S comeback was not actuated by any longing for fame. The big fellow was simply hard up, and turned to the only activity in which he had ever prospered, as a means of obtaining some very much needed cash. The ballyhoo for his experiment stated that Jess believed he could eventually win back the title from Dempsey. But it is a safe bet that, with the memory of his Toledo experience indelibly etched on his mind, Willard had no such object in view.

Yet he created quite a sensation in sports circles when his New York debut, with Floyd Johnson as an opponent, resulted in an eleven-round knockout victory for the big chap. Johnson was a likely look-

COMEBACK TRAIL

By GEORGE TICKELL

ing young fellow, who had rung up quite a string of knockouts on the Coast and around Gotham. But few of his antagonists had real class, the veteran Willard knew too much for him, and Jess' knowledge of the game, combined with huge superiority in bulk and strength, were obstacles Lloyd couldn't overcome.

In his second essay, against Luis Firpo, things looked pretty good for Willard, until the latter's legs gave out on him. He slugged freely with the dangerous South American, who came so close to depriving Dempsey of his title, and the fans cheered him vigorously, starting and maintaining a deep-voiced chant of "Come on, Jess!" that shook the clubhouse walls with its resonant vigor.

However, youth had to be served, Willard's aged underpinning was no longer capable of carrying their bulky owner through the stress of battle, Jess weakened fast and was stowed away in the eighth frame.

It is worthy of note that Willard, never a favorite with the mob when he held the championship, appeared to have captured their affections fully, as he made his final but unsuccessful bid for victory. However, this fact will not surprise those acquainted with the curious mentality and capricious actions of an average fight-crowd.

Prior to losing his title to Willard at Havana on April 5, 1915, Jack Johnson had not taken part in a battle since fighting an eight-round draw with Jim Johnson in Paris on December 19, 1913. Without entering into any argument regarding the widely circulated rumors of a lay-down on Johnson's part, it can be fairly stated that the great colored fighter was past his peak. Soft living and the life luxurious had taken their toll, and he was never again to figure as a leading light on the pugilistic horizon.

* * *

OF all the comebacks unsuccessfully tried by ex-champs, that of Jeffries against Johnson was probably the most famous. The publicity sharps worked the slogan of "restoring the heavyweight crown to the white race" overtime, and the public response was amazing. Yet the fight itself was a horribly one-sided affair.

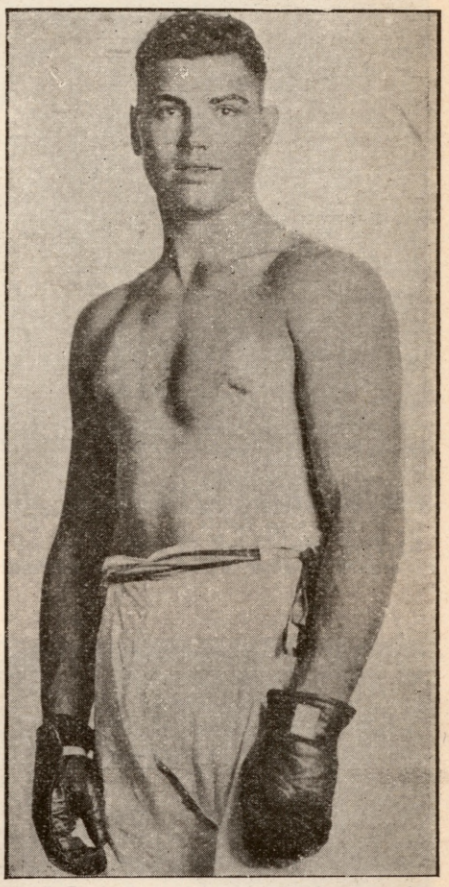
The world wasn't particularly rich in good heavyweight material just then, but nevertheless, there were a baker's dozen of scrappers who could have performed as well as the wornout Jeff did against the dusky marvel. Certainly none could have done much worse.

The long years of retirement, during which he led an easy-going, convivial existence, had left Jim Jeffries a mere burlesque of the formidable fighter he once was. From start to finish he never had a chance, and all he could do was stand as a target for Johnson's punches, until his second, Sam Berge, ended the agony by throwing in a towel in token of surrender.

There was considerably more drama to Fitzsimmons' attempt to redeem himself for the defeat by Jeffries in which Bob lost the title. Jeff won the first battle by a knockout in eleven rounds in 1899. On July 25, 1902, they squared off again, this time before a San Francisco club. Jeff came through with a kayo in the eighth frame. But it may be stated that never had a champion a closer call.

Fitz worked hard to get in shape for that occasion. He was as fit as a fiddle, which is more than can be said for his condition in the first bout, when he entirely over-rated the young giant from the Coast, and actually was host to a wine party on the night preceding the contest. For the California affair he was right "in the pink," as hard as nails, and really believed he could turn the tables on his former conqueror.

As it proved, he came within an ace of succeeding. Later reports had it that



Jack Dempsey, who reaped a fortune after returning from retirement but failed to regain the crown.

Fitz had plaster of Paris under his hand-bandages which, dipped in water, became as hard as a rock. No proof was ever advanced of the truth of this assertion, but its advocates said that it explained the horrible cutting-up given to Jeffries while Bob was still in fighting fettle.

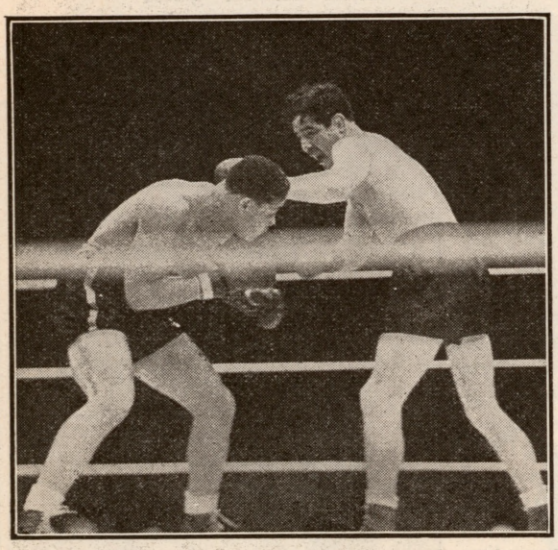
However that may have been, Fitzsimmons, "milling on the retreat," as they used to say in bare knuckle days, slashed and bruised Jeff's face until the champ's visage presented a truly horrible appearance. Jeff kept steadily boring in, regardless of the terrific punishment he was taking. His underlip was cut through to the gums. On each cheek-bone gaped raw, red openings that resembled miniature mouths. Both eyebrows were gashed to the bone, and the left one hung down like the wing of a sick crow.

And still Jeffries moved stubbornly on his tormentor, trying always for the body. In the eighth he connected, with a right smash to the wind that doubled Fitz over and brought the lanky one's head within range. Over went Jeff's far-famed left hook, plumb on the jaw, and down went Fitzsimmons to be counted out!

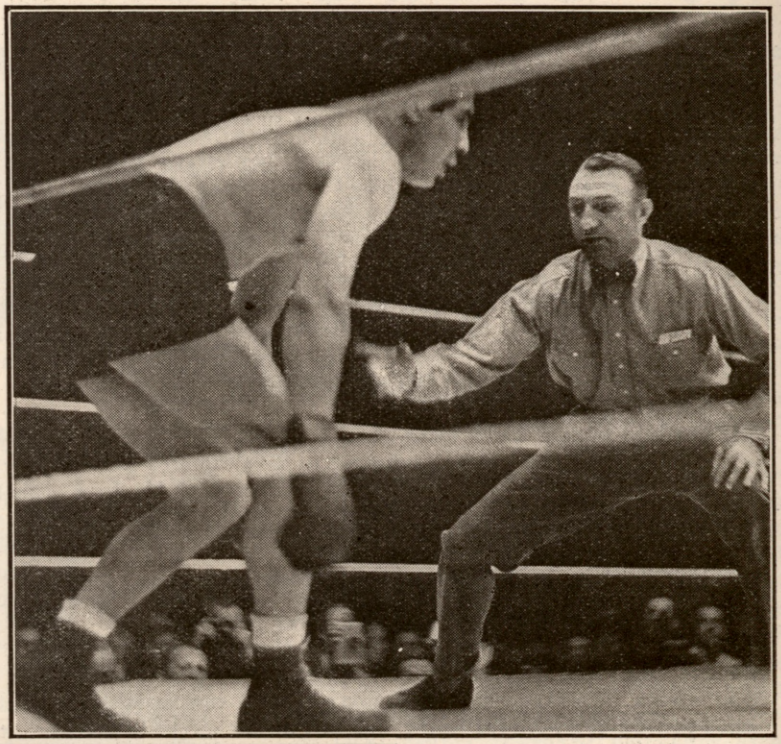
But it was a mighty near thing for the champ. Two minutes after being declared winner he was *(Continued on page 43)*

Jess Willard, who hurled Floyd Johnson but was halted by Firpo.

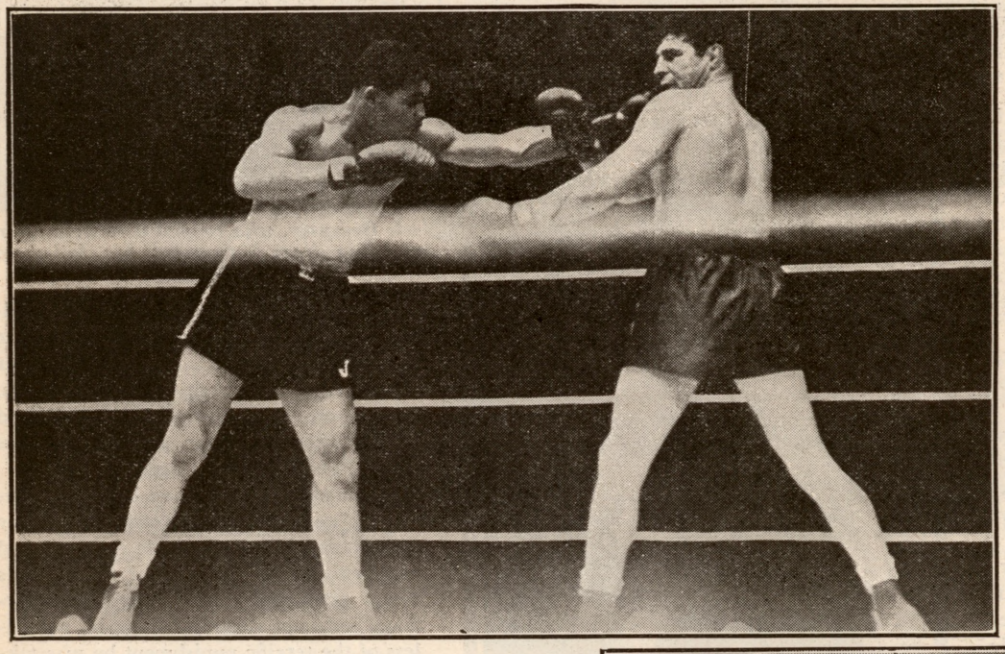
BAER DOWN! SOMETHING NEW!



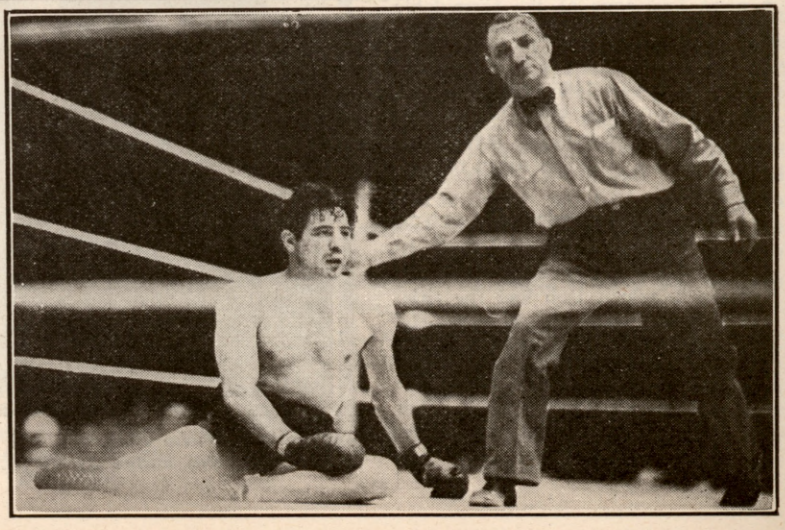
Scarcely half a dozen clean shots were landed by Baer after his thrilling first round exchange. Instead of Max forcing Louis to cry quits, the Livermore scrapper was forced to halt. Here we see Louis crouch as Baer shoots over a left and misses.



Baer, still stunned, rising to his feet as Donovan reaches nine after first knockdown in third round. Note the look of emptiness on Max's face. It was apparent he couldn't go much further.

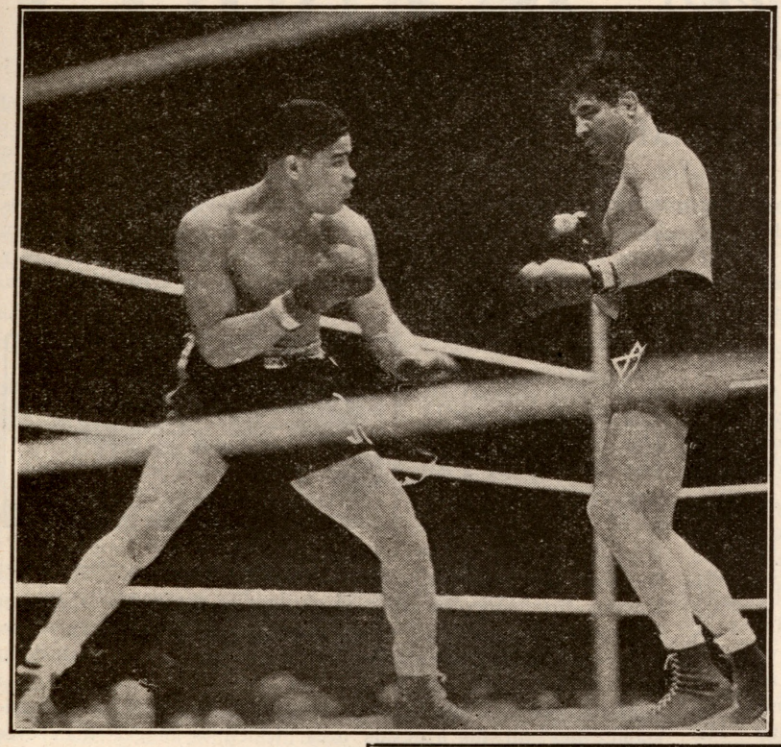


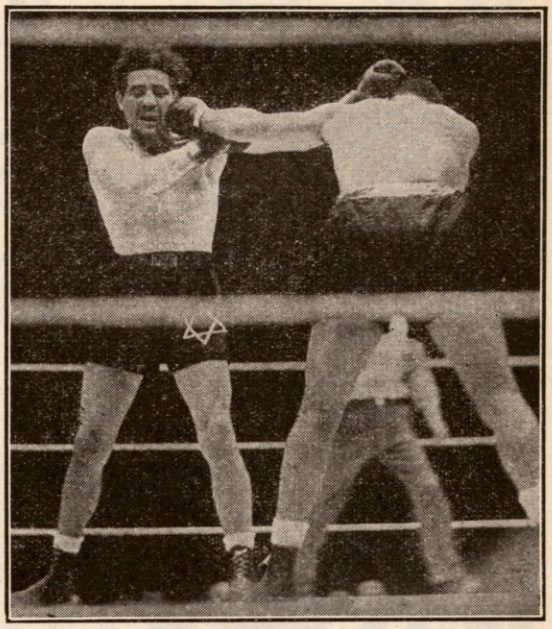
One of nine consecutive straight lefts that Louis sent to Baer's chin in the first round. Baer was amazed at Joe's audacity.



Face cut up, bleeding from nose and mouth, Baer sits dazed after Louis floored him for the first time in his career in third round.

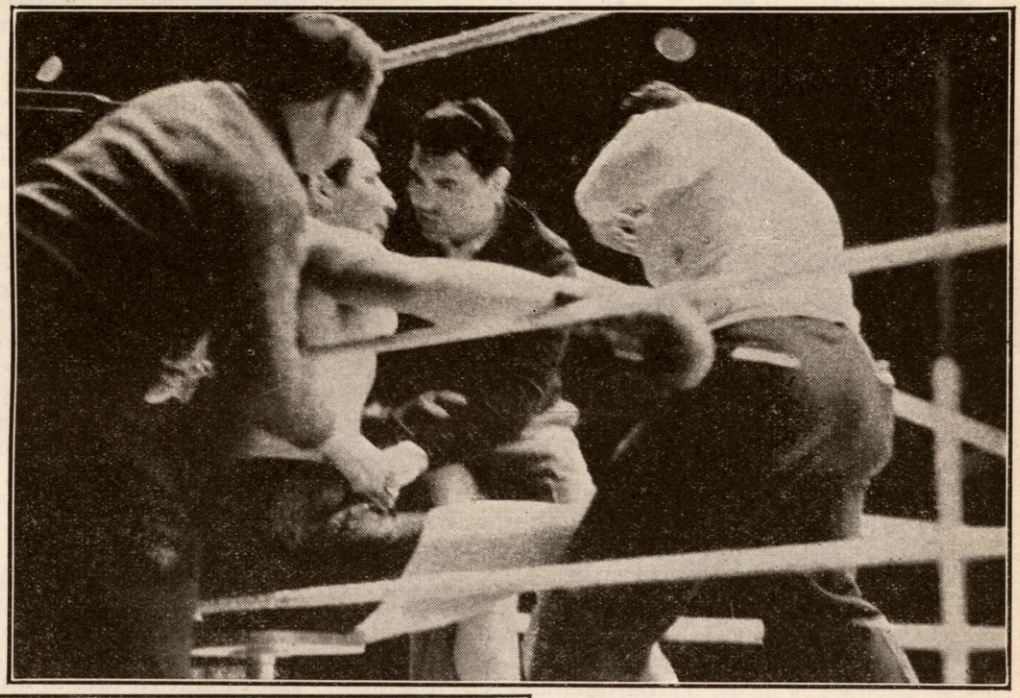
IT LOOKS BLACK for MAX

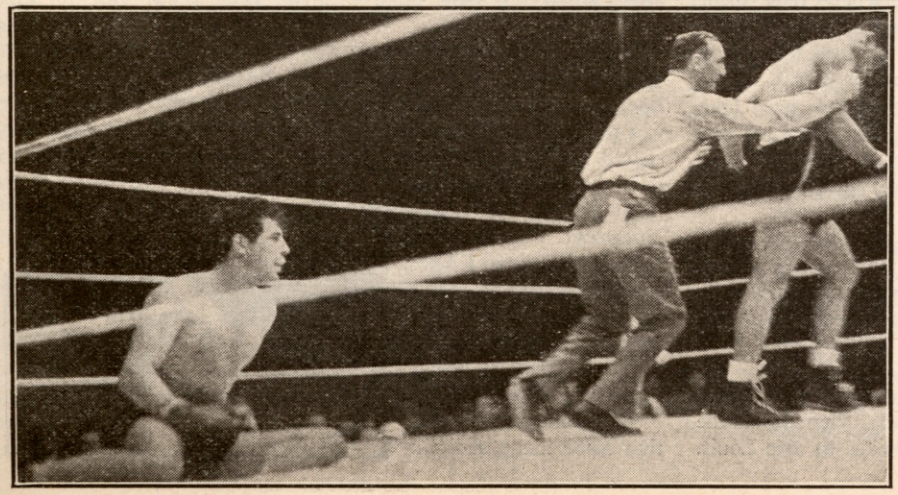




Louis hooks a left to the face as Max's left lands on Joe's head. Note Baer's pained expression.

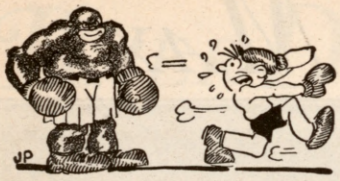
Scared beyond words at the start of the fourth round, Baer watches the Cobra dash-like movements of his adversary, who a few seconds later crashed the K. O. blow to Max's chin.





Between rounds Dempsey, Baer's Chief of Staff, cautions Max to toss punches. "It's your only chance," says he.

Here we see Referee Donovan sending Louis to his corner while Baer sits dazed listening to the timekeeper's count.



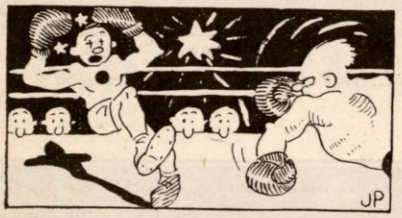
The RING'S

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

THE Ring's Globe Trotter this month devotes his entire screening to the Joe Louis triumph over Max Baer. We show you the motion pictures of the contest,—its skillful technique, its dramatic episodes, its disappointing developments, its high lights. We let you hear the shrill cadences of the negro victor, the chagrin of the white loser, the howls of the crowd acclaiming Joe, the shouts of the onlookers decrying the surrender of Max.

Let us start our film during the preliminaries,—during the weighing in of the fighters, at the Boxing Commission early in the afternoon of Fight Day. The neighborhood in downtown Manhattan is jammed with the curious. The offices of the Commission are crowded with those who have no business there. You will note the disorder, the lack of dignity.

Louis stands sullen. He has been told that it is Baer's intention to make some wise cracks regarding Joe's romance, his plan to marry Marva Trotter before, or right after, the fight. Louis is ready to resent with his fists. He has not the glibness of tongue of the white fighter. He hasn't the happy-go-lucky temperament. He is all business, is this negro, part Indian. The Indian in him seems to have the better of Joe. He cracks no smile, he stands with the stolidity of the Indian chief, saying only "Yes," or "No." It is the redskin's "Ugh."



Baer comes in. He demands the California glove, with a webbing next the thumb. There is a reason. Five days before the fight, Baer drops Feldman with a right. This blow injures Max's thumb. It is badly bruised, the entire area around the thumb is swollen. When Max says he will call off the fight if he does not have his way about the glove, he is more serious than ever before in his life.

There is a short colloquy. Jack Dempsey perhaps warns the Boxing Commission that Baer is not talking through his hat. The Commission takes heed. The California glove is voted into the fight. What does the stolid Louis care about gloves, just so long as they encase hard fists?

Baer Spends a Little time Communing with one Maximilian Adelhide Baer

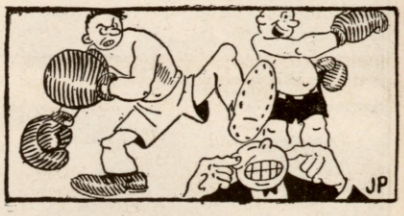
WE see Baer in the privacy of his room, before going to the Yankee Stadium. He takes a few minutes to himself, to sit around and commune with one Maximilian Adelhide Baer, whom Max does not seem to know any too well himself. The scene is not the penthouse of a New York sportsman, where Baer spent his wise-cracking hours before the Braddock fight.

Baer asks himself, "What's wrong with me? I read the papers and nobody gives me a chance against this negro. I talk to the boxing experts at my training camp and they do not even take the trouble to hide their opinions in favor of Louis. They tell me, right to my face, that Louis will put me away in a few heats,—me, Max Baer, who has held the heavyweight championship and never has been on the floor.

"What's wrong with me? Well, I could feel better. I feel sort of burned out. What a sucker! Why couldn't I have taken this thing seriously? I would have made myself a couple of millions and laughed at the world. Now I go into the ring for $150,000 and maybe it is the finish. They tell me to my face I can't beat this negro. I'll show them.

"But wait a minute! Maybe the experts are right. Maybe this black boy will put me away in a few rounds. That would be terrible, incredible. Imagine me on the floor, licked by this Louis. Why, it just could not happen!

"But wait a minute. It has happened to others. Why not to me? The boys say he will knock me out in a few heats. Have I looked so bad at Speculator? Have I burned out so fast? No, it is just because they were sore over my getting a beating from Braddock, after they had picked me to win quickly. Yes, they are sore. But this negro. Can he, will he, knock me out? This negro" ...



A Starry Night in the Stadium, while the air says it is the Season of Fall

NOW we are in the Yankee Stadium. The starry canopy arches blue-black across the arena. No moon can be seen. Bright electric lights in clusters of three shine down on the scene from the roof of the grandstand. It is a gay scene, a crowded one. Never before had so many persons packed an arena for a fight in New York.

About 90,000. They jam the bleachers, they pack the grandstand, they fill the ringside area, which is bigger than ever before. The numbering and the lettering of the seats are confusing. Row I is seventy-five yards from the ring.

The Globe Trotter remembers when Ringside meant the first ten rows. Now Ringside means anything within seeing distance of the ring, even if you have to use field glasses.

The crowds mill around. There is a Babel of shouting from bleachers and stands. Thousands of negroes are here, ready to shout for the Brown Bomber. They do shout. They never stop shouting. They are shouting yet.

The preliminaries begin. Big boys in all of them. Some fair fighters, some poor ones, a couple of promising battlers. Stage beauties crowd into the press section. Broadway lights breathe on the necks of those who are there to write about the fight, to report the facts, to earn their livelihood.

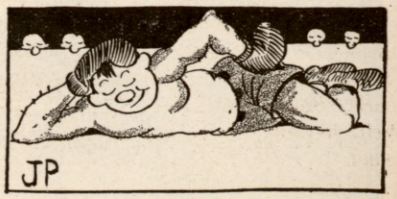
The photographers are in front of the writers, for the first time in the history of fight reporting. Everything is topsy turvy here tonight. The stars glisten not with the soft light of romantic Summer. They glisten with a hard sort of light, which is the harbinger of Fall. Fall is coming, Fall for the onetime champion of the heavyweights. The leaves fall, a belated shooting star falls, it is Autumn.

There is a chill in the air. Men sit in topcoats. Women come in furs. The lights of the ring shine hot and severe on the canvas which soon is to become the cynosure of all eyes.

Baer makes a fair to middling fight for just a couple of rounds

THE preliminaries are over with. Louis comes down the aisle, into the ring. Stolid, with the stolidity of the Indian. Baer comes smiling. Dempsey with him, as second. Arthur Donovan the referee. The usual hubbub in the ring. But we are to be spared the usual introductions. Only Ray Impellitierre dances over the ropes to be shown to the crowd. Why only Ray? Well, the experts make their guess. It means Ray against Louis in November. For a Christmas Fund.

Fight time nears! The skies blacken. A few drops of rain fall, but nobody notices them. Nature's tribute to Baer, in sour anticipation.



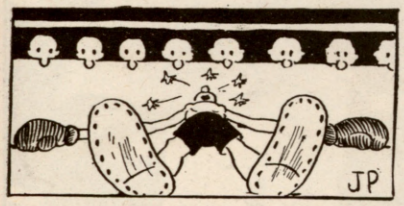
The announcer pulls that same inane, ridicu-

GLOBE TROTTER

lous speech he made before the Louis-Carnera fight. An appeal to the crowd to be sportsmen, not to stress the white vs. black phase of the fight. A silly, uncalled for speech which was not a tribute to the crowd or to boxing.

Closeups of the Louis triumph over Baer, with explorations into the minds of the fighters, and a few shouts from the crowd.

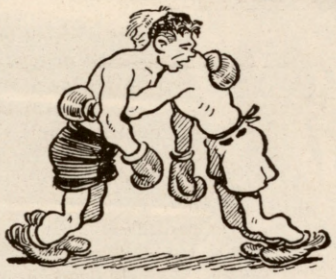
The bell. Round One! They fiddle around. Baer tries a tentative right. "Can those experts be right? Can this black kid take me?" Baer seems to be thinking hard. No clowning this time. There is no time for it. The Louis left gets busy, jabbing, cuffing.



Baer cuts loose with an overhand right. It is struck with the side of the hand, not straight away with the knuckles. Baer's right hurts. His left has no middle knuckle. He is not equipped to fight this Sepian Socker. He lunges with his left, the negro cracks that left like a whip. Baer doesn't hold up his right for a proper defense.

Round Two! The negro's left keeps banging away. The white man is taking a beating. Still Baer does not raise his right. Before the fight he is warned by Dempsey not to box Louis. But Baer changes all the tactics of the fight in the first minute of the first round. He boxes. He keeps boxing, but he cannot box with this imperturbable, implacable negro, who is only twenty-one years old, well put together, fast and clever. Dissipation has not had any communion with the Brown Bomber. The contest surely is unequal.

Baer boxes. Louis punches. The left to the head. He crouches and comes inside with his right. Baer says to himself, "The boys were right. I can't fight this kid. He is going to knock me out. Imagine me on the floor. Well, they won't see me on the floor. Not Max Baer."



Baer goes down twice from left hand punches in the third round

ROUND Three! A significant, vital round for Baer, and for Louis, as well. Max comes out smiling. But the smile is synthetic. "Can I hold this bird off any longer? Those lefthanders are hurting me. Why should I get hurt? I can't beat him. He is young and strong. I was that way only a couple of years ago. I remember that fight with Frankie Campbell, on the coast. That kid died. They said I hit hard enough to kill a man. Poor Frankie. I hit him hard, but I can't hit this Louis hard. Have I gone back so fast and so far?"

They box around and Baer takes it hot and heavy. A left to the head finally puts him down. He rises to one knee. He waves to Dempsey that he is not in danger. At nine, Baer arises. They fight around. That left. Will it never stop. Louis crouches now and then to get in his right. The negro can box. He can hurt.

Soon there is another left. Baer goes down. And this time the bell comes to his rescue.

"I said I would stop this white man in five rounds. Well looks like I will do it in four. Better stop it while the stopping is good and get home. Never can tell about a wild swing. Joe Blackburn warned me. Better give it to him next round. Easy fight, this. Figured this Baer man could hit. Well, he hit me in the first round. The bell. This is the round."

The Fourth round. Baer goes down and is counted out of time

ROUND Four! The Fatal Fourth. It is the last. The last of the fight, the last of the career of Maximilian Adelhide Baer, once a fighter.

It seems that after the first, one round is almost like the other. They move around, Baer trying to break down the defenses of the Bomber, while Louis shoots that adder-like left. The Louis right gets in its occasional doleful work. But the left is the left of execution, the very hammer of Thor.

Baer is done for. That is seen as soon as the round starts. He is punished and then punished some more.

"I can't stand this much longer. He is hurting me, my legs won't stand up. What a sucker I have been. This kid is strong. He knows his business. That left of his—I can't make my feet do my bidding. My brain is befuddled. I feel as if I had gone through a quart of rye. Well, I have gone through a quart of rye and felt a lot better.

"I have boxed him and fought him. Well, it's a big house, and I was a sucker there, too. Let Mike Jacobs buy me out for $150,000 and I lose close to $50,000 by the deal. Well, it's a gay life. Wow, that left again. My legs—"

A right to the head. Then a left, and Baer topples over. He goes down on his side, then gets up on his knees. As the count continues, he rises on one knee. Donovan stands close and shouts. "Nine." He looks for Max to rise. Baer shakes his head. It is a conscious "No." Or is Max merely trying to clear his noodle?

The count is ten! Baer is knocked out. The fight is over. Louis never cracks a smile. The same imperturbable negro-Indian. On his way to the championship?

In the wake of the Louis knockout over Baer,—facts and fancies

THE fight is over! The tumult has died down. The big Stadium is empty. The black sky hangs over the scene, brooding. Harlem is ablaze. They dance in the streets. They dance in the dance halls. Every apartment is lighted up. Harlem is jubilant, with the wild exuberance and exultation of Harlem.

Louis goes to his bride. Just before the fight, Louis is married to Marva Trotter, the Chicago stenographer. The imperturbable Joseph Louis Barrow, son of an Alabama cotton picker. While men wondered what he would do against Baer, Louis went off and got married.

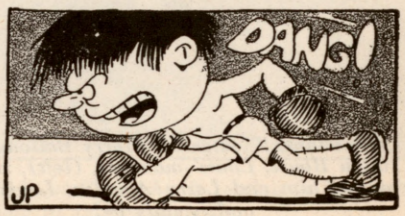
It is the supreme gesture of confidence, maybe of contempt. Gene Tunney does something like that—a psychological analogy, only—when Gene flies to Philadelphia for the first Dempsey fight.

Louis goes from the ring to Harlem. He marches through the celebrants. He goes to his bride in their apartment, and brings to her the palm of the victor. Outside she hears the wild acclaim of the negro populace. Black Pastures. De Lawd of the Ring.

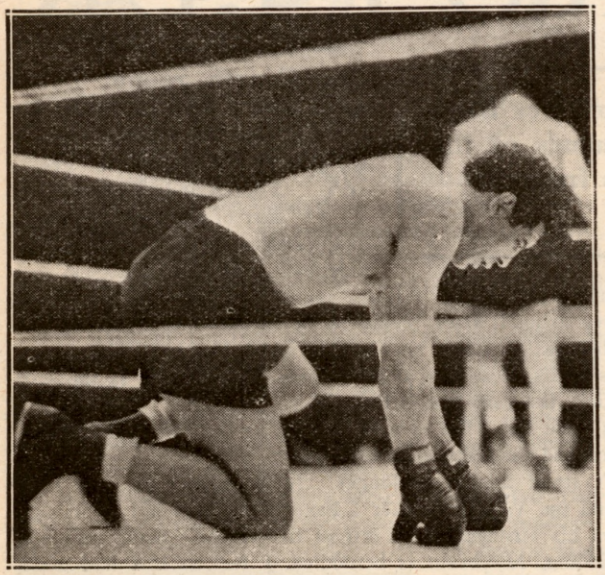
Baer goes to his bride, the former Miss Sullivan. She does not see the fight. She is not fond of watching fights. Baer brings her the chagrin of his supporters, wrapped neatly in $150,000.

Checkup reveals Baer is knocked out in overtime. But what's the difference?

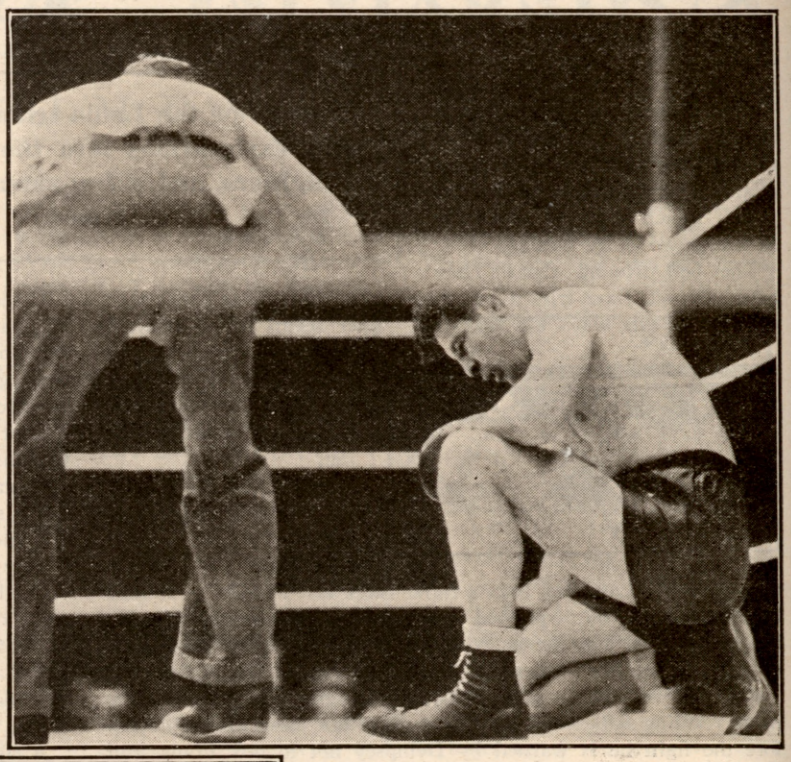
OUR film now shows the day after the fight. *(Cont. on page 45)*



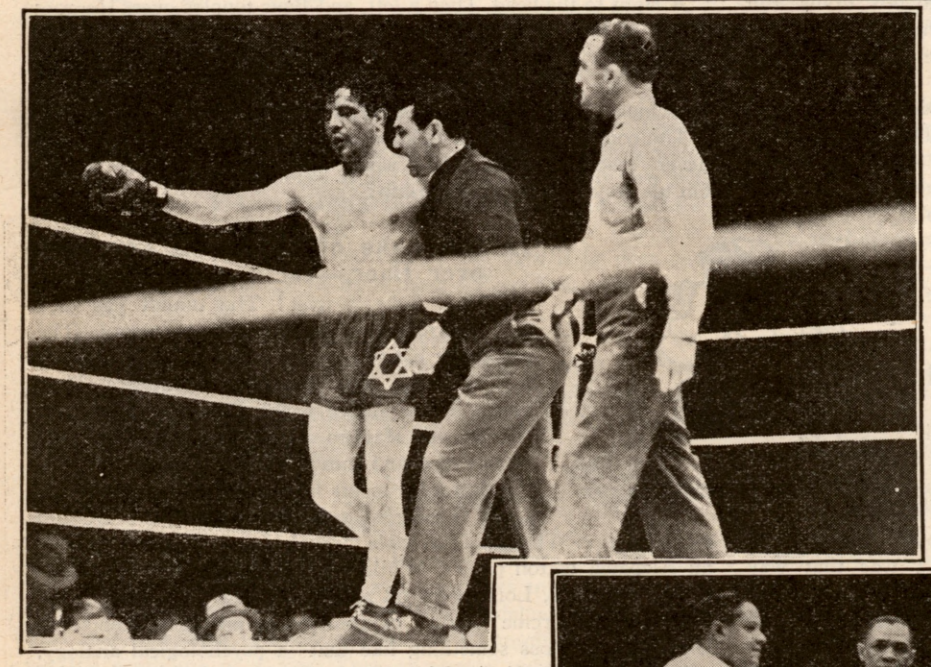
THEY NEVER COME BACK



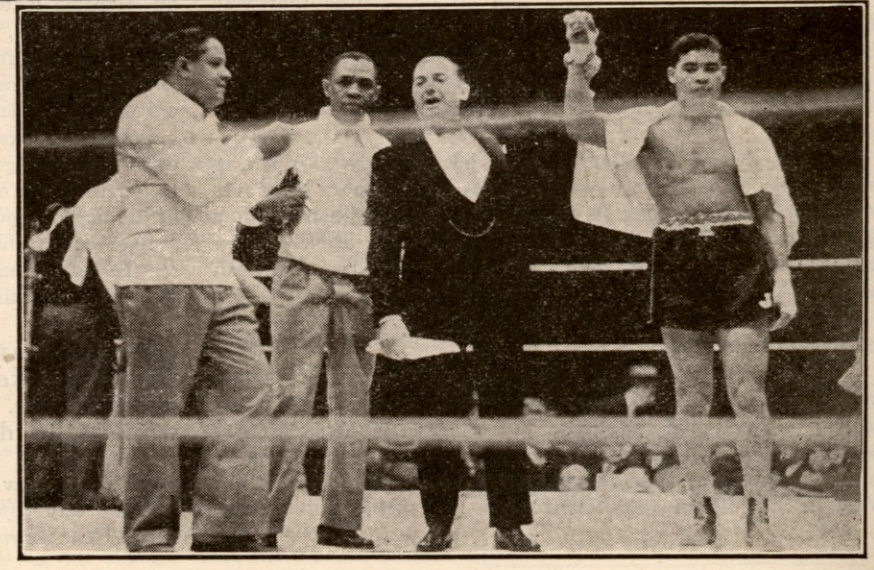
The final knock down. Baer, resting on one knee and his right hand, tries to shake off the cobwebs as Referee Donovan sends Louis to a neutral corner.



Then, rushing back to the dazed Max, Donovan takes up the count and when he reaches the doleful decimal, Baer is still resting, too dazed and beaten to rise to his feet.

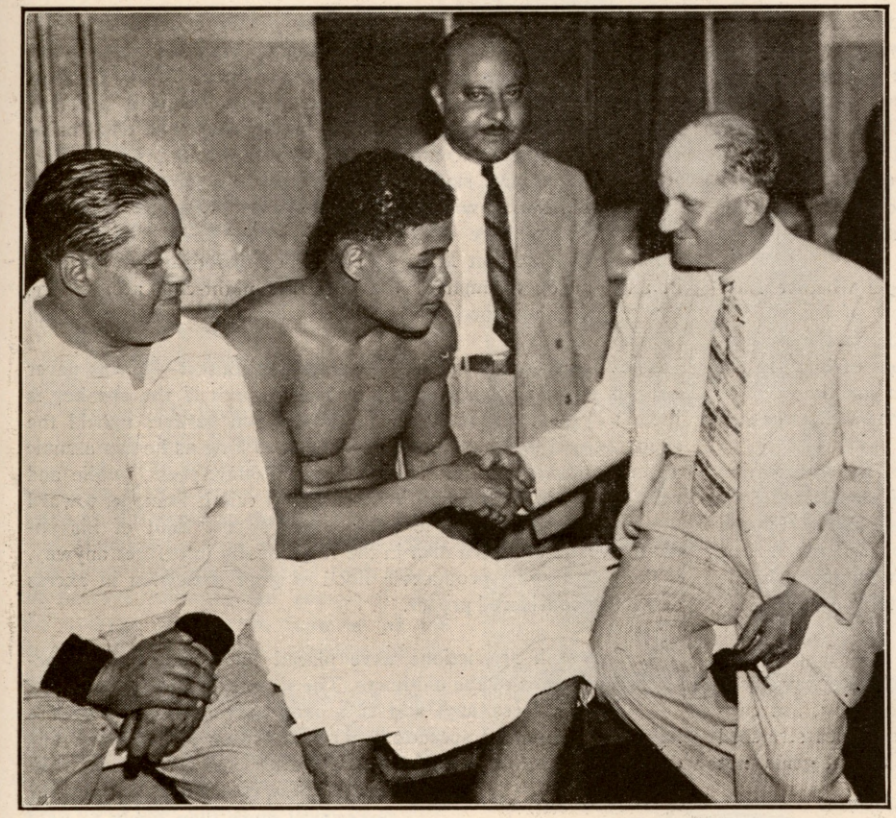


Led from the slaughter to his chair, Baer presents a pitiful sight after the fight. Dempsey is leading Baer and Referee Donovan looks on.



"The winner!" sings out Harry Ballough, as Julian Black, Louis' manager, (left), rushes toward him and Larry Amadee, Louis' second, stands by.

GLORY for JOE, GORY for MAX



The big winners — Left to right — Julian Black, Joe Louis, John Roxborough and Promoter Mike Jacobs who is congratulating Joe.

The reunion—Joe and his three-hour-old bride whom he married before the fight, meet again after K.O. of Baer in Harlem apartment.

"We all have to take it some time," says Johnny Dundee to Baer in dressing room. Max tries to laugh it off.

The explosive fists of Louis have left their mark on Baer who is resting in hotel after doctor had administered opiate to relieve his pain.

Die-Hards Who Dynamited

EVER since Max Baer's bubble reputation as a formidable heavyweight evaporated into thin air, while he knelt taking a four-round count-out at the feet of Joe Louis on the night of September 24, the question always to the front in pugilistic gabfests is— "Did he quit?" Prior to the battle, the eternal enquiry was "Can Louis take it?" There's scant curiosity on the latter point now, the inquisitive ones apparently being satisfied with the knowledge that the colored sharpshooter doesn't have to take it, because of his uncanny skill and fondness for a shock-offensive.

But it seems to worry a whole lot of people whether Baer could have gone on or was physically incapable of beating the count. Max Baer is the only one who really knows the answer. It's a cinch anyhow, that the "heart had gone out of him" as the Celts put it. He was a thoroughly licked man and knew it as well as the vast crowd that saw him make a rather inglorious exit from the scene of strife.

We say "inglorious," because by no stretch of the imagination or modifying sense of pity, can a background of glamorous glory be created for a gladiator who promised so much and performed so little as did Baer in his joust with the Brown Bomber. One is quite willing however, to credit this loser with the valuable virtue of discretion, esteemed by many respectable folks as infinitely superior to valor.

* * *

IT all depends on the point of view. There have been many pugs in the past who lacked discretion, but considered it a matter of honor to fight on, until stretched out as supine as an iced flat-fish. These rashly valiant gents, not having a yen for Shakespearean lore, as did one of Baer's predecessors on the imperial heavyweight throne, the estimable Gene Tunney, were never in a position to appreciate the coldly logical views of this honor notion, as lucidly expressed by Sir John Falstaff:

"Can Honor set to a leg? No! Or an arm? No! Or take away the grief of a wound? No! Honor hath no skill in surgery then? No! What is Honor? A word! What is in that word, Honor? Air! A trim reckoning! Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No! Is it insensible then? Yea, to the dead! But will it not live with the living? No! Why? Detraction will not suffer it, therefore I'll none of it!"

In justice to Tunney, it must be noted that, whatever he thought of Shakespeare in the abstract, he was never an expounder of the Falstaffian gospel when it came to a question of standing by his guns under heavy fire. Baer, a better student of burlesque than of the Bard of Avon, probably owes nothing to Sir John's excellent doctrine.

But he needed no such assistance, having developed what many folks will consider a common sense philosophy of his own. Perhaps he might have staggered to his feet in a heroic attempt to turn the battle-tide with one last desperate swing, as other and greater fighters have done before. It would have been a finely romantic gesture, but Max, so prolific of melodramatic gestures in an hour of triumph or the glittering night-club atmosphere, was not in the mood for synthetic theatricals at that fateful moment.

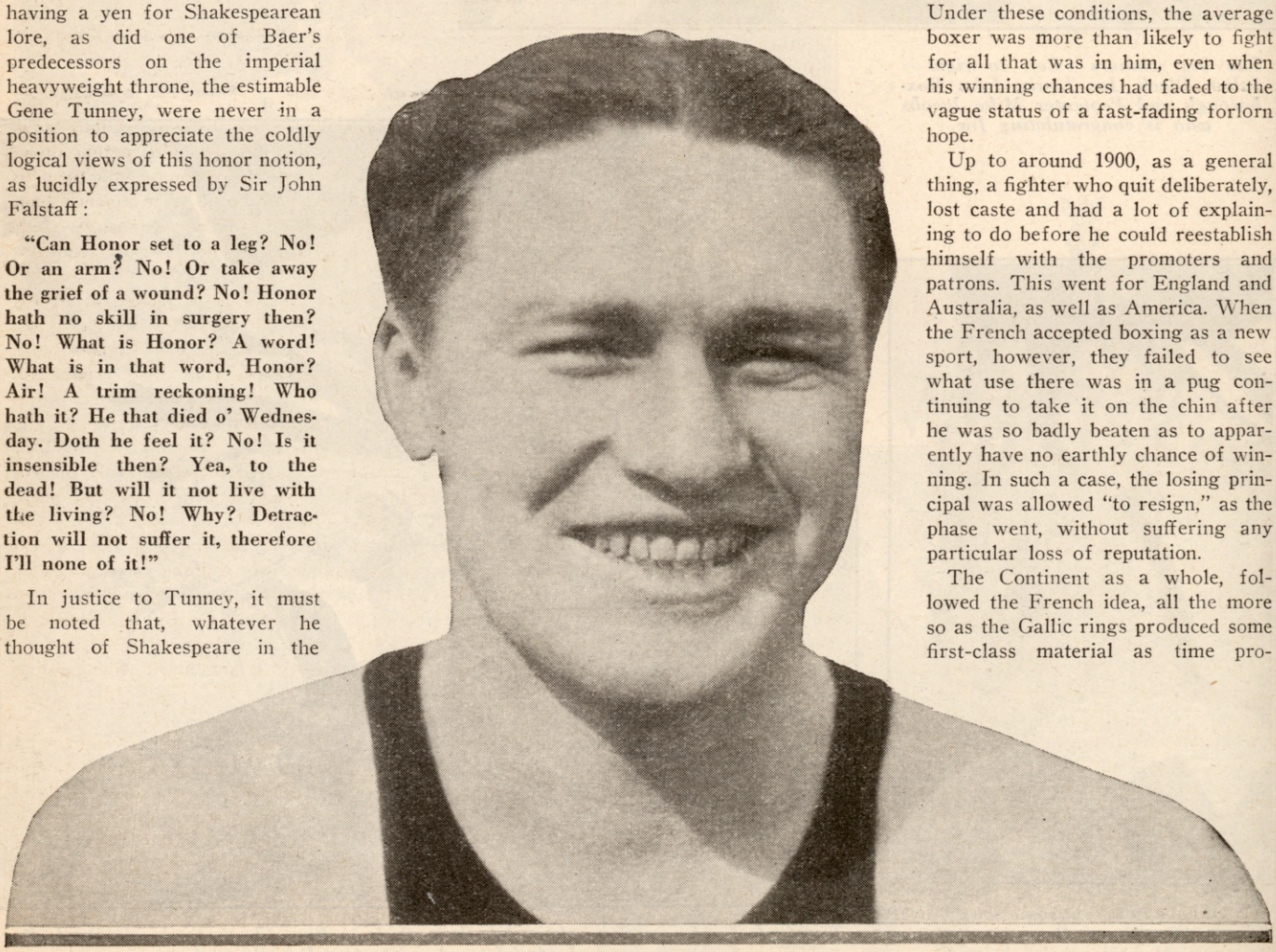
The remark attributed to him after the contest—"I was never cut out for a fighter"! would be true enough if the speaker is judged by past standards of pugilism, when battlers upheld the ring tradition that a man must carry on, so long as he can assume an erect position or put up his hands. Today, press, public and referees are more tolerant, or would you call it humane, toward the scrapper who fails to stick it out to the limit of his endurance. And the third man in the ring usually interferes anyway, if the rough-going produces a flood of gore somewhat in excess of what is considered proper.

* * *

NO such restrictions were placed upon the slugging activities of the oldtimers. The sight of blood didn't bother a referee any, and if a man surrendered, or took a kayo too easily, the spectators, without trying to draw any fine distinctions, just branded him as a quitter, and let it go at that. Under these conditions, the average boxer was more than likely to fight for all that was in him, even when his winning chances had faded to the vague status of a fast-fading forlorn hope.

Up to around 1900, as a general thing, a fighter who quit deliberately, lost caste and had a lot of explaining to do before he could reestablish himself with the promoters and patrons. This went for England and Australia, as well as America. When the French accepted boxing as a new sport, however, they failed to see what use there was in a pug continuing to take it on the chin after he was so badly beaten as to apparently have no earthly chance of winning. In such a case, the losing principal was allowed "to resign," as the phase went, without suffering any particular loss of reputation.

The Continent as a whole, followed the French idea, all the more so as the Gallic rings produced some first-class material as time pro-



Tommy Loughran, whose gameness under fire earned him the praise of the fight fans.

Victory Out of Defeat

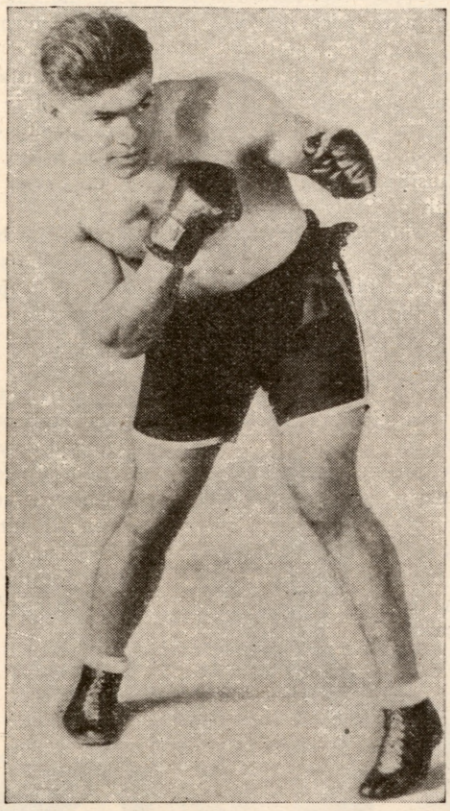
By
GEORGE T. PARDY

gressed, and as in England, also in this country to some extent, refusal to answer the bell for another round, no longer meant the listing of the "resigning party" as a yellow quitter.

Not that surrender has, or will ever become popular with a majority of Uncle Sam's fight fans. If you happened to be at the Yankee Stadium when Joe Louis was declared winner over Baer, you may recall what a thunderous razzing Max received, just because it was inferred that he could have arisen, and exhibited himself again as a bombing target for at least a few fleeting seconds—probably one more punch.

There possibly wasn't one in a thousand of the gang that booed who would have stood up thirty seconds under the sort of walloping Max received, but that, of course, made no difference to them. He was being paid $150,000 for that, they figured. Shylock demanding his pound of flesh was a big-hearted humanitarian compared with the average ring-patron deprived of the thrilling sight of a cold, complete knockout of the "great lover."

That goes for the ladies too! They turned out strong for the Louis-Baer slugfest, one New York paper estimated the number of the fair sex present as over 30,000, and their united shrilling of protest over the quick termination of the main event, cut through the bass roar of male indignation like the shriek of a giant calliope.



Paulino Uzcudun, another rare example of courageousness. Give up? Not he!

* * *

CIVILIZATION is only skin-deep! Gloss it over as you will, the fact remains that nine out of ten in every fight crowd attend with the sincere hope of seeing somebody knocked cock-eyed. It's the old Adam, or maybe Cain, that persists through all our painfully acquired culture and education, the call of the primitive, the easily awakened blood-lust of the jungle savage.

Sadistic thrills are the multitude's meat! They get them with bull fights in Spain; in this country through what the late Bill McGeehan aptly termed "modified murder" with the mitts, watching parachute-jumpers hurtle from above, dare-devil aviators performing crazy stunts in the azure blue or awaiting with bated breath, the fatal moment when, if the customers' luck holds good, some wildly-reeling car in an auto race may rocket suddenly from the track and crash in a red ruin of human bones, blood and splintered metal!

The gladiators drew record-breaking houses in old Roman days, and the male patrons shouted hoarse acclaim, and the pretty girls clapped delicate hands enthusiastically as the bright steel blades clashed and the warm life blood spurted from ghastly wounds. Barbarous, eh, according to 20th Century standards!

Hush yo' nonsense, boy! If the law permitted fighting with battle-axes and bowie knives today, Jimmy Johnston, Mike Jacobs, or any other enterprising promoter, could pack the Stadium every other night and turn 'em away! And make no mistake about it, the sight-seers, male and female both, would give the equivalant of the Roman "thumbs down," no mercy, signal when some poor sucker lay prostrate on the arena floor bleeding from every gill. Sure—they'd want to see the bozo finished off, same as they hoped to see Max Baer knocked cuckoo and senseless, and felt cheated because he wasn't.

If the fighting game of today has had some of its rough edges pruned off, it's not because the customers want it that way. It's because the sport has become commercialized to such an extent, that the fighters think of the money angle chiefly, and little about the glory, if at all. They are good business men, and naturally by no means favorable to the self-sacrifice idea. And if they can make fortunes with less wear and tear on their physical make-ups than their predecessors, and can still draw a monster gate like that of the recent Stadium affair, why shouldn't they?

As for the referee who steps in and calls a halt because the claret is leaking all over some scrapper's battered mug, he does so because the powers-that-be in the shape of boxing commissions are opposed to brutality in any form. Anyhow, that's their alibi, and it reads well in the newspapers.

Maybe some of the veteran commission chiefs really enjoy nothing better than a real, mauling, bruising, bloody battle, or a barroom rough-and-tumble with no holds barred. But it isn't what you are in politics, it's what you want people to think you are, that counts. And everyone knows that there were lots of congressmen, U. S. Senators and governors, who voted dry and drank like carousing pirates on the side, during the unregretted Prohibition era.

* * *

NO doubt the ring huskies of the past would soften down in spirit just like the glovemen of today, if they could be brought to life again and sent into action under modern rulings. As the times change, men change with them to suit their environment. But there would be no such Homeric happenings as the terrific engagement between Nonpareil Jack Dempsey and George La Blanche, the Marine at San Francisco in 1890.

On that occasion the famous middleweight champion of the middleweights gave his heavier foeman an awful drilling. They didn't make 'em any gamer than La Blanche, and although hammered to a frazzle, bleeding and groggy, he kept tearing in. It was a finish affair for there were no ten round championship jousts with big gloves then, and the thirty-second round saw the game Marine staggering and almost out. But as he stumbled back under Dempsey's cutting jabs, La Blanche suddenly turned, spun on his heel, brought back his right arm in a circling swing, and landed full on the champ's jaw.

The Nonpareil went down and out, for the first time in his brilliant career. Everybody said it was a fluke of the rawest kind and soon afterwards the pivot blow was barred at every club in the country and to this day is barred. But La Blanche's bulldog courage wasn't a fluke by any means. He simply would not quit and his reward was victory at a moment when such a result appeared impossible.

* * *

SOLLY SMITH, the veteran California featherweight, who once held the class championship, was fighting Johnny Griffin of Braintree, Mass., at Roby, Indiana, in 1893. George Dixon was then the feather king. The winner was promised a match with George and the latter and his manager, Tom O'Rourke, were at the ringside. Griffin, a splendid left-hand artist, jabbed Smith almost to a standstill. Solly's face was a crimson mask. He was reeling, gone at the knees, limp and exhausted, as he staggered to his corner at the close of the third round.

Joe Choynski, seconding Smith, worked like a Trojan on his principal, but Solly was still glassy-eyed and tottering when he answered the bell. It was 100 to one on Griffin. Under similar conditions, a modern referee would have stopped the contest and proclaimed the Braintree lad winner on a technical kayo. But no such thought entered the mind of a single soul at that Roby ringside. So long as a man could keep his feet and push a glove forward, he was conceded a chance. And Solly Smith was noted as the hardest puncher among the small fry.

Griffin, unmarked, vigorous, pounced hawk-like on his prey. Driving Smith to the ropes with a rapid fusillade of stinging lefts, he pinned him in a neutral corner. Both of Solly's weary arms dropped listlessly to his side. He was wide open for the deciding punch!

Griffin's left shoulder dropped a trifle as he set himself for a right-cross to the jaw. And in that instant, the half-conscious Smith lurched forward and sent an overhand right through the air with all the weight of his body behind it.

The soggy, round bunch of leather thudded on Johnny's jowl with an impact that re-echoed all over the arena. Griffin's cheek-bone gaped open as though hit with a meat-axe. The boy keeled over stiffly, like a falling tree, hit the floor face-first, and lay senseless in as cold a kayo coma as ever came to a luckless pug.

Choynski sprang into the ring, grabbed his still half-dazed principal, and, mounted on Joe's brawny shoulders, Solly waved feebly in response to the wild yells of the crowd. As a matter of fact, until Choynski threw some water on him in the corner, and stirred him up with ammonia, the California feather did not quite realize what had happened. As for the loser, it was all of fifteen minutes before Griffin opened his eyes under the ministrations of his seconds and a physician. But being in excellent condition, the Easter boxer did not suffer any permanent injury as a result of his unexpected defeat.

* * *

UP into the sixth round of his battle with Jim Corbett in 1897, Bob Fitzsimmons was so severely punished, that the champion looked a sure winner. Floored for a short count, cut up and groggy, Fitz carried on grimly, until he scored a body-punch kayo that netted him the world's heavyweight title in the fourteenth frame. Here again invincible grit snatched victory out of the threatening jaws of defeat!

When Johnny Coulon held the bantamweight championship, Harry Forbes, former head of the class, started a comeback campaign in 1910. He came East under pilotage of Kid Howard and fought Joe Coster of Brooklyn here on February 14. Forbes was short, thickset, a clever boxer and amazingly hard hitter. Coster, tall, rangy, was also a stunning puncher, and rated as one of the best of the local lads.

Scarcely had the echoes of the first bell died away, when Coster hooked a left on the button that sent Forbes down. He was up at "eight," only to be floored again. Game as a pebble, the Chicagoan regained his feet and clinched desperately. Coster shook him off and repeated the knockdown dose. The rest of the round saw the New Yorker trying fiercely for a kayo. But battered, bleeding and reeling, Forbes stood the gaff.

How he survived through a purgatory of hammering and repeated visitations to the canvas through six gruelling frames, nobody at the ringside could understand. Never a word did he utter as Kid Howard worked frantically over him in the corner. Not until the end of the seventh, when as he staggered to his chair, he said huskily to his manager:

"What round is this?"

"It's the eighth coming, Harry," replied the dejected Kid. "I guess we're licked, old boy. How about skying the towel?

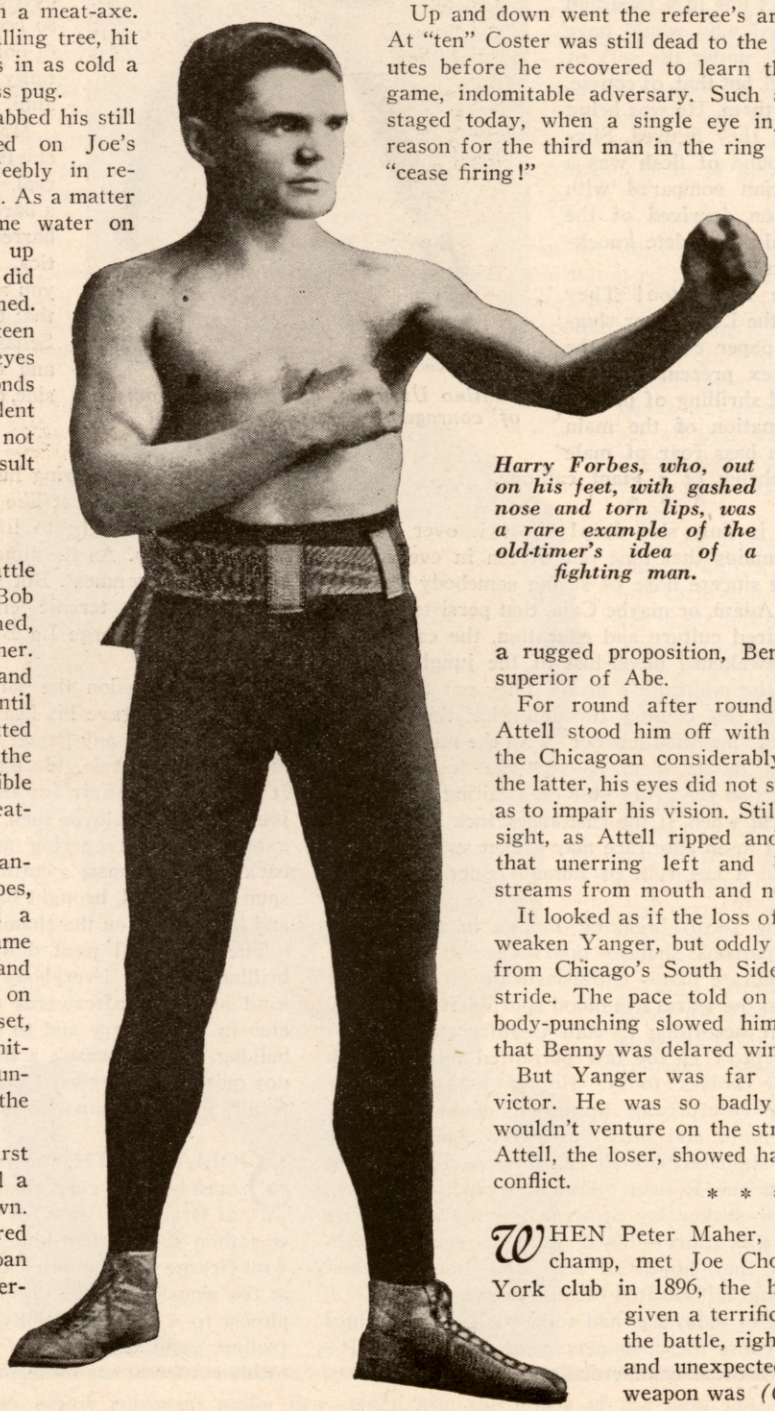
"No," answered Forbes tersely. "It's okay. I've got my head back."

Bang went the bell!

Forbes, the blood leaking from split eyebrows, gashed nose and torn lips, stepped forward. Coster, urged on by his seconds, leaped like a tiger for the kill. The long left hook that had put Forbes to the bad in the initial frame flashed across and downward. But in that instant Forbes stepped inside the punch and drove a short right plumb on the jaw. Coster ran right into the wallop, and head over heels he went, flat on his back.

Up and down went the referee's arm in the fateful count. At "ten" Coster was still dead to the world. It was five minutes before he recovered to learn that he had lost to his game, indomitable adversary. Such a drama could not be staged today, when a single eye injury is frequently the reason for the third man in the ring to intervene and signal "cease firing!"

* * *



Harry Forbes, who, out on his feet, with gashed nose and torn lips, was a rare example of the old-timer's idea of a fighting man.

ANOTHER crack Chicago feather, Benny Yanger, pulled the chestnuts out of the fire by virtue of iron endurance and pluck, when he filled an engagement scheduled for 20 rounds with Abe Attell, in 1902. So far as science went, the tricky Attell was ninety per cent more efficient than Yanger, but as a rugged proposition, Benny was infinitely the superior of Abe.

For round after round Yanger rushed and Attell stood him off with left jabs that cut up the Chicagoan considerably, but fortunately for the latter, his eyes did not suffer to such an extent as to impair his vision. Still, Yanger was a messy sight, as Attell ripped and tore his visage with that unerring left and brought the gore in streams from mouth and nostrils.

It looked as if the loss of blood must inevitably weaken Yanger, but oddly enough the tough kid from Chicago's South Side never faltered in his stride. The pace told on Attell, and Yanger's body-punching slowed him up, with the result that Benny was delared winner in the 19th frame.

But Yanger was far from looking like a victor. He was so badly marked up that he wouldn't venture on the street for a week, while Attell, the loser, showed hardly any signs of the conflict.

* * *

WHEN Peter Maher, Ireland's heavyweight champ, met Joe Choynski before a New York club in 1896, the hard-hitting Celt was given a terrific drubbing all through the battle, right up to its spectacular and unexpected close. Maher's best weapon was *(Continued on page 44)*

Making Weight

By
ED. W. SMITH

IT'S easily done, but take the advice of an old-timer and DON'T DO IT.

It's the real killer of them all, in the fight game as in any other line of endeavor, this thing of making weight.

What's the sense in flying the face of nature and hitting that old girl a slap right in the mouth when all the time she is crying out to you to DON'T DO IT!

It has ruined more men and women in Hollywood and other picture colonies than all the hard liquor, late hours and other dissipations put together. It may have served an immediate purpose, but lordy, at what terrific cost of health and future!

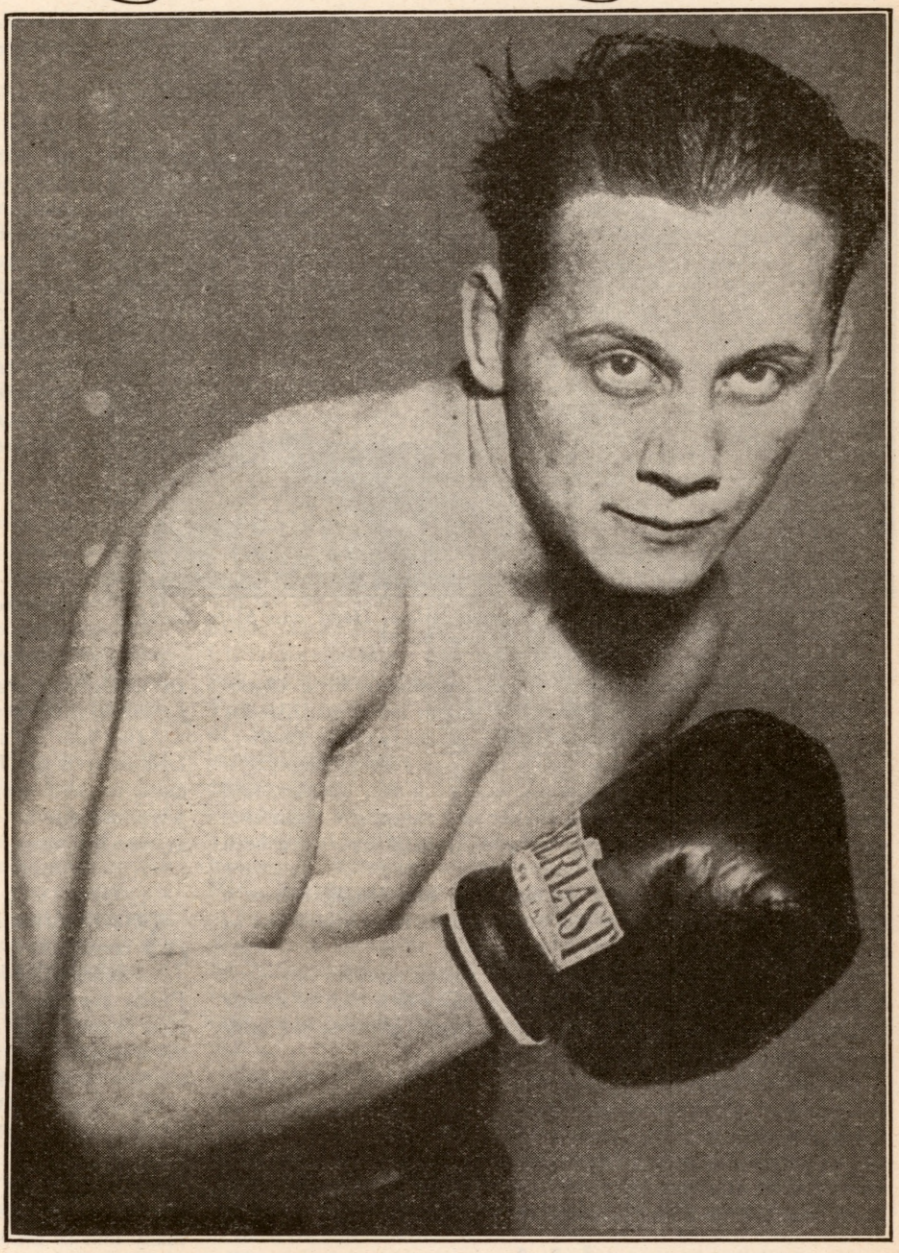
There are ways of doing it that may not be harmful but the drastic methods usually adopted for quick results are nothing short of slow suicide.

And all this in the way of a preamble is suggested by one of the most interesting cases of weight-making out on the Pacific Coast that has come to this writer's attention in many's the day. And when I say that every trainer and dietician and physical instructor and what not, to say nothing of a vast world of boxing enthusiasts, were intensely interested in the case I am putting the whole thing mildly.

* * *

MIDGET WOLGAST, that smart little Italian boy from Philadelphia, was matched to battle Small Montana in an Oakland ring under the promotion of Leo Leavitt. That of itself was comparatively unimportant and rather commonplace because Wolgast is willing at all times to battle anybody and sundry whenever and wherever opportunity offers.

But the fact that he had agreed to make 112 pounds for Montana, the real flyweight limit, was most unusual, even for that most unusual of all spots on the globe, the unusual California. You see, Wolgast hadn't done such a thing for nearly three years, or back in 1932 some time, so long ago, in fact, that Wolgast himself had forgotten just exactly when it was.



Midget Wolgast, the latest to suffer through abnormal weight reduction.

At any rate, for lo, these many years now, the doughty little Italian has been recognized by various boxing bodies and commissions as the real flyweight champion of the world. The fact that Wolgast had long since deserted that division and was cavorting up among the bantam and even the featherweight stars of the days didn't matter. Nobody had come along meantime who seemed to be any serious threat for Wolgast's title.

The boy couldn't find much to interest him among the flyweights for the simple reason there were so few of them that Wolgast would have long since starved to death waiting for matches. Hence his digression into other and more remunerative fields.

So when the Oakland match was signed and sealed, Los Angeles fight fans were aghast. Learning that Wolgast had posted a forfeit of one thousand dollars to do the weight increased the astonishment for just at that moment Wolgast had weighed one hundred and twenty-five for his last meeting in that city, a match of ten rounds with Little Dempsey.

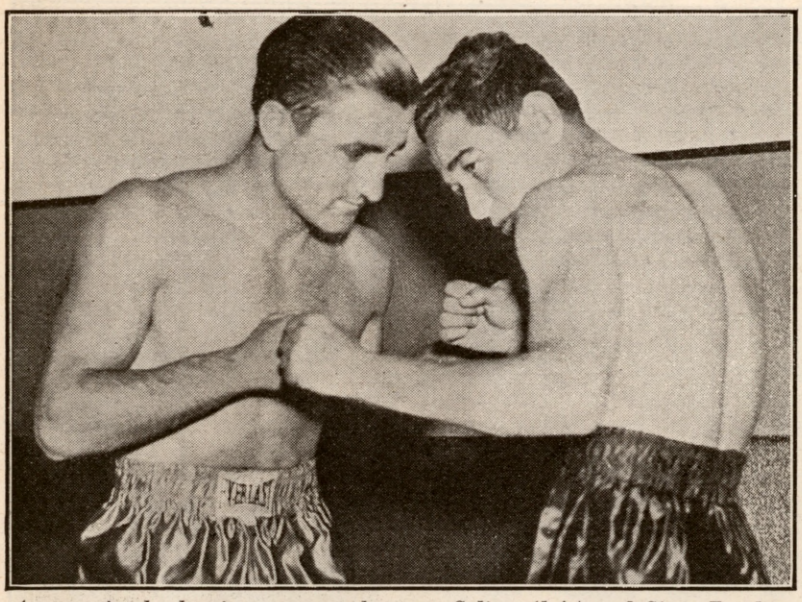
And betting began. That's a strange thing. Folks do not usually care enough about what weight a fighter makes to give it even more than passing mention. But this was intriguing, the more so because Wolgast is immensely popular in Hollywood and other Southland spots where boxing is discussed in a loud and long manner. Everybody took sides, pro and con, on the proposition of 112 pounds. Trainers, dieticians, fighters, health school addicts and others started arguing and the inevitable bets were registered.

* * *

WOLGAST is under the managerial handling of his uncle, Frank Lascalza, and Johnny Keyes, former mayor of New York's Chinatown, a fanciful title that still trails him. They immediately engaged the services of Jackie Conway, one of the younger type of trainers, but who has put in several years of intensive work with all sorts of fighting men. Jackie's a New Yorker, but after he quit boxing himself he drifted to Miami, Fla., and then out to the Coast.

It was a colossal task, Conway admitted, and so did Wolgast, but he accepted it smilingly, even *(Continued on page 43)*

Another Amateur



A scene in the hectic encounter between Salica, (left) and Sixto Escobar, star Porto Rican boxer.

BACK in the summer of 1923, a skinny little black-haired, brown-eyed New York Italian lad of ten listened intently to a radio description of the world's feather-weight championship battle between Johnny Dundee, a grizzled veteran of the rope arena, son of a fish peddler, and Eugene Criqui, a battle-scarred soldier of France, the right side of whose jaw had been ripped by gun fire and had since been silver-plated.

The fight staged at the Polo Grounds, was fought before a throng that paid $134,416 to see Dundee gain the purple robe of a world's fistic king.

"Dundee connects with a left to the head—another left—and still another left—Dundee leaps off the ropes in a neutral corner and spears the champ with a left to the head—a left to the mid-section—and another left to the head . . . . "

The skinny little lad of ten who came out of the teeming tenements of the lower East Side of New York was thrilled at the announcer's rapid-fire description of the passing of a world's title from the hands of a brave soldier of France, into the hands of a popular American who first saw the light of day in Sharkai, Italy. The boy who was listening in, was Lou Salica.

* * *

LOU was in knee pants and attending P. S. 80 in Coney Island, when he listened to the vivid broadcast of the Dundee-Criqui battle. But while he was trying to pass his exams in geography, history and arithmetic, his mind was set on being a fighter, just like Johnny Dundee.

Lou associated with boys much older than himself. These boys also were ardent fight fans. A few were amateur boxers. Lou, when still in his teens, put the gloves on with the boys, some of them much heavier, taller and stronger than himself. Sometimes Lou got his lumps. More often than not, he did all right.

Lou's best pal was Gaspar Marino, whose hobby it was to teach the neighborhood lads the art of handling themselves with the mitts. During the latter part of 1926, Marino took Salica to see Ace Hudkins fight Phil McGraw at the Coney Island Stadium. Gaspar and Lou sat back in the cheaper seats, among the gallery gods, but there was no more ardent rooter in that famous arena than little Lou.

The battle between the Nebraska Wildcat, as Hudkins was known, and the Detroit florist, as they dubbed Phil McGraw, was one of those old-fashioned Donnybrooks, with the fur flying every second of the fifteen rounds. Salica, sitting there in the rear bleechers, did almost as much shadow fighting as did the principals.

* * *

THREE years later, Marino took Lou to the clubrooms of the First Avenue Boys in New York. Lou signed to fight under their colors in the amateur ranks. Lou lost no time in bringing glory to the club, and to himself.

Salica's first fight among the medal hunters, took place at the Coney Island Stadium, in the same ring in which Hudkins and McGraw staged their memorable scrap. Lou's opponent was a tough young Irishman from Long Island, whose name he has since forgotten. It was a hard fight, but at the finis Lou was awarded the decision.

But first prize wasn't to be his. It was only part of a four-man class. Lou was to meet Sammy Goldberg, a seasoned campaigner, in the finals. An injury to his left hand in his first fight, forced Lou to withdraw. Maybe Goldberg was too experienced a fighter for Salica. Only Gaspar could tell you. At any rate, Lou defaulted in the finals. He took only second prize that night.

From that time on, Lou took part in only "specials." Instead of fighting in four-man classes, Lou met only one opponent in a feature event.

After four or five months of battling among the Simon-pures, Lou entered the Kings County championships in the 112 pound class. In the finals, he met Sammy Goldberg. Lou proved entirely too much fighter for the classy Jewish lad from Brownsville. It was his most important victory up till that time.

* * *

SOON after, Lou defeated the crack Jimmy Martin in three rounds for the Metropolitan championships in Madison Square Garden. And the following year, he again defeated Jimmy for the "Mets". The same year in the semi-finals of the New York State championships, Salica was declared a loser in three rounds to Charlie Villareale. Lou had defeated Villareale in his third amateur bout. Later on, Salica defeated him in the finals of the New York Golden Gloves tournament.

Salica copped the "Nationals" by defeating Jimmy Perrin of New Orleans, thus qualifying for the Olympic tryouts in San Francisco. In his first battle, Lou outpointed the champion of Canada. In his second start, he defeated the champion of Germany and in the semi-finals, Lou met a setback at the hands of Steve Enekes, champion of Hungary.

After a hair-raising, heart-warming battle, Enekes carried off the honors, thus eliminating Salica from further competition. If the decision awarded Salica over Escobar raised ructions, it was as if nothing compared to the bedlam that broke loose when the officials handed Enekes the palm over Salica.

Not in years had so much noise been raised over a decision in an Olympic boxing match. It almost resulted in international complications. Salica felt he was robbed of his chance to become an Olympic champion. His greatest ambition up till that time was never to be realized. He shed tears. He was heart-broken. Enekes won the finals in Los Angeles and was crowned Olympic title-holder.

* * *

A MONTH later, there was an international amateur boxing tournament staged in Madison Square Garden in New York. It consisted of a series of special bouts. As fate would have it, Salica was paired with Enekes. And Lou defeated Steve to the satisfaction of fans, newspapermen and officials this time. He handed the Hungarian such a man-sized lathering, that awarding him the decision was a mere formality. That was Lou's last fight as an amateur.

Makes Good

By MAURIE WAXMAN

Lou Salica, Former Golden Glover and Olympic Boxer, Now Holds Pro Bantam Crown

Lou turned professional in 1933 and his progress was nothing if not meteoric. He knocked out Damasco Seda in two rounds for a start, and outpointed Frank Puccio twice, Jimmy Martin twice, Ernest Torres, Ralph Giffone, Lew Franklin, Johnny Ladao, Antol Kocsis, one-time Olympic champion, Skippy Allen, Tony Passaro and Pete DeGrasse. Kocsis held Salica on even terms during the same year.

In 1934, Salica defeated Julie Katz, lost to Midget Wolgast, defeated Harry Bauman, held Wolgast even, and outpointed Julie Katz, Joe Tei Ken, and Young Tommy. Lou then knocked out Baby Face Mathison. Speedy Dado caught Lou on an off-night and was awarded a hair-line decision and Baby Quintana was outpointed in ten rounds.

* * *

IN 1935, Lou came back to New York and defeated Dick Welsh, a cagey, smart performer in Madison Square Garden. At the St. Nick's Palace, he turned back the rugged Johnny Erickson. Lou went back to the Coast where he defeated Midget Wolgast. In his next battle, Lou defeated Pablo Dano, a crack Filipino, in ten rounds at the Olympic Club, June 2. He floored his opponent four times. The California and Illinois Boxing Commissions then recognized Salica as world's bantamweight champion.

In the meanwhile, the Montreal Boxing Commission and the N.B.A. recognized Sixto Escobar as the world's title holder, with the result that Salica and the Puerto Rican were matched in New York to settle the question of supremacy.

In order to have a fight under his belt before he took on the brilliant Escobar, Salica accepted a match with Jerry Mazza, a rugged Brooklyn featherweight, at the Coney Island Velodrome. Mazza made it difficult for Salica to show at his best, and at the end of eight rounds, the officials decided upon a draw verdict.

* * *

ON Tuesday evening, August 26, Salica and Escobar met at Dyckman Oval in the Bronx, New York, in a fifteen round battle which had been sanctioned by the New York State Athletic Commission and the National Boxing Association as for the world's title.

The battle was one of the hardest fought between little fellows since Joe Lynch met little Jack Sharkey many years before then. It was so close that there was considerable dissension among the ring scribes as to whether the decision was correct, but Arthur Donovan, the referee, and Tom O'Rourke and Abe Goldberg, the judges, unanimously brought in a verdict in behalf of Salica.

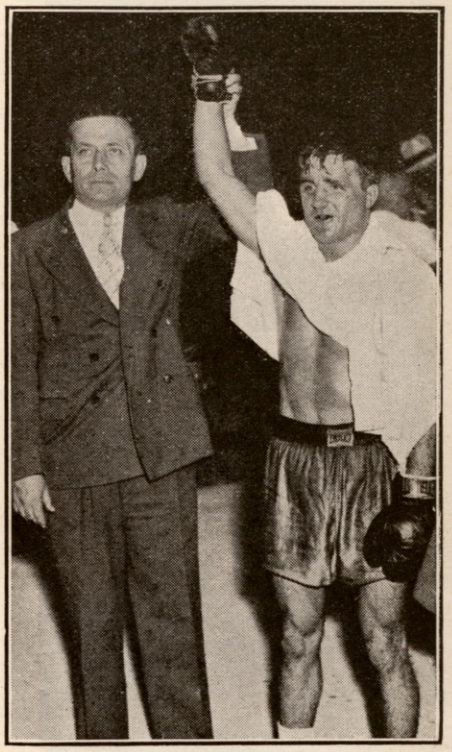
An unbiased observer can very well understand why it was that so many thought that the decision was cutting it rather fine. Escobar, a rare combination of a ringman, a superlative boxer, and a terrific right hand hitter, had piled up an undisputed margin of points going into the eighth round, the half way mark of the battle. Sixto had out-punched the new champion so that Lou would have to come on like a Bronx Express and win practically every round from then on, or score a knockout.

Salica didn't score a knockout at all. But he did come on from the eighth round so that when the fifteenth round had ended and the timekeeper had signaled finis, the three men who had been designated by the New York boxing solons, lost no time in pointing to Salica as the new champion.

* * *

THOUSANDS of words of news print were spread all over the next day. From Coast to Coast, from one end of the world to the other, there was a heated discussion as to whether the ends of justice had been served.

The New York Boxing Commission supported its officials in their verdict, casually, however, suggesting that the new champion give the challenger a return match. The National Boxing Association, which had previously recognized Escobar as the top man, sent Salica a certificate endorsing him as the champion, and Nat Fleischer, editor and publisher of THE RING presented Salica with a beautiful silver belt emblematic of the championship. Though Nat Fleischer thinks that Sanchelli is the world crown wearer, 31 states in this country, Montreal, Quebec, Cuba and Porto Rico have accepted Salica as N.B.A. and world champion.



Announcer Seeman proclaims Lou Salica the new bantam king

To settle all discussion as to whether he would lock away his new title in camphor balls, or whether he would give Escobar, the defeated challenger, a return match, Salica immediately informed the press that "Sure he can have a return fight." "Anytime he wants it," added Hymie Caplin, the boy manager of Salica.

Thus, on Friday evening, November fifteenth, Lou Salica and Sixto Escobar meet in a return match in Madison Square Garden. I predict now that the 20,000 seats in the House that Tex Built, will be insufficient to hold the multitude of fans who will swarm into the Eighth Avenue Temple of Swat to witness the encore to what was one of the epochal scraps between little fellows in modern ring history.

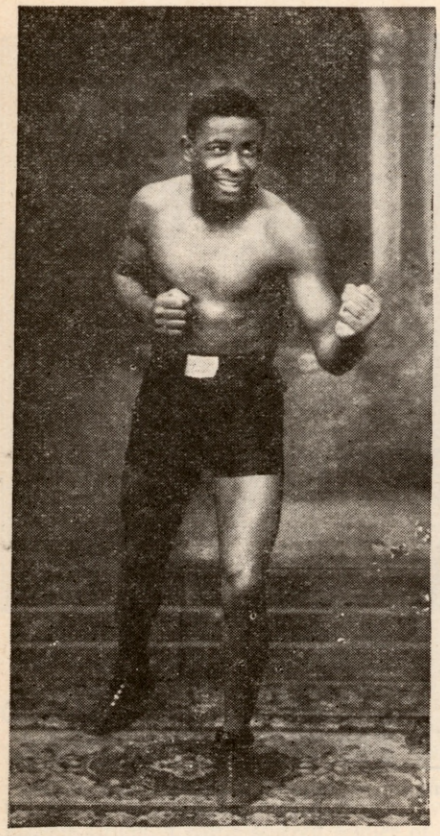
The time has come to sing a song of praise for Salica's manager, the energetic and affable young Hymie Caplin, who made champions years ago of Al Singer and Ben Jeby. Needless to state, Salica made a wise move in choosing Caplin as his mentor.

Hymie seems to have a rare genius for taking raw youngsters and moulding them into world's champions, by working personally with them daily in the gymnasium, and then cleverly, perhaps uncannily, maneuvering them into the "right spots."

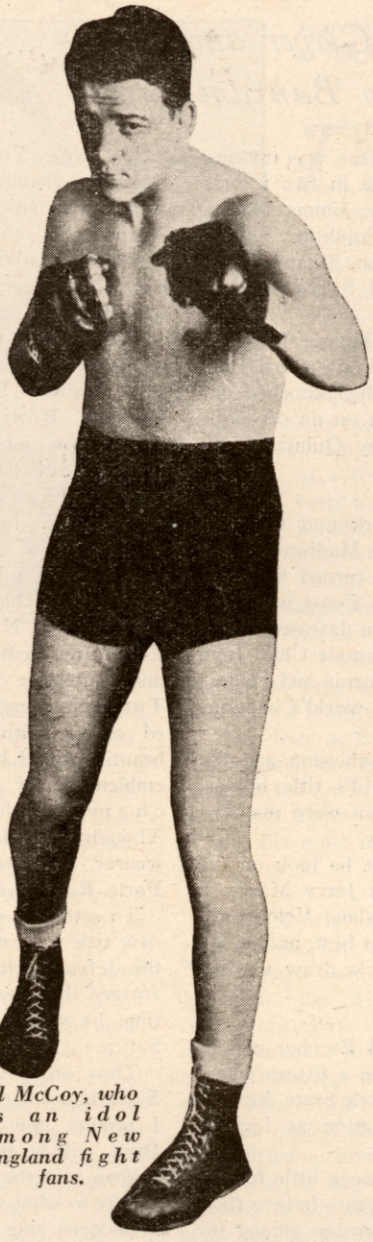
Caplin took a scrawny youngster in Singer, and in a short space of time, maneuvered him into a title match with the washed-up Sammy Mandell. Singer knocked the Rockford Sheik into the arms of Morpheus in one round. Ben Jeby was a painter's helper, eking out a livelihood by helping his father. Jeby was strong as an ox, an awkward and colorless amateur, when Caplin took him over. Hymie had him knock out Frank Battaglia to be crowned world's middleweight champion. The smart manner in which Caplin maneuvered Jeby into his first big time match, that with Len Harvey of England, is a story in itself.

Caplin, however, didn't have such a tough task with Salica who was a born fighter. Lou was good raw material, and Hymie did wonders with him, for Lou was an apt and willing pupil.

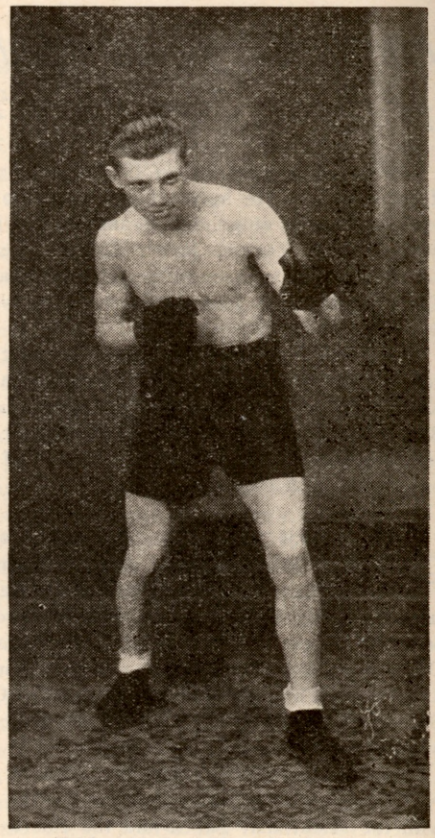
Good Eastern Talent



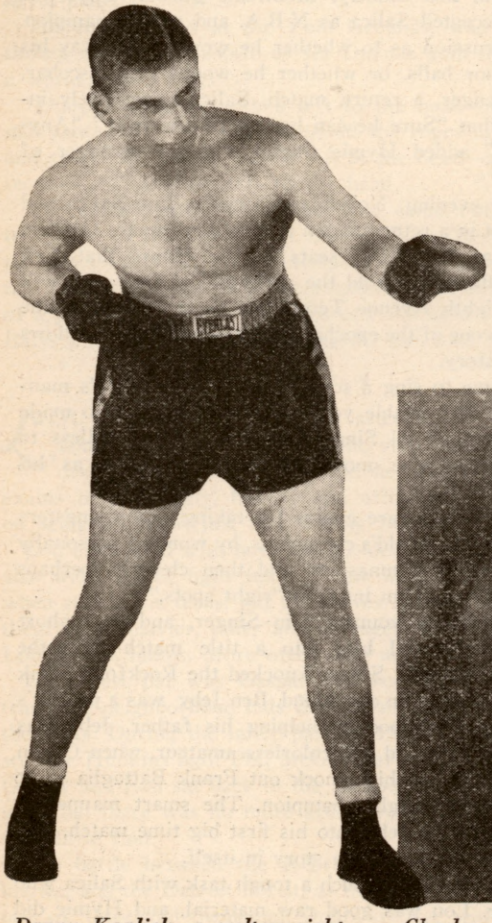
Gene Meegen, Weehawken, New Jersey.



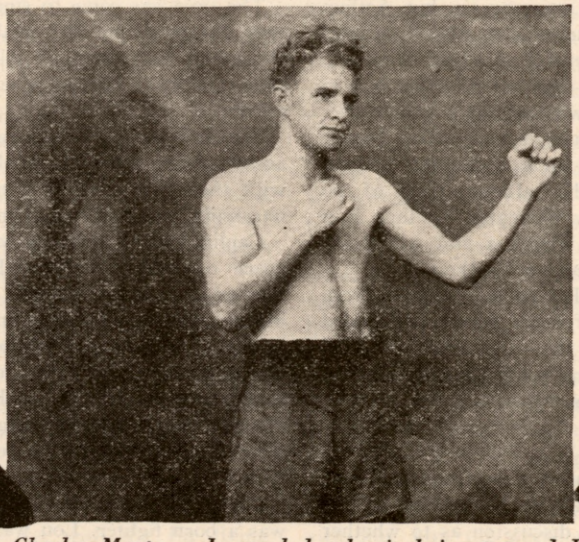
Al McCoy, who is an idol among New England fight fans.



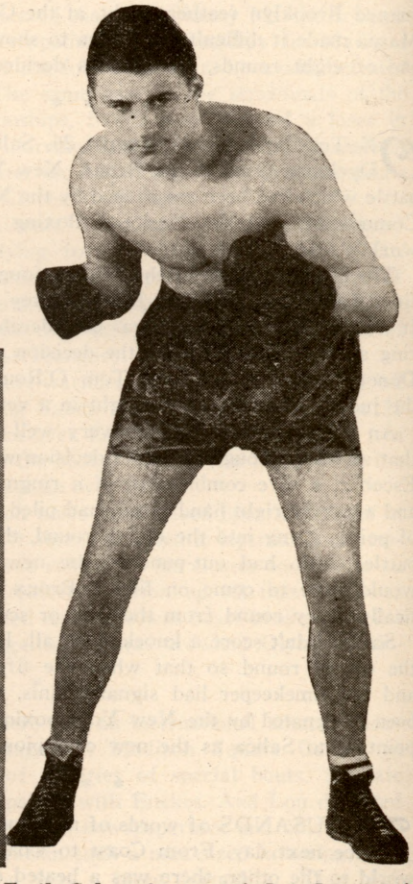
Eddie Mader, New York's heavyweight, who is a good club fighter.



Danny Koplick, a welterweight from New York City

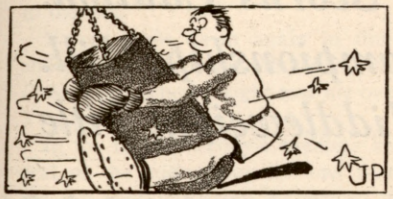


Charles Mautz, a Jersey lad, who is being tutored by Joe Jeannette.



Emil Calcagni, one of Joe Jeannette's pupils in New Jersey.

Do *You* Remember?



By BUD RIDLEY

Former Star Pacific Coast Featherweight

REMEMBER—When you were struggling thru the preliminaries—that was before the game was legalized in your state—how, win, lose or draw, you took a lacing just the same? It seemed as though everybody was pulling against you? You were positive that the promoter paid you less money for your services than he did the other boxers of your caliber—and you just knew that he was very happy when you took a good trouncing?

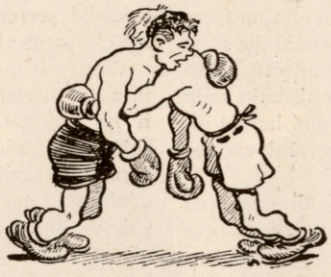
* * *

Remember—Your first manager, who, owing to the fact that his grandfather had been a ring gladiator of rare ability, claimed to know every angle and jab in the book?

* * *

Remember—The training grind he put you through? Though you were just a growing youngster, and needed every ounce of weight which Mother Nature had placed upon your body, your manager insisted that you clothe yourself in woolens and sweaters and run at least ten miles on the road? Though you never traveled over four rounds in those days, he had you work a solid hour and a half in the gym—explaining that his grandfather had trained that way in the old days?

* * *



Remember—The terrible matches he made? He didn't mind giving away plenty of poundage; because you owned a good strong chin, was a glutton for punishment, and was game to the core?

* * *

Remember—He made you dry out two days before each contest? He insisted that you sprint a half mile on your way to the arena, to open your lungs? He wrapped your hands too tightly, weighing them down with approximately one-half pound of friction tape? He broke the padding of the gloves, figuring to outsmart your opponent; but the only damage done was to your own knuckles?

* * *

Remember—The wallops you stopped, trying to follow the advice of your handler, in that, to show the customers that you were game and fearless, you must never take a step backward—whether in there with a straight puncher or otherwise?

* * *

Remember—How ninety-nine per cent of the tricks he taught you failed to work out as was expected, and you were forced to fall back on your old style of common, everyday punching?

* * *

Remember—The "Big Shot" manager who came to town with a nationally known fighter, who, after seeing you box, took you to one side and told you that you were the finest-looking prospect that he had ever seen—that you were wasting valuable time hanging around your home town—that, if you would place yourself under his direction, he would have you fighting main events in two months; and mixing with the world's champ in a year? He told you such a glowing tale of big money, luxuries, fame, that you unhesitatingly and immediately crammed your other shirt and tooth brush into a suit-case and left the old homestead in his company?

* * *

Remember—When you were many miles away from home, how he brought out a contract, calling for a fifty-fifty split on the purses; and informed you, very belligerently, that he was now the *Boss,* and that he expected you to fight whom and when he so desired without any "beefs" coming from your side of the fence?

* * *

Remember—How shocked you were at this sudden change in his manner; but you were ambitious—you wanted to be a champion; so you took his bull-dozing silently?

* * *

Remember—The fabulous expense account your manager brought out, following each ring encounter, despite the fact that you were going to the post two and three times each week?

* * *

Remember—Every time your bank account swelled too much, your manager created some superfluous expense, which invariably brought your roll back to a lower level—lest you think of retiring?

* * *

Remember—Even though your lips were cut to shreds, your eye-brows were puffed and swollen; in fact, your whole body ached from overwork, your money-mad handler continued to sign you up for battles against some of the toughest men in the country—men often outweighing you by many pounds?

* * *

Remember—When he became so anxious to make more money that he signed two fights for you on the same night, in different cities?

* * *

Remember—When you at last came to the conclusion that it wasn't compulsory for you to bear his unreasonable persecution, his cold-blooded ways—that he cared not a bit for you personally, other than a means of filling up his purse, and you told him that you were through?

* * *

Remember—How, for a time, he raved insanely of your ingratitude—told you that, but for him, you would have sunk into oblivion somewhere in the vicinity of first base; that you were game only when he was in your corner—that he would have you black-listed the country over?

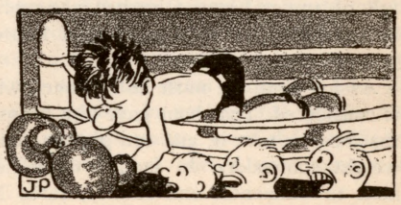
* * *

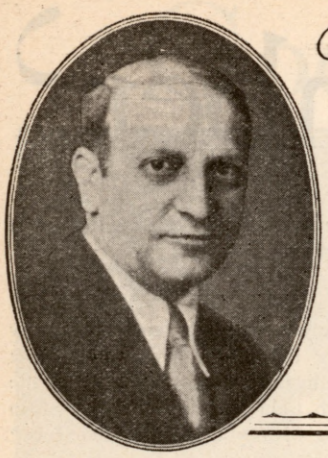
Remember—The change that came over him when he realized that you were actually "fed up"? How he told you that you were breaking his heart—that he loved you as though you were his own son—that he cared nothing for the money—just wanted to make you a champion, because of the honor of handling a title-holder?

* * *

Remember—How bitter you were against the boxing game then? How, though you knew that you were right in the prime of life, you decided that, if a boy was

(Continued on page 44)





Nat FLEISCHER says:

Tony Canzoneri, Badly Cut, Scorns Caution. Al Roth Proves Mettle in Championship Mill. Risko, Navy Product, Wins Middleweight Title

A CHAMPION'S gameness—that's what Tony Canzoneri displayed in his bout with Al Roth, youthful New Yorker, in their world lightweight championship bout in Madison Square Garden. With only a little more than three rounds to go, Tony suddenly found himself a gory mass, caused by a deep cut in his mouth which looked so bad that it was feared by Canzoneri's handlers that Referee Donovan would halt the bout.

For eleven and two-third rounds, Canzoneri had things all his own way. Then came the break that almost lost the title for the famed veteran. In a flash, the complexion of the bout was changed as Roth shot a right cross that landed flush on the mouth and severed several arteries. For eleven rounds that right cross seemed a useless weapon against the crafty ring generalship of the champion, but Roth kept throwing it and finally landed on the mark. The blood began to spurt and there was no let up from the time it connected so forcibly until the final gong ended the fray.

Roth, infuriated by the sight of the claret, threw all caution to the winds and went sailing after his prey. He knew that the only way he could win the title, was by stopping Tony and he did all he could in the next ten minutes either to end the mill via the K.O. route or to force the referee to call a halt.

Several times from the thirteenth to the end, Roth staggered Tony with shelling lefts and rights, his relentless aggressiveness coming as a huge surprise after Canzoneri's early assured victory.

Momentarily, he did stop the fighting champion from pursuing his usual tactics of straight lefting his opponent off his feet, but when he was so badly stung and the blood was flowing so freely that things looked dark for him, Tony discarded his caution, waded into Roth and for three rounds, the spectators were treated to a thrilling battle with Roth getting the better of the exchange. For a short time it looked like too much bravery would cost Tony the mill, but fortune smiled on the veteran and he came through with the victory and his title intact. It was a close shave, nevertheless and we would advise Tony in the future not to show too much heart against such a young, aggressive, stalwart lad as Roth. It might prove very costly.

* * *

WHEN Roth started his bombardment and Canzoneri, his rally, Al was far the stronger. He was scarcely breathing hard and was full of fight. As in the Ambers contest, it was a case of master and pupil when Tony faced Al, but Canzoneri had a much tougher time with Roth despite the champion's tremendous early advantage, than he did against Lew. It was Tony's fighting courage, alone, that enabled him to carry through in the last three rounds. All of which I credited to Roth. I gave Canzoneri the first twelve rounds and called the rest for Roth. Tony won the fight, about that, there could be no doubt. Even Roth, face full of smiles because he had accomplished the unexpected and had given such a fine account of himself, thought the verdict a just one.

As for Roth, he must be reckoned with when Tony's successor is considered. That bout gave him heaps of confidence. He proved that he can take it, and can give as good as the rest of the lightweight contenders. In fact, I think he can hit far better, and next to Canzoneri and Ramey, rates No. 1. That's my opinion after seeing Roth against Tony.

A right to the jaw sent Roth down in the third for a count of nine and things looked bad for him throughout the remainder of the round. But he weathered the storm and then came back with bells on in the fourth when he rocked Tony with several hard rights to the head and one right to the stomach.

It was a great fight and regardless of the victor, the fans got their money's worth. Tony is a fighting champion, a credit to the sport in which he has accumulated a fortune and when he retires, whether through the victim of a K.O., a decision or by hanging up his gloves, he'll always be remembered as one of the Ring Immortals.

* * *

ANOTHER great little fighter who appeared on the card, is Wesley Ramey of Grand Rapids, Mich. Wesley gave a splendid performance and earned the plaudits of the throng by his clean-cut victory.

Wesley is a colorful fighter who has a decision over Canzoneri in a non-titular bout and there are many experts who figure that if he can get Tony in a bout for the championship, a new title holder will be crowned. Wesley scored over Steve Haliako, former Olympic champion. Ramey is a flashy fighter, but it is doubtful if he can hit as hard as Roth. A match between this pair would be a sell-out in the Garden. There could be no doubt about Canzoneri's next opponent if Roth and Ramey were paired. The winner would rate first shot.

* * *

THE American middleweight crown now rests on the head of Babe Risko, Syracuse lad who, on September 19, for the second time triumphed over Teddy Yarosz, but on this occasion, in a championship bout. Last New Year's day the boys clashed at Scranton, Pa., and in a battle of hard punching, Yarosz injured his knee and the contest was halted, Risko being awarded the decision. Since then Teddy Risko has been on the trail of the title holder and only after Ray Foutts, manager of Yarosz, was assured by Teddy's surgeons that he could reenter the ring, was a return engagement decided upon.

Yarosz had a couple of tune-up bouts in which his knee seemed to stand the strain, but in the mill with Risko, it again caved in and for more than half of the battle, poor Yarosz suffered intense agony, yet showed extreme gameness not only by fighting virtually on one foot, but going the limit against his hard hitting adversary. The trouble with the knee started in the first round, but it was not until the sixth that he actually began to suffer badly, but rather than quit with a gathering of 13,228 fans on hand, many of whom were ardent Yarosz admirers, Teddy went through with the schedule and as a result, may never again be able to perform in a ring bout.

The day after the bout, THE RING showed its appreciation for Yarosz' gameness and his sportsmanship and presented Teddy with a handsome championship belt, one that was made up for him when he beat Dundee for the American crown, but because of his illness, could not be awarded to him previously in a public ceremony. As Editor of this publication, I feel confident that Teddy will cherish that award beyond words. Yarosz won the title on September 11, 1934 at Newark, N. J.

RISKO won the championship from Yarosz by unanimous decision of judges and referee in 15 rounds. A clean right to the mid-riff sent Teddy to the canvas in the fourth, but he was up without a count, wincing with pain and dragging his injured right leg. The sympathy of the crowd was with Yarosz and few in that gathering expected to see him continue to the end.

Yarosz went down again in the sixth for a count of eight and again in the following round when he rested for a nine count Risko's powerhouse right and his overhand left repeatedly stopped Yarosz's advances.

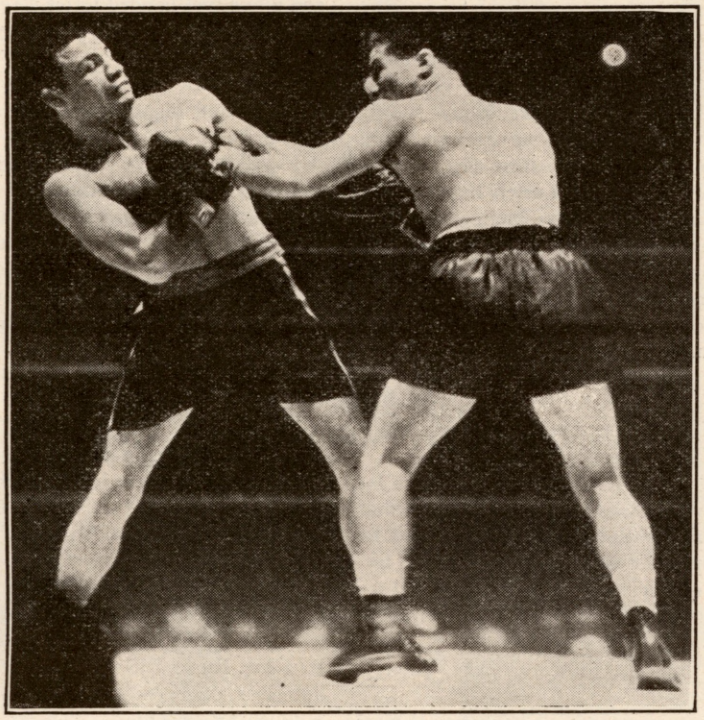
In the fourth, Teddy's handlers bandaged his knee and in several of the succeeding sessions they added to the bandage but the leg kept bothering Yarosz to the end and naturally slowed his footwork and prevented his boxing.

In their first non-titular engagement, Yarosz went down six times for nine counts because of a similar injury until he found it necessary to default in the seventh. Previously, Yarosz had never been floored in eighty-three bouts.

Babe Risko, christened Eddie, reached the goal of his ambition after just sixteen months of campaigning in the ring. His mentors are now trying to induce the world champion, Marcel Thil, to come here from France to meet Babe in a championship mill, but I doubt they'll be able to induce Thil to make the journey. If unsuccessful, Risko intends to go to France or England and force Marcel into a tilt to settle the world supremacy.

Risko, 23-year-old Polish-American, gave up polishing brass for Uncle Sam in order to earn more money for the support of his family in Syracuse. During his six years in the navy he acquired a reputation as a "fair" boxer and he decided the ring offered him an opportunity to qualify as a number one breadwinner.

Risko was an obscure boxer until he whipped Yarosz in a nontitle fight last New Year's Day. Then he had less than a year of campaigning and slightly more than a score of fights under his belt.



A scene in the hectic twelfth round of the Canzoneri-Roth bout after Tony's mouth was badly cut.

Until that New Year's Day, Risko was more popular away from Syracuse than in his own town. Not that he is not liked by the fight fans here, but he seems to have his more spectacular fights away from home.

Bashful, curly-haired and good looking, Risko has the same classic features that led promoters to hope that Enzo Fiermonte might click.

In fact, Risko gets as many fan letters from his fair admirers as many a motion picture star. But Babe appears to be spoken for and these letters go unanswered.

* * *

THE recent close victory of Barney Ross over Ceferino Garcia in San Francisco, indicated that Barney had better get busy and do a little fighting if he wants to retain his welterweight laurels. Garcia, the "Jack Dempsey of the Philippines" as he is called, one of the stiffest punchers ever sent to this country by the land made famous fistically by Pancho Villa, came pretty close to knocking out Ross. Twice in the opening session Garcia floored the champion, and had not the bell intervened, Ross would probably have lost the contest by a K.O.

Thanks to his excellent condition, Ross came back like a real champion and fought his way back to the front. His fine infighting at which he is a master, enabled him to pile up a lead that gained for him the laurels. Ross, like most champions, has been taking things too easy. He is of the type that should be fighting at least six times a year against topnotchers. Idleness dims the fighting eyes and deadens the punch.

* * *

ALTHOUGH Midget Wolgast had been fighting both as a bantam and as a featherweight in recent months and therefore was regarded as having retired from the flyweight class over which he reigned for almost five years, he made 112 pounds for Small Montana, a little bundle of fighting fury from the Philippines. But as was expected, the weight weakened Wolgast who was taken into camp by the Brown Bearcat and thus another Filipino can lay claim to the world crown.

The fight, staged at the Oakland Arena, was listed as for the flyweight title with the sanction of the California Boxing Commission and in view of Montana's victory, there can be no doubt as to the present title holder among the flyweights. THE RING, as in the case of Sanchelli, who recently beat Al Brown, will recognize Montana as the champion, because in getting Referee Eddie Burns's decision, he legitimately won the laurels. Both weighs scaled 112 pounds, within the flyweight limit, and Wolgast, although shorn of his laurels by an edict of the National Boxing Association and the New York State Commission, according to the rules of boxing continued as champion until such time as he no longer could make the weight or was beaten in a weight limit bout. Montana's claim cannot be disputed.

Of course the British have a real champion in Benny Lynch, the Scotchman who recently won the crown from Jackie Brown in Manchester, and in view of Wolgast's repeated refusal to go abroad to clash with Lynch for the world championship prior to his victory over Brown, the British feel they are entitled to dub Benny the international king but again we must abide by the rules of boxing and declare that Lynch won only the British title when he stopped Brown in four minutes of fighting, and Montana won the world championship when he dethroned Wolgast. That is the way I see it and that is the only proper conclusion one can come to.

I would suggest that Lynch and Montana be matched for the world crown. Both are good fighters and as the fistic fans are showing more interest in the lower classes than at any time in the last five years, such a bout staged in this country, with a high class supporting card, would draw well. It also would serve to end the controversy as to the ownership of the world title.

Small Montana is the second Filipino to hold the world crown, Pancho Villa having preceded him. Lynch is the product of the boxing schools of Lancashire and Scotland. The boom days of the flyweight division were when the great Jimmy Wilde, the best boy at his best ever to appear in professional boxing and Villa, another sterling lad with the mitts, were the headliners. The rise of Lynch and Montana have stirred new interest in the division.

LETTERS *from Our* READERS

AS an enthusiastic reader of THE RING, I would like to let you know something of the condition of boxing and wrestling in Australia.

Boxing has never been better than it is at present. Gates of £1,000 ($5,000) are common when good stars are fighting, and Jack Carroll, Australia's great welterweight champion, is fighting to gates of up to £2,000 ($10,000). The greatest drawing card is undoubtedly Jack Carroll, who invariably turns in a combination of great boxing skill and stiff punching. Although not a puncher of the McLarnin type, he can wear his opponent down to a point where a knockout is possible.

His greatest feat was in knocking out Willard Brown at a time when Brown was ranked among the first ten welterweights in the world several times by Eddie Borden. The next greatest drawing card is Ambrose Palmer, followed by Fred Henneberry, middle champ; Merv Blandon, bantam champ; Herb Bishop, lightweight champ, in that order.

Wrestling is still in full swing despite the fact that the present season is in its third or fourth year. Tom Lurich, the champion, appears to outrank the entire field of challengers by a long way with the exception of George Pencheff, a remarkably speedy Bulgarian, who, if he were heavier, would be an overwhelming favorite to defeat the champion. Lurich's greatest feat was in defeating Gus Sonnenberg, ex-world champ. Lurich handled him as he liked and finished him off when he was so inclined.

I have read with great interest the ranking of the ten greatest heavyweights of all time by various RING readers. I would like to give mine. In point of all-round ability, my choice seems to rest between Bob Fitzsimmons, Jack Johnson, Sam Langford and Jack Dempsey. Fitzsimmons was a heavy hitter and the greatest strategist in the history of the ring, at least among the heavyweights. Johnson was a super clever defensive boxer with a heavy punch, although not as hard as the other three. Langford was a murderous hitter and could box quite well.

When at his peak, he was very speedy. He carried quite a lot of fighters. Dempsey, in my opinion, was the hardest hitter that ever lived, a very fair boxer and as quick as a panther, and he could take it with the best of them. He was also very hard to hit, owing to his bobbing, weaving, rolling tactics.

Based on these facts, my rating is as follows: Jack Dempsey, Sam Langford, Jack Johnson, Bob Fitzsimmons, Jim Corbett, Peter Jackson, James Jeffries, John L. Sullivan, Gene Tunney, Jess Willard.

W. MENNIE, Lidcombe, New South Wales.

* * *

I'M an old reader of your magazine and an adept of the boxing game. Your magazine looks to me as the goods when it comes to honest-to-goodness information about the boxing game, and also as to valuable criticism.

Seeing that, in "Letters from Our Readers," THE RING readers are welcome to express their opinion over various fight topics, I'm going to take advantage of the opportunity and pass by some of my views, unbiasedly and in straight-to-the-shoulder style.

One of the favorite topics for the fight fan is the selection of the greatest of heavyweight champions of modern times. In my humble opinion, the palm should go to Jack Dempsey. To begin with, I think that Jack Johnson lost fairly to Jess Willard. Johnson sure was a great fighter, but he was far from equal to Dempsey in hitting prowess, and hitting was what was needed to whip Willard. Johnson surely outboxed Willard, and surely punished him severely. But Willard took it all and, being much stronger and in better condition, waited for his chance, and took it when finally Johnson tired out. The final punch, a right to the jaw an eye-witness told my father, literally lifted Johnson off the floor.

I'm not taking much stock in the alleged suggestion of Johnson shading his face with his hands from the strong Havana sun, nor in his so-called confession.

Dempsey fairly massacred big Jess, because Jack had the combination of speed of a comparatively light man and hitting power that the biggest men couldn't equal. That's why he was at his best fighting giants and had trouble beating smaller, but clever men.

Contrary to general opinion, I think that one of the cleanest Dempsey victories was that over Firpo, and certainly one of the most glorious. Jack made short work of the Big Bull in amazing fashion.

Dempsey was by far the hardest hitter of modern times and I think that is sufficient to earn for him the honor of being the greatest of the heavyweights since Sullivan's time.

CHRISTOPHER BRANET, 3rd, Guantanamo, Cuba.

* * *

IN my opinion, Jack Dempsey, in his prime, was the greatest heavyweight of all time. He had the most wonderful combination a fighter ever had, terrific punching power, a heart you could never break, speed and determination, and a fine two-handed hitter. Here is why I think he was the best:

Sullivan—Too slow. Dempsey would have got him inside six rounds.

Corbett—Dempsey's tigerish aggressiveness would have upset Corbett, and his splendid defense would have availed him none in the least.

Fitzsimmons—No man could have conceded "The Manassa Mauler" around two stone and beaten him, even though he be a Fitzsimmons. Dempsey would have knocked Bob out in jig time.

Jeffries—Too slow. Jeff could take it, but he wouldn't take Jack's punches for long. Jack would have brought him down.

Burns—A good little man, but no match for Dempsey.

Johnson—Johnson would have worried Jack for a round or two, but Jack's aggressiveness and terrific punches would have offset all Johnson's boxing skill. He wouldn't have held the "Mauler" off as he did Tommy Burns.

Willard—We all know what happened at Toledo.

Tunney—Jack, in his prime, would have made short work of Gene. The heavyweights from Gene onwards were never in Jack's class.

DAVID DUNLOP, Cairns, N. Queensland, Australia.

* * *

MAY I, as an ardent, if not an old, reader of the famous RING, correct a statement made (not by yourself, however) in the September number of THE RING? In a letter written by a Mr. Ruper Rice of this country, and in the record (European) he gives of Freddie Miller, he states that Dave Crowley was K.O.'ed by Freddie.

This is wrong, as I myself saw this fight, which took place at the Royal Albert Hall, London, and resulted in a *points* win for Freddie Miller, and not a K.O. as printed. I felt that I had to correct this statement, as Crowley is such a fine little fighter, and he certainly gave Freddie a whale of a scrap. In fact, the crowd booed the decision, which, in my opinion, however, was quite correct, but he certainly gave Miller a surprise, and some of the betting boys, too.

Well, Mr. Fleischer, I will not encroach on your valuable space any longer, so will now close, wishing you and your wonderful RING the best of luck and prosperity.

HERBERT C. DAVIS, London, England.

* * *

YOU know, of course, that Freddie Miller, featherweight champion, who was in this country for quite a while, has now returned to the States. He acquired great popularity here for the following reasons: He is modest and kindly, both in private life and in the squared circle; he is a clean and honest fighter.

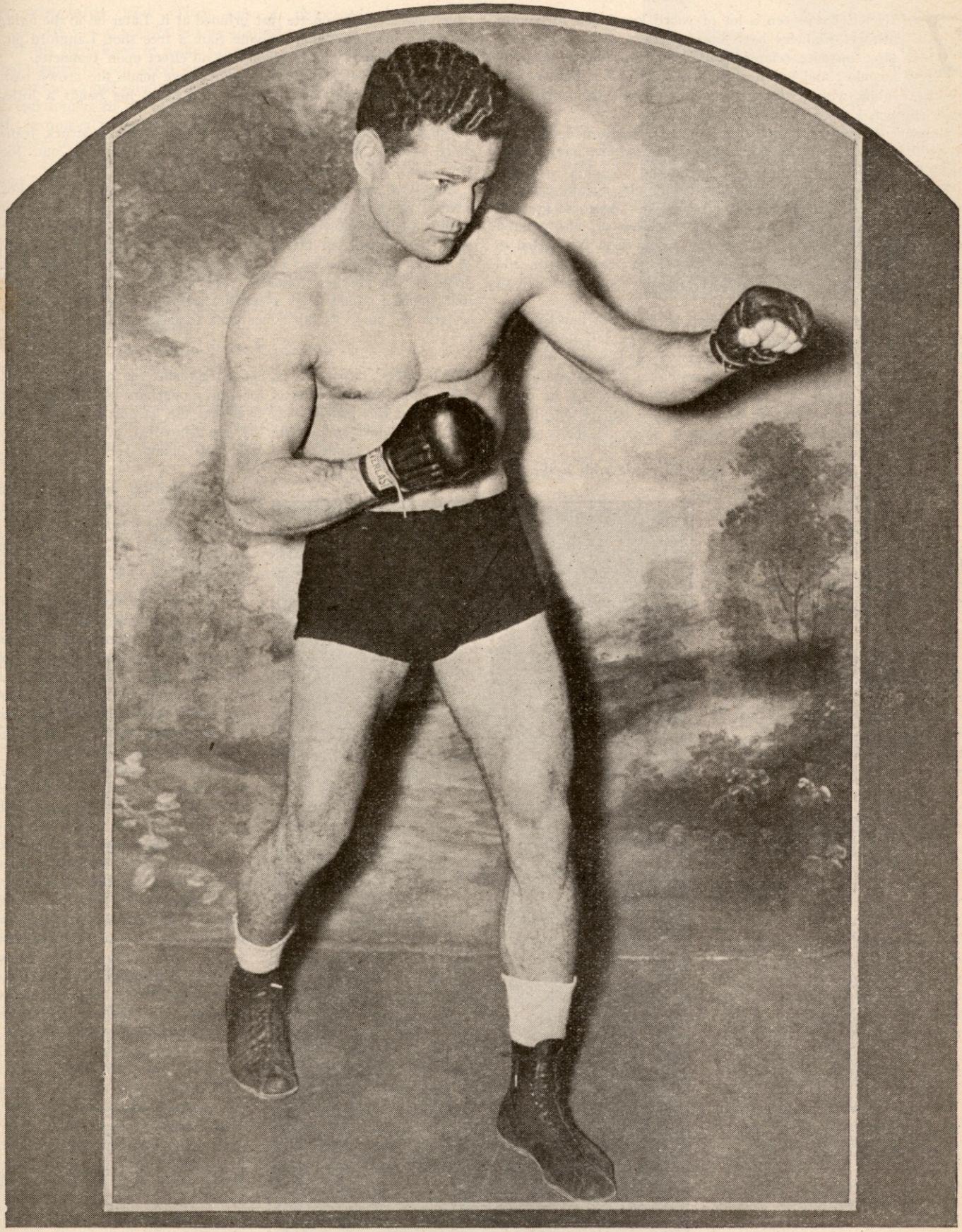
During the time he was in Europe, whenever a match was suggested to him, there was no dickering as to what he was to get out of it. He simply said, in effect, "Lead me to it."

Let us have some more of his type—pleasant, gentle, unassuming—one who gives his best and never asks too much reward. Mr. Miller, I salute you.

H. A. MASKELL, Hazlemere, Wickford, Essex, England.

The RING's Album of Famous Fighters

No. 12



Eddie (Babe) Risko—First saw light of day in Syracuse, N. Y., in 1912. Polish-American. Shocked boxing world by stopping Teddy Yarosz, U. S. Middleweight king last year after scoring six knockdowns in overweight match. Won title from Yarosz in 15 rounds, decision, September 20, of this year. Product of up-State amateur bootleg boxing and U. S. Navy. Holder of U. S. Navy middleweight crown. Knocked out Bob Shaw for title before 60,000 sailors at Panama in 1931. Fought originally as Sailor Puleski. Was a bell hop. Quit Navy to support parents. Stands 5 feet 10 inches. Weighs 158 pounds. Family name is Henry Pulkowski. Carries T.N.T. in either hand. Managed by Gabe Genovese.

IT HAPPENED *in the*

THERE have been a lot of weird knockouts in boxing history. Fighters have knocked each other out at the same instant; referees have been punched to sleep by mistake; and a referee has knocked out a fighter. But we are dealing with a stranger case than that—the story of a man who was kayoed by his *own second.*

It happened during an interval between rounds in a bout between Vic McLaglen (now a movie star) and the navy champion, Phil Schlossberg.

Vic found that it was an awfully tough fight, and he came to his corner tired and winded. His second got nervous, grabbed a bottle of ammonia instead of the mouthwash, and poured the ammonia down McLaglen's throat. Down went McLaglen to the canvas—out! The referee gave the fight to Schlossberg, and for a long time after that, Vic wouldn't take mouthwash out of a bottle without sniffing it first.

A fighter may win a fight although he has been knocked out. In fact, he may be knocked out and not even fall down. Jack Dempsey took a hard punch on the chin from Gunboat Smith in the first round of a bout in San Francisco. After that wallop, Jack was out on his feet, and still fighting, although he didn't know what was going on. He battled well enough to win the decision. When he came to in the dressing room, he apologized to Jack Kearns for having lost!

Jack Dillon fought a furious ten-round battle with Eddie McGoorty. Eddie hit Dillon so hard in the second round that he didn't wake up until the ninth. When he did regain consciousness, although he had been fighting for eight rounds, he thought the ninth was the third round.

* * *

EVEN when a fighter falls to the canvas unconscious, he may not lose. George Siler, a famous old-time referee, was third man in the ring when a boxer who had been leading all the way was hit with a knockout punch eight seconds before the final bell. Siler gave the victory to the fighter on the floor, who was still unconscious, and he had to lift the boxer's limp hand to do it.

Being able to fight on while "out", is one form of toughness. Some champions have it. Some football players have it. There are only a few men, however, who will take punishment just for the fun of it. That's another form of hardihood, and Joe Jeannette, a fine old-time Negro fighter, had it a-plenty.

Joe was fighting Sam Langford in the old Madison Square Garden. Langford had a terrific wallop. Jeannette, however, could take any punch in the body if he had his muscles set, and he was proud of his ability. In training, he hardened his stomach by having his sparring partners throw a medicine ball at it.

When Sam rushed in, swinging, Joe lifted his arms up, opened his guard, and said: "Hit me in the body, Sam!" Langford let go a terrible punch, and Jeannette just grinned at it. Later on in the fight, Joe lifted his guard again, giving Sam a free shot. Langford put in another steamy punch which had no effect upon Jeannette.

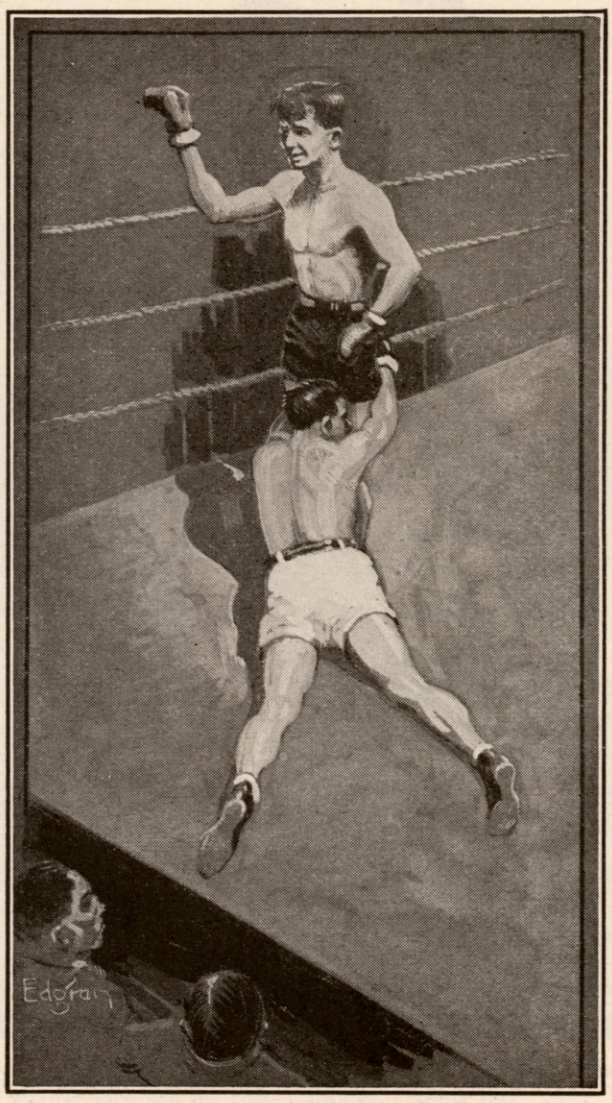
That display of ruggedness and courage made the crowd roar with approval. Joe tried it again. He lifted his hands a little, and repeated: "Hit me in the body, Sam!"

Quick as a flash Langford let fly a punch which struck Jeannette squarely on the chin and all but knocked him out. Joe never invited Sam to hit him in the body again!

Langford was a remarkable fellow in his own right. For several years he fought the best opponents he could get, without letting anyone know that he was blind in one eye. During that time, he knocked out Harry Wills, George Godfrey, and a score of others. When he was only a welterweight, Sam fought Jack Johnson. He knocked Johnson down so hard in the first round, that Johnson would never meet him after he grew into a heavyweight. No purse would induce Jack to tackle Sam again.

* * *

WEIGHT, after all, is not a requisite for a heavy punch. Many, in fact, most of the heavy punchers have been rather light men. Jim Jeffries once said that the hardest punch he ever felt was landed on his chin by Joe Choynski, a man who only weighed 165 pounds, yet fought 220 pound Jeff to a twenty-round draw.



When Battling Nelson was the victim of a queer turn of fate.

Tom Sharkey and Gus Ruhlin would fight anyone in the world, until they met Fitzsimmons. "Never again," they said, "will we fight that old guy. Anyone else, but not Fitzsimmons."

Old Bob's punches nearly killed them. Bob weighed 165. Sharkey fought Fitzsimmons twice, and was knocked out in the second round the last time. Jeffries, who was much bigger and stronger than Fitzsimmons, fought Sharkey twice and never did knock him out.

Jack Johnson said that the hardest punch he ever felt was landed by a middleweight. Stanley Ketchel dropped him for a nine count with a terrific right behind the ear.

Jess Willard was one big man who could hit. Willard turned Soldier Kearns a complete somersault with a right hand punch to the chin. Kearns left terra firma, whirled around in the air, and struck the canvas face down. Kearns weighed 210 pounds. Max Baer and Joe Louis are good punchers, but this writer has yet to see them do anything like that.

* * *

THERE used to be a time when boxers didn't quit when their hands got sore. They didn't even quit when their hands broke! Jim Corbett once put over a one-finger knockout. He was fighting Joe Choynski, the hard-hitting 165-pounder mentioned before in this story. Corbett broke all of his knuckles except the first knuckle of his left hand. "The bones popped in my glove like pieces of chalk,"

RING

By ROBERT EDGREN

he afterwards said. That was a desperate situation.

Corbett was a master boxer. Instead of folding up, he bluffed with his right hand to make Choynski duck into the waiting left, and planted his one good knuckle for a knockout!

Eugene Criqui gave an example of gameness of another kind. Criqui fought in the war. His jaw was shot away and rebuilt. He became a fighter, and in the first round of a whirlwind encounter with Johnny Dundee he has his jaw broken on both sides. Did he give up? Not Criqui. He fought fifteen desperate rounds, although he lost the fight.

Sometimes a punch on the jaw breaks knuckles, sometimes it breaks the jaw, and at times, it even breaks ankles! Benny Leonard hit Phil Bloom on the chin and broke Phil's ankle. Jack Dempsey hit Bill Brennan on the jaw and broke Bill's ankle. Max Baer knocked Primo Carnera down with a punch on the chin, and Primo turned up with a chipped bone in his ankle. Jim Barry knocked Sam Langford down so hard that Sam sat on his ankle and sprained it.

Had this last unfortunate accident occurred on a certain hot day in Australia, boxing history would be without one of its most picturesque affairs.

It was 127° in the shade when Langford was fighting Colin Bell there. Langford and Bell toiled through 15 rounds under the broiling sun, and the referee declared the bout a draw. "Gee," said Sam to the referee, "why not have a winner? I'll run Mr. Bell a seventy-five yard footrace to see who gets the decision."

Colin Bell was a great runner and a sportsman. He accepted the challenge. At the word "go" the two fighters sprinted down the course, Langford well in the lead. Bell nearly closed up the gap. A yard from the tape he gave a tremendous leap which made the race a dead heat—and the fight a draw!

* * *

WHEN fate steps in to trade blows with a boxer, there is nothing much he can do. In the prize-ring era of fighting in England, champion Jem Belcher fought scores of long bare-knuckle fights to a finish. He came through all of these unhurt. Jem took up the "gentlemen's game" of racquets. He lost an eye in a game when a ball struck him; this ended his ring career. He never was able to win again.

Battling Nelson, the lightweight champion, was a victim of a queer turn of fate which would never have come about, if he hadn't been so proud of himself. He was defending his title against one of the toughest lightweights ever to pull on a glove, little Ad Wolgast. Before the fight, newspapermen approached Nelson and asked him what the outcome would be. "I'll win by a knockout in the twenty-third round," Bat said.

The fight was held in an open-air arena at Port Richmond in 1910. The photographers were there in force, taking pictures under the strong outdoor light. In round twenty-three Nelson went after Wolgast furiously and dropped him hard, apparently out cold.

Instead of stepping back, Nelson stood over Wolgast, turned to the photographers' stand, and yelled: "I told you I'd knock him out in the twenty-third!"

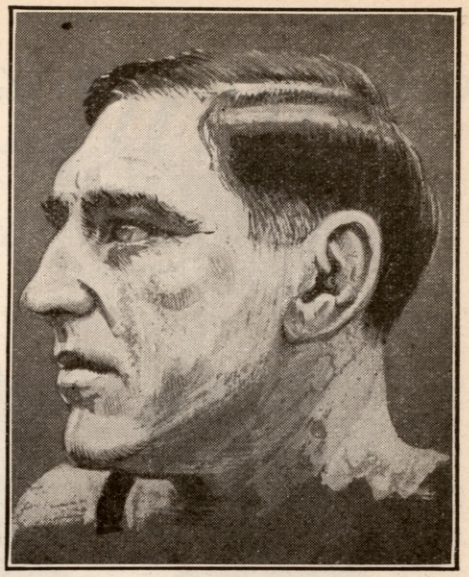
Poor Wolgast, who wouldn't have had a chance in the world of rising in time, grabbed Nelson's legs, and pulled himself up. He barely beat the count as it was, but hung on and lasted out the round.

In the fortieth round he stopped Nelson and won the title!

* * *

A GLOVE lace cost Joe Shugrue the lightweight championship. Joe was the most brilliant man in his division. He knocked out Benny Leonard in four rounds, and beat champion Freddy Welsh twice in ten round "no-decision" bouts. Joe was the victim of a most unfortunate accident when a sparring partner's loose glove lace struck him in the eye. When he could see again, years later, he was too old to go back into the ring.

Not all of the accidents in the ring are tragic.



Jess Willard, whose right hand punch made Soldier Kearns turn a complete somersault.

Jack Britton had been fighting for twenty years when he signed for a bout with Fred Archer, in Canton, Ohio, in 1924. Jack knew that he was no youngster, but planned on outsmarting Archer. During the fight he punched Archer into a corner, and was following up his advantage with a furious rain of blows. All of a sudden his legs gave way.

"Gosh!" thought Jack to himself, "What'll I do? The old pins won't hold me up any more!"

Above the roar of the crowd, Jack heard some fans at the ringside shouting: "Look behind you, Jack!" He did.

The middle of the ring had fallen in!

Britton was a fast driver, and nothing pleased him better than to scoot through traffic as if the road were perfectly clear. He took a great dislike to taxi-drivers, who were always getting into arguments with him. Before the cabmen learned to let him alone, he knocked out fifteen of them in one summer.

* * *

BOXING is a very popular sport in Mexico. It rivals bull-fighting and politics for excitement. When Americans go to fights below the Rio Grande, they run across some incidents which seem perfectly natural and logical to Mexicans; but as to Americans . . . . well, perhaps I am getting ahead of my story.

Ted Murray, a manager who does business around New Orleans, had a Mexican fighter named Kid Laredo. The Kid was popular in his home land, and word was sent to Murray to bring his fighter down for a show in a large Mexican town. Murray signed the Kid to fight in the semi-finals of the show.

When they arrived they were rather curious about the fights, and Mr. Murray asked the promoter: "Tell me, now, who's fighting in the main event?"

And the answer was: "Two roosters!"

It was a cockfight.

* * *

ABOUT two years ago, when I was last in New York, I saw Sam Langford and, in discussing some of his famous fights, he reminded me of the day he astonished Peggy Bettinson of the National Sporting Club of London with a remark that received considerable attention in the newspapers after the fight. It was the occasion of the Langford-Iron Hague fight. Hague was a giant. Most of the American boxers who had previously appeared at the National Sporting Club made a lot of fuss about the choice of the referee, and on the day of the fight, Mr. Bettinson, to avoid any controversy or ill-feeling, said to Langford:

"Sam, you're a most unusual specimen of fighting man. How come that you haven't made any complaints to me nor asked me whom I have selected to referee your fight?"

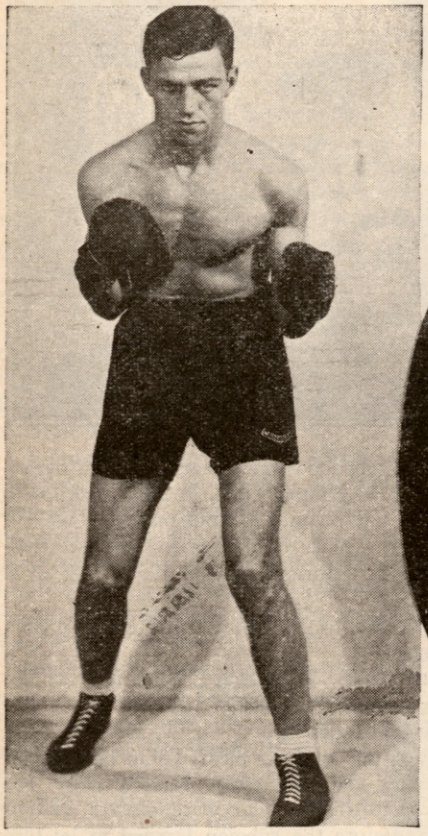
"Mr. Bettinson," replied the Tar Baby, "why argue? I always carry my own referee in the ring."

"You can't do that here," replied Bettinson.

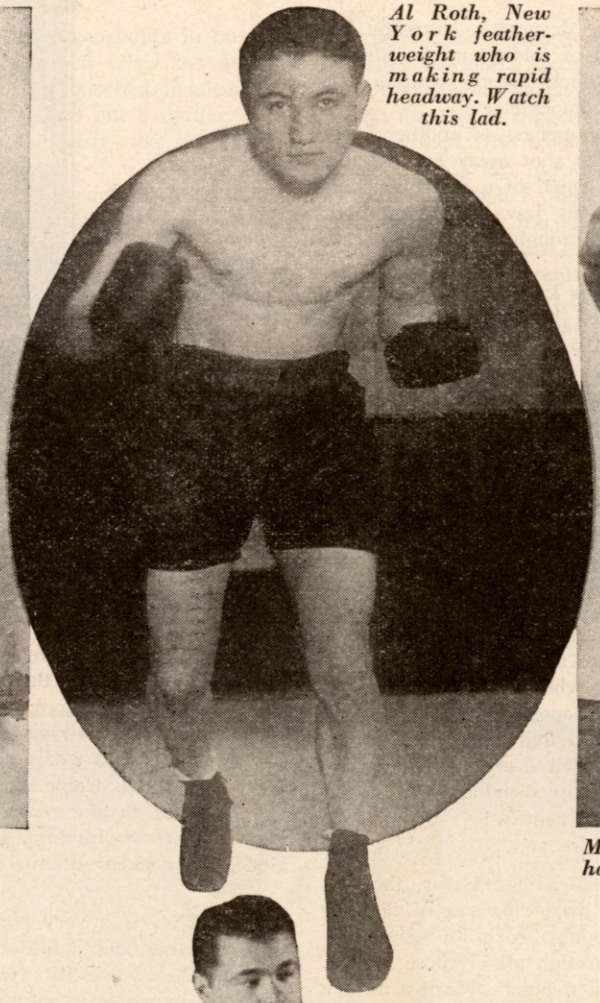
"Yes, I can, boss," said Sam. "Here it is."

Whereupon Langford exhibited his hamlike fist to Bettinson and several scribes.

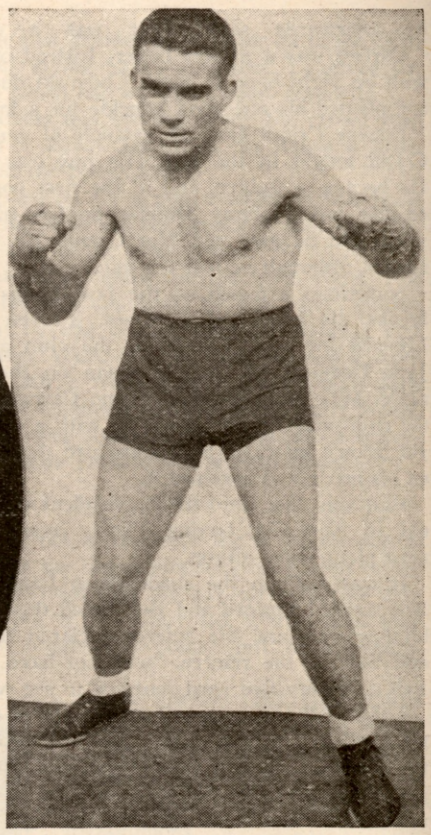
Canadian and American Fighters



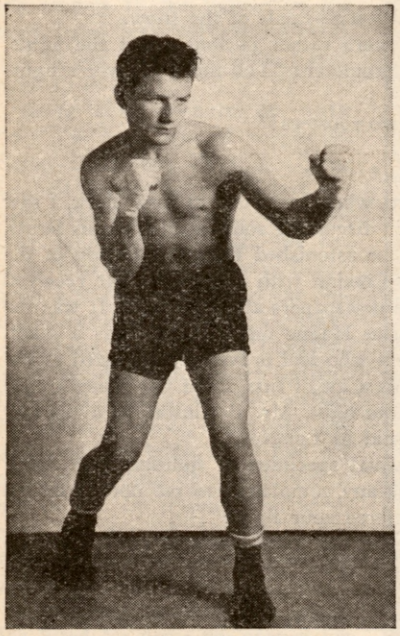
Joe Marsh, Canadian lightweight contender.



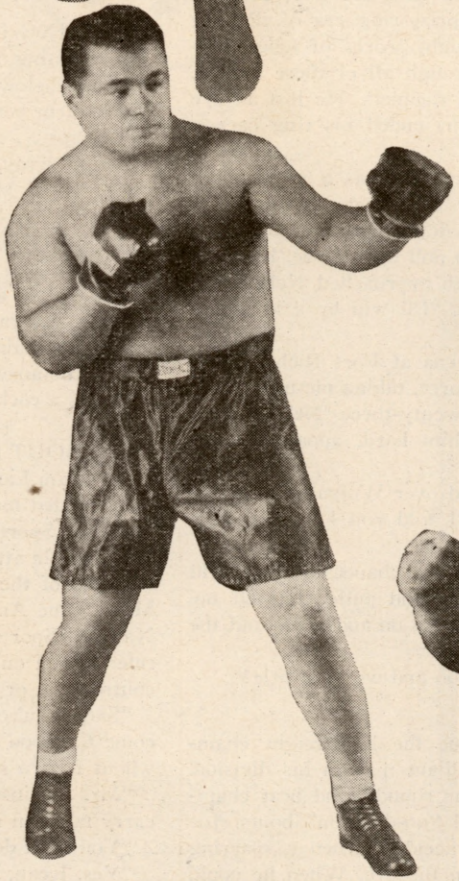
Al Roth, New York featherweight who is making rapid headway. Watch this lad.



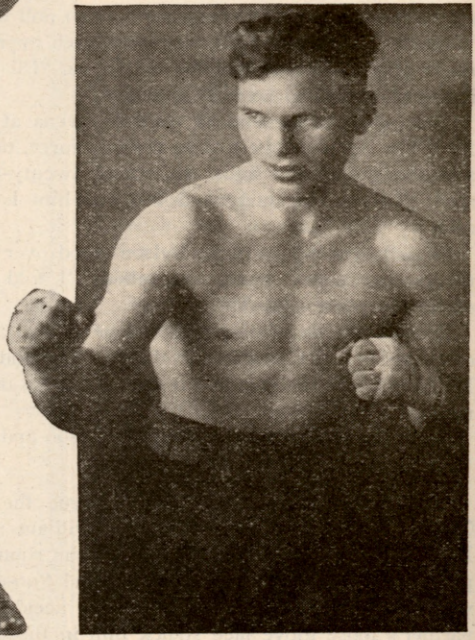
Mal Rice, an Iowa welterweight who has had 20 knockouts to his credit in 59 fights.



Jack Harding, popular Sioux City welterweight.



Tony Galento of New Jersey who is now managed by Joe Jacobs. Tony is a pudgy fellow, but how he can sock!



Ernie Heatherington of Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada. He is a middleweight.

Has Bright Future

Frank Brown Impresses Dr. Sarpolis Who Predicts His Rise in Mat World

By DR. KARL SARPOLIS
Internationally famed wrestler

Frank Brown, 21 year old protege of Dr. Sarpolis who is a capable wrestler.

BECAUSE I feel that the wrestling profession is sadly in need of sincere, ambitious young men who are not content to follow in the ranks of the mediocre, or bask in temporary fame because of their ring showmanship, but are eager to push ahead toward the championship, I have done everything I could to give young Frank Brown a start.

Ignoring my natural enthusiasm for this youngster's future in wrestling, and regarding him from a strictly unbiased viewpoint, I can honestly say that the boy has what it takes to make a mat champion. Add a few years of seasoning and experience to his skillful mat technique, and you'll have a title challenger who will rank with any.

Frank possesses that inner something that goes to make champions. In boxing they call it the "killer instinct"—that unrelenting aggressiveness that was so apparent in Dempsey. In wrestling, it is the love of combat, of physical endeavor and Frank is certainly one fellow who is enthusiastic about anything athletic.

* * *

I'VE known Frank ever since he was a kid. He was forever tagging his older brother, Wesley, who incidentally is now well known in the athletic world, and myself around, wanting us to teach him how to wrestle. We would answer by teasing him because he was a puny kid.

When he was about nine, his family moved to Chicago, and a few years later, I went out there to take a medical course at Chicago University. I saw Frank often and was really impressed with his physique. He and some neighborhood kids had fixed up a gym in the basement of the Brown home and there they kept practising holds, weight lifting, and boxing, they also exercised. Then the kids would skip school and tramp off to the woods to hike and fish and hunt. Frank never did like school, and scorned an opportunity to go to college. Instead, when he had finished high school, he traipsed around the country in box cars, just so he could travel and see the world.

I lost track of him for awhile. I devoted my time to my studies and was on the wrestling team for the University. I graduated from medical school, started my interneship and then found out that wrestling was my line and entered the pro game. After that I travelled considerably, not only in the States but I toured Australia and Asia and had just returned from a sojourn in Old Mexico when I met up with Frank again.

* * *

I HAD been hearing considerable about Wesley, the older brother. He was Big Ten Wrestling Champion while he attended Northwestern, was Central A. U. Champion and placed in the National Inter-Collegiate matches, but so far as I knew Frank was still vagabonding around the country, showing here and there.

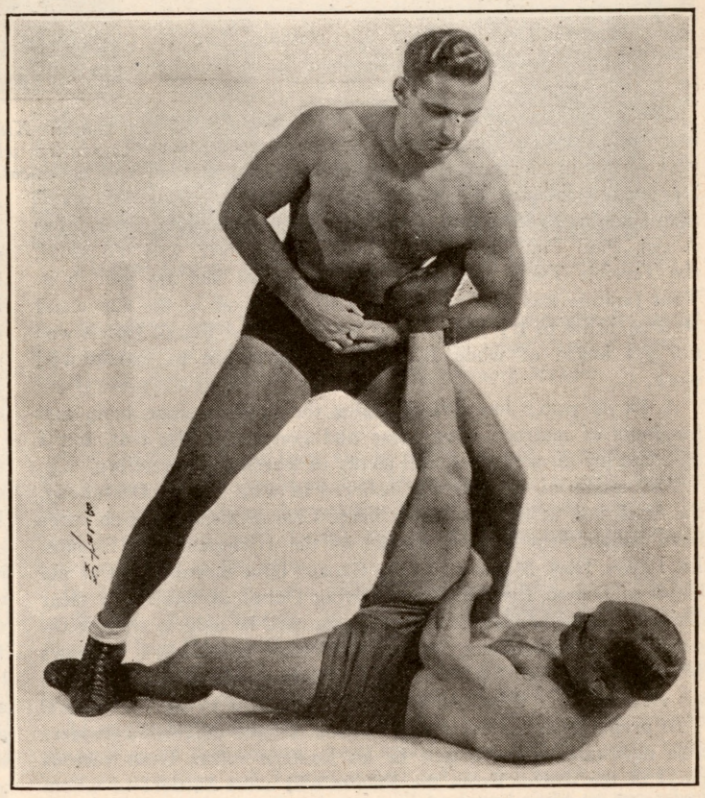
However, one morning when I was training on the beach at Galveston, Texas, a big, well-built young fellow came up to me and asked if he could work out with me. And I was certainly surprised to find it was Frank. He was 21 now, weighed 215 pounds and had as fine a physique as I've ever seen. He was working for the Hughes Tool Company in Houston where his uncle was vice-president but was dissatisfied with the work and wanted to get in wrestling.

I gave him a good workout and found out that Frank was not only fast and clever, but possessed a fine, smooth style of wrestling as well. And he didn't have to do much talking to convince me that he was ready for professional wrestling.

I went into a huddle with Morris Sigel, the well-known Houston promoter and Sigel, who is always ready to do what he can for wrestlers and wrestling, offered to give Frank a preliminary shot the following week.

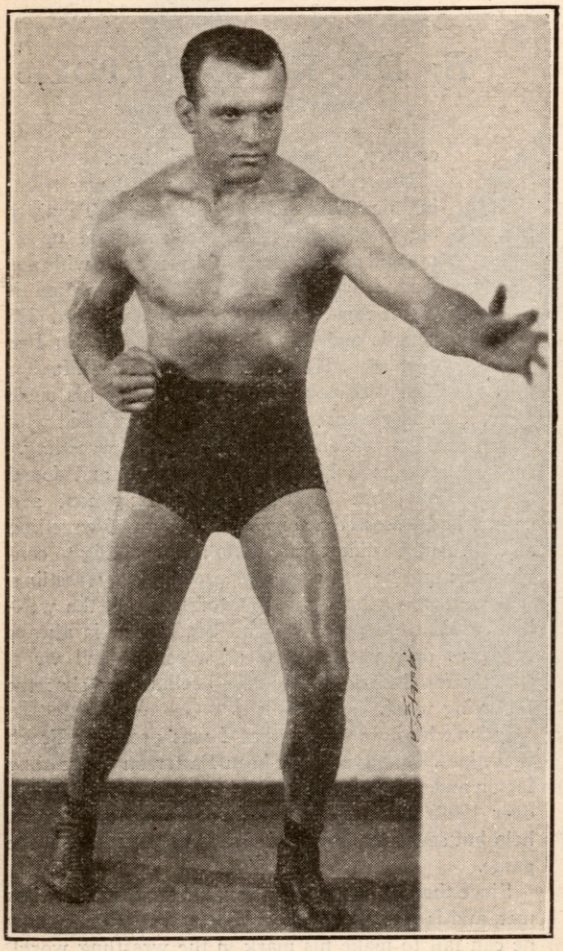
I don't hesitate to say that I was proud of Frank that night. He gave the veteran Patterson a wrestling lesson and won the match in 14 minutes. And he went over 100% with the Houston audience who couldn't help but sense the boy's eagerness to get ahead in the game.

Since then he has capably handled every man he has met, and is still to see his first defeat. I don't see how he can fail to make his mark in the wrestling world. He has everything an athlete should have.



Dr. Karl Sarpolis using the torturous Japanese leg lock.

NEW WRESTLING



George Koverley, the "Nebraska find."

IF the unseasonable weather gets on your nerves, don't worry. Happy days are just around the corner. The wrestlers are coming. The big league wrestling season is about to be launched in the big Metropolis.

The wrestling season of 1935-36, as it will go down in sport history, will mark the forty-fourth consecutive year for me in sport and the thirty-seventh in wrestling. I started my affiliation with the mat game when Hjalmar Lundin, Prof. Donaldson, Dan McLeod, Farmer Burns, Joe Acton, Paul Pons, Duncan McMillan, Jim Parr, and Youssouf, the Terrible Turk, were leaders in the game and am still in it. Tom Jenkins was just about ready to knock off in the Cleveland Rolling Mills to try his hand at wrestling and Frank Gotch was not yet heard of when I turned my attention to promotorial work.

A lot of water has flowed under the bridges since then, and hundreds of matmen have come and gone from the mat, but I still find my pleasure, yes, and plenty of worries, in wrestling.

The season of 1935-36 was ushered in with Danno O'Mahony, the Irish lad, at the top of the heap. Championship title claimers have passed into history, thanks to the Irishman. Jim Londos, Ed Lewis, Dick Shikat and Don George have tasted defeat at the hands of Danno, the Harp, thus giving Danno an absolutely clear claim to world honors. Not that Danno will be able to strut without a bit of annoyance, because all these able-bodied warriors will never be fully satisfied, but O'Mahony can always point to his victories over them and thus prove his right to highest honors.

In preparation for the indoor season, I have obtained considerable new talent. There will be an Eastern influx from various parts of the world. From the Pacific will come battlers of whom we have heard a lot but never seen in New York rings.

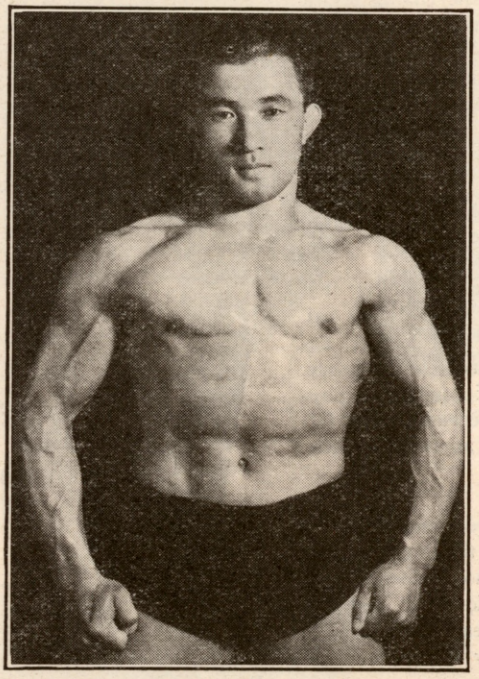
From California will come Vincent Lopez, the winner of the much advertised Los Angeles tournament. Vincent is of Mexican parents, born in Los Angeles, where there is a large population of Mexicans. He towers 6 feet 3 inches and scales 230 pounds. Joe Toots Mondt, than whom there is no better judge of wrestlers in the raw, reports him one of the most formidable foes of all time. As the tournament winner, it may be well to add that O'Mahony will have to recognize Lopez's claims for a match. Lopez insists that he holds the American title, which he won on the Coast, and that he is as much a title-holder as is O'Mahony.

Then there is Everett Marshall, who is trying to squeeze in. Everett caused a good laugh by claiming the championship on the strength of defeating a minor leaguer in Colorado. Here in the East he was defeated several times by Jim Londos and Dick Shikat, hence has no standing so far as championship claim is concerned.

* * *

KIMAN KUDO of Japan is also on his way here. His weight is 180 pounds, which is plenty heavy for a Jap. He understands the catch-as-catch-can style of wrestling as no Japanese has since the days of Matsica Sarakitchi. And we all know that Matsica Sarakitchi was always a thorn in the side of the late William Muldoon.

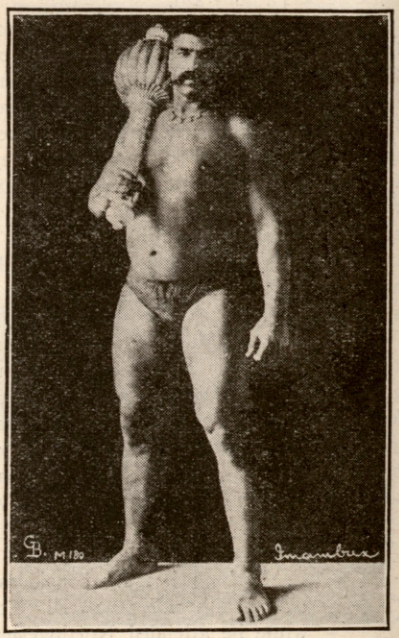
Dean Detton, who hails from Kansas, is another newcomer. He is a college lad who was well on the way to win the Los Angeles tournament when he tore some ligaments in his knee and was forced to withdraw. He is a whale of a wrestler.



Kiman Kudo of Japan, a 180-pounder, who is a master of catch-as-catch-can wrestling.

We will once more greet the bewhiskered Santa Claus, none other than Sergei Kalmikoff, he of Siberia and plenty mirth provoking ability. He will be seen in Eastern rings.

George Koverley is a find of Nebraska. He was discovered by Rudy Dusek on his recent vacation trip to his Omaha home, and when a wrestler successfully passes the scrutiny of Rudy Dusek, you can brand him as having stood the acid test. Bobby Bruns and Rusty Wescoatt are among the new boys who are sure to prove crowd pleasers in the East.



Inmanbux Gamas of Punjab, a Hindu with a great reputation in his native country.

TALENT

By JACK CURLEY

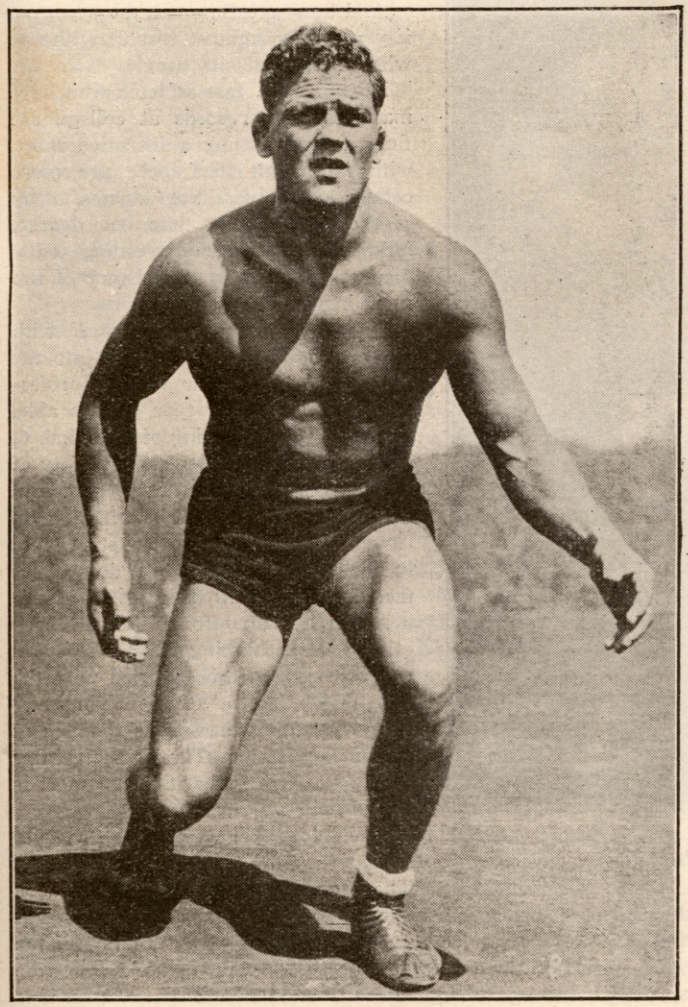
America's foremost wrestling promoter

Negotiations are afoot to bring from the old country Max Krauser, a hefty Jewish scrapper; Herbert Audersch of Germany; Waclaw Badurski of Poland; Hjlama Wichtomen from Finland; Hans Kowalsky of Russia; John Malmberg, a Swede under the tutorship of Hjlamar Lundin, the old-timer; Hans Schwartz, the marvel from Bavaria, whose daddy won many important melees on the mat; Erwin Neuman, another German, whose exit from Germany will be good news to Adolph Hitler; Amedee Blomme of Belgium, but whose monicker suggests that he is Flemish; Jack Wentworth from far-off Australia, now wrestling under the banner of William Bankier in merry old England, and last but not least, Imanbux Gama of world renowned fame from the Punjab, India.

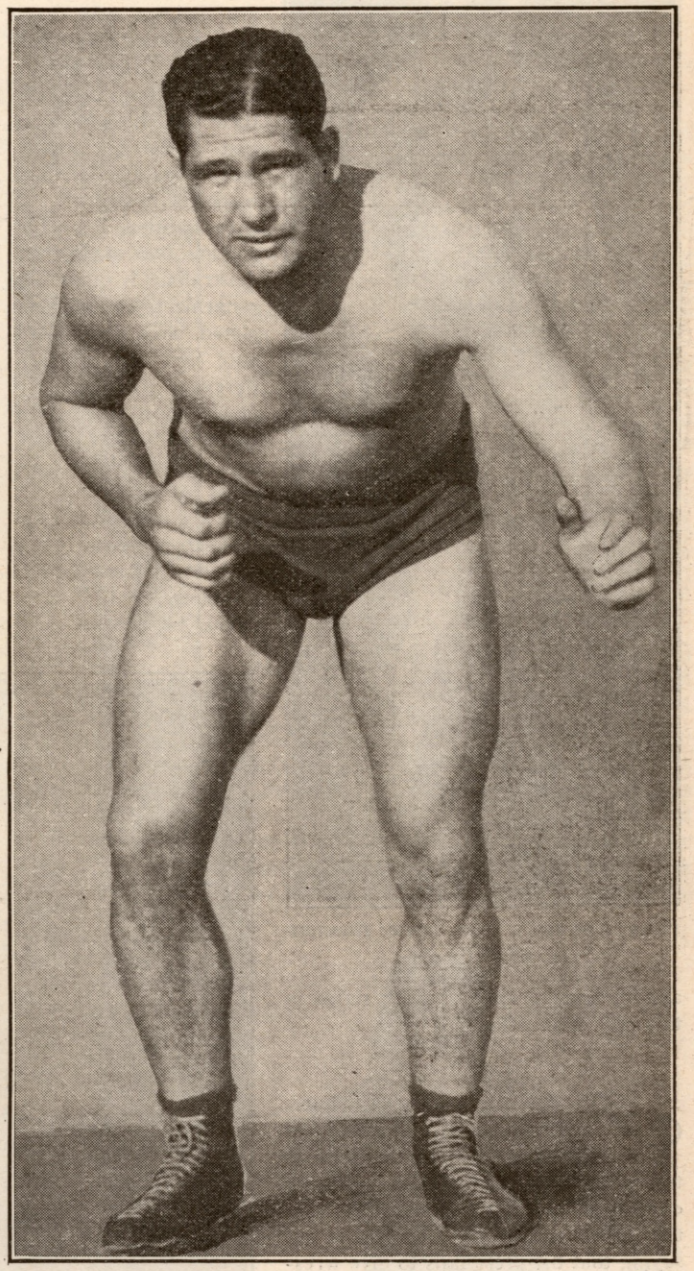
* * *

HERE is a line-up that will keep the wrestling industry going at full blast. Madison Square Garden, the Seventy-first and Twenty-second Regiment Armories, the Broadway Arena in Brooklyn, and the Bronx Coliseum will whet the appetites of the mat fans.

Jim Browning, Gino Garibaldi, Dick Daviscourt, the Dusek brothers, the twin Olsons (whom no one can tell apart), Abe Coleman, Floyd Marshall, Ed Lewis, Don George, Man Mountain Dean, Henri DeGlane, Billy Bartush, Leo Numa are a few of the old familiar faces who will face the barrier. Jim Londos, who retired to the California mountains broken-hearted over his defeat at the hands of Danno O'Mahony, has not let a peep out of him. But sooner or later he will hear the call of the wild and yearn for the matted ring. Londos is not the first who thought the world had come to an end and later changed his mind. Jimmy Londos, the Greek god, should be good for several more seasons.



Dean Detton of Kansas, a college lad who is praised sky high for his wrestling ability.



Vincent Lopez, star heavyweight of California, who holds the title in his state.

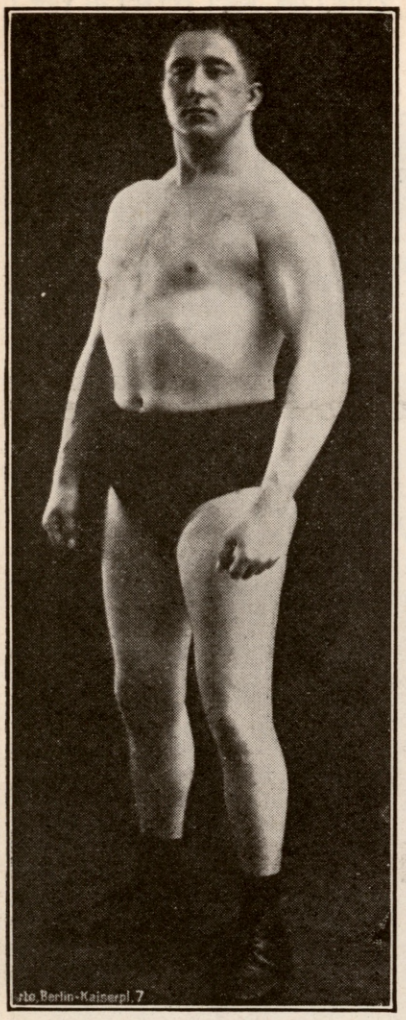
* * *

EN-PASSANT, as they say in polite France, it may be well to mention at this time that wrestling is in a very healthy state in all sections of the country and the promoters predict the best season since 1929. In the larger cities the same promoters are continuing at the helm.

In Philadelphia, Aurelio Fabiani; in St. Louis, Tom Packs; in Boston, Paul Bowser; in Chicago, Ed White, and in Los Angeles, Lou Daro will promote.

Joe Toots Mondt is scouting for new champions and always is a big factor as the man behind the guns on the firing line.

As in the last three years, the collegians will play a big part in the mat sport this season. America's college gridiron stars rank high as wrestlers and I predict that out of the many we have in line at this writing, at least two will be found right on top when



Hans Kowalsky, the latest Russian sensation.

and his leaders will be seen in action in this city quite often this year.

* * *

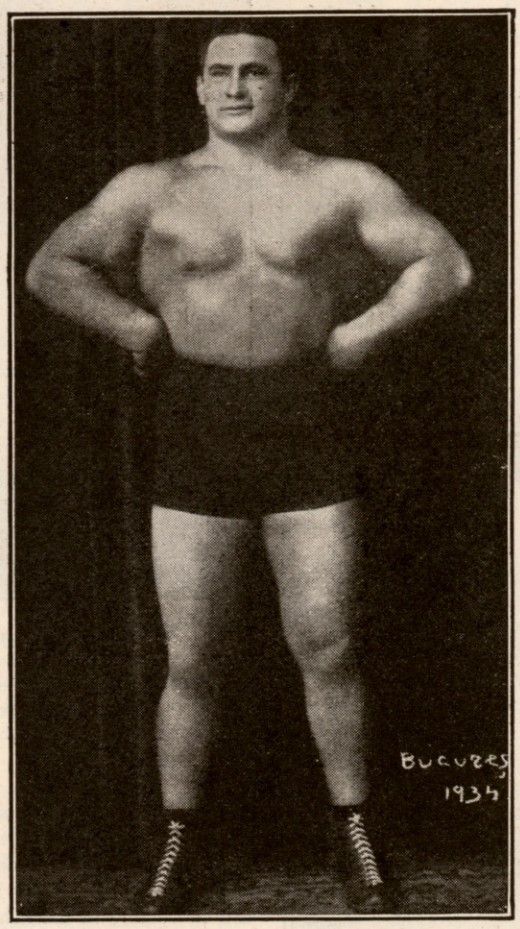
IF the newspapers would devote one-fourth the amount of space to wrestling that they do to boxing, there would be no hall large enough to hold the crowds. At least that is my contention. And this is not saying that the press fails to give wrestling a good break. Few sport writers understand wrestling. Most of the burlesque and wise-cracks used by most of them is to cover themselves up and hide their lack of knowledge of this scientific game.

When a referee taps the winner and the bout is over, nine out of ten await the official announcement to learn the name of the hold. Yet wrestling is the oldest of all our sports and comparatively few reach to ranking in the game.

Today many wrestlers come to the mat game from the colleges. Some graduate from the football squads because wrestling is part of the teachings for the football players. Jim McMillen, Joe Savoldi and Gus Sonnenberg are the three best known collegians, but there are dozens of others.

Ever so many people think that a wrestler's pay averages five dollars per bout. I don't know where such an idea started, unless it comes from very small shows where only the cheapest talent is the indoor season closes. Who are these two? Well, I'm going to let this be a surprise. They are fellows who have been primed for two years by Toots Mondt, and we intend to spring them on the public as just ordinary preliminary boys and let them work their way up.

In addition, I am importing two stars from Australia, if my arrangements can be completed, and their presence here will cause a flurry. A wrestling promoter must always be on the go for new talent, and we are letting no grass grow under our feet. Up in Boston, Paul Bowser is doing better than ever because he has a string of high-class talent to choose from



Max Krauser, a Jewish heavyweight, who is expected to do well in fast circles.

used. I can count several score wrestlers who are worth, not one under $100,000 up to Jim Londos, who has between $1,500,000 and $2,000,000 in his sock. And if he saved his two million by wrestling at the rate of five dollars per match, he is indeed the champion saver in the world.

Yes, ladies and gentlemen, we have Jim Londos, Wladek and Stanislaus Zbyszko, Dick Shikat, Jim Browning, Gus Sonnenberg, Don George, Ed Lewis, Joe Stecher, Henri DeGlane, Rudy Dusek, Joe Toots Mondt and many more who have laid aside many times the necessary amount to keep the wolves from their doors.

The promoters pay them their percentage shares of from ten to twenty-five per cent of the gate receipts and as in boxing the promoters take the gamble on paying the rentals of the halls and stadiums and all other necessary bills.

* * *

THE wrestler usually goes through the build-up stages and becomes aware of the fact that money does not grow on trees. He is frugal, past the foolish age and saves his money.

Also he is on the go so much, travelling from town to town, that he finds little time for foolish carousing.

This not only saves him money, but also preserves his health, which also accounts for his long term in the harness, as against a boxer's short regime.

There are few punch drunk and few broken former wrestlers. As a matter of fact, I cannot recall a single case where a wrestler needed money for food. I cannot recall of ever having to stake one for "eats."

From the viewpoint of health-building via exercise, and the example to use nature's weapons, wrestling so far outshines boxing that there is no comparison.

And how wrestling can muss you up if you run up against trouble with one who understands its uses!

Big, brawny, fast athletes who have made enviable records at college are finding in wrestling a lucrative sport, with the result that there are more college and university graduates, many of them with more than one degree, following professional wrestling today than at any time in the history of the sport in this country.

Muscle and brawn, coupled with higher education, has brought into the grappling field a new type of professional mat artist, a type that is able, through proper training of the mind, to give to the sport followers a variety of wrestling such as has not been seen in this country since the days when Frank Gotch, Dr. Roller and other stars were in their prime. No longer do we see merely the tug and tussle of two hefty gentlemen in an effort to throw each other. Quick thinking makes for speed and science and this, coupled with the beef, makes for the senational in wrestling—the thing that packs them in at the various arenas. That is the answer to the great revival which the sport is experiencing.

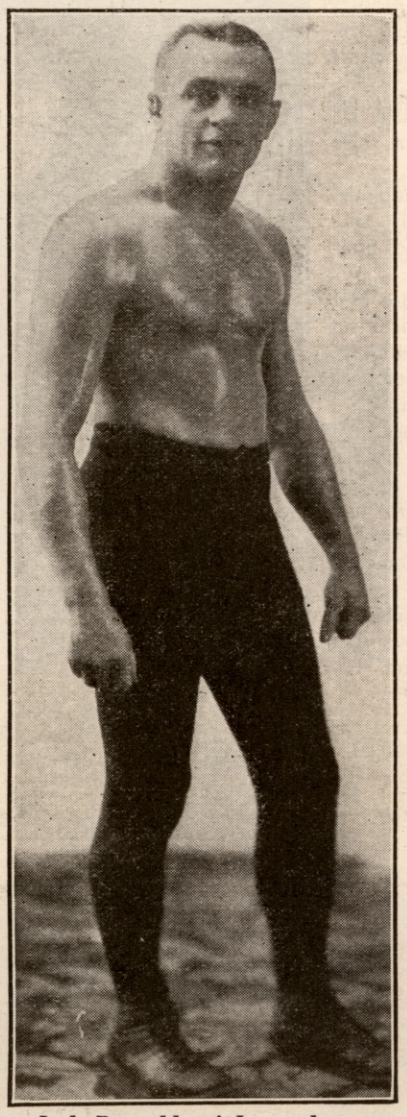
One thing about all college athletes is that they are game to the extreme. There are few quitters among them. Furthermore, in my experience, I have found that they are chock full of pride. They have been taught that in college and carry the same spirit into their wrestling matches, a never-give-in, do-or-die spirit that brings the applause and creates enthusiasm. And it is this enthusiasm that makes wrestling fans. Do you wonder, therefore, why I grab the opportunity to give a college lad a chance?

NEWS *of the* MAT WORLD

By EDWARD MERRILL

Gus Kallio, the N.W.A. middleweight champion.

THE National Wrestling Association, in its desire to clear up the controversies regarding the champions in each division, took the bull by the horns a few weeks ago at its annual meeting and listed the recognized title-holders in five sections. That action is welcomed by those who follow the mat sport, because of the half dozen or more claimants who appear from time to time and flimflam the public into believing that they are legitimate champions. THE RING monthly receives many letters from Australia and South Africa, where ordinary American wrestlers palm themselves off as title-holders, asking if this or that grappler is what he claims to be. There are some exceptions, as in the case of Gus Sonnenberg, Earl McCready, Fischer and a few others who have shown their wares in foreign lands as top-notchers, but the majority of those who are advertised as champions usually do not rank among the first ten in this country.



Jack Reynolds of Iowa, the welter king.

In order to put a halt to such weird claims, THE RING has decided to accept the ratings of the National Wrestling Association and herewith publishes the list of champions as officially rated by the N.W.A.:

Heavyweight—Danno O'Mahoney of Ireland.
Light-heavyweight—Leroy McGuirk of Tulsa, Okla.
Middleweight—Gus Kallio, North Dakota.
Junior Middleweight—Billy Thom, Nebraska.
Welterweight—Jack Reynolds, Iowa.

* * *

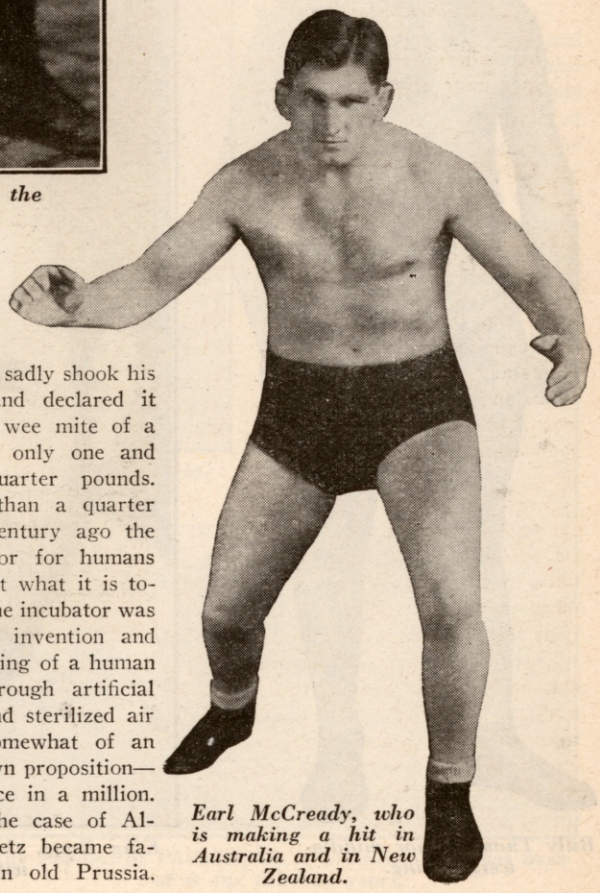
IN Danno O'Mahoney, wrestling has a champion who is not taking on the small fry and excluding the big shots. With Danno it is a case of tackling the wrestlers who are the best drawing cards, and a perusal of the list of grapplers whom he has wrestled since he won the crown indicates that O'Mahoney expects to be a real champion. Incidentally, I received a letter from Danno, in which he informs me that he spells his name with an "e" and that the Boston scribe who quoted him as saying that there is no "e" in his name was wrong. Hence we will have to go back to our original spelling.

Since winning the crown, O'Mahoney has won matches from Joe Savoldi (twice), Don George, Gus Sonnenberg and Jim Browning—quite a feat, considering that these are among the world's outstanding wrestlers. In fact, the feat of O'Mahoney in beating Sonnenberg in 22 minutes and 8 seconds only one day after conquering Don George for the second time in a match that went more than two hours, is one of which any grappler may feel proud. Then three days later, the Irish star tossed Savoldi with a flying mare in 32.36 and followed that with a victory in the Garden's opening show in New York over Browning. If O'Mahoney continues to show against the topnotchers, it won't be long before the boos that occasionally greet him by Londos followers, who are peeved at the Greek's fall, will be turned to cheers. Danno is the type of athlete who helps any sport, even if he isn't in the class of previous title-holders.

* * *

FROM a one and three-quarters pound incubator baby to a big, strapping 190-pound hercules is the story in a nutshell of Al Getz, German wrestler performing in New York. Twenty-six years ago, in the town of Koenigsberg, Prussia, the Getz family was blessed-evented with a son, but instead of the familiar pronouncement of the family doctor that it was a fine boy weighing seven and three-quarter pounds or more, the medico sadly shook his head and declared it was a wee mite of a boy of only one and three-quarter pounds. More than a quarter of a century ago the incubator for humans was not what it is today. The incubator was a new invention and the saving of a human life through artificial heat and sterilized air was somewhat of an unknown proposition—a chance in a million.

So the case of Alfred Getz became famous in old Prussia.



Earl McCready, who is making a hit in Australia and in New Zealand.

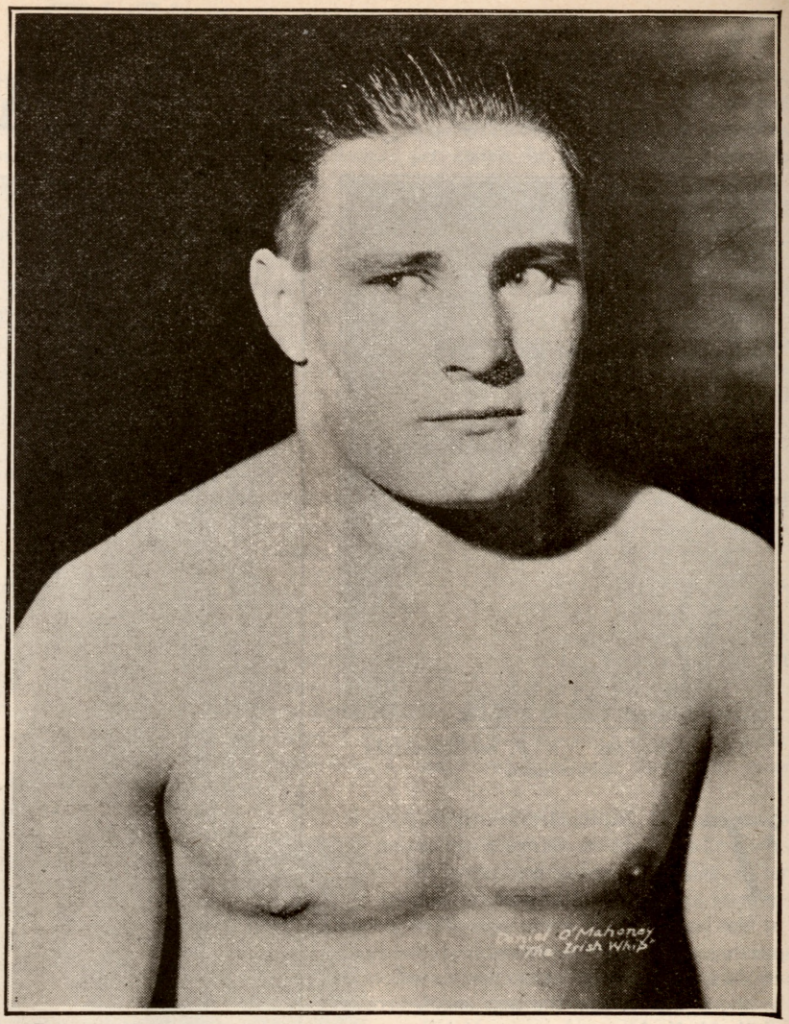
It occupied much space in the newspapers and the community at large took much interest in the affair. To everybody's surprise, the boy pulled through and lived. He was a nine days' wonder.

However, the Getz offspring was not a strong lad. He was undersized, very delicate and, as the years rolled by, there did not seem to be a chance that he would be anything but a weak young man necessitating constant care and attention. His early days at school were miserable. His school mates, with the unexplained cruelty of youngsters, picked on him and derided his inability to take part in their games.

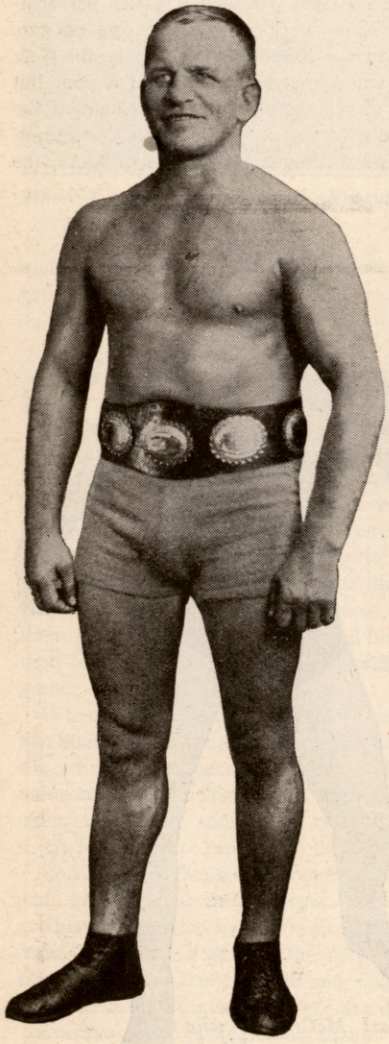
But in young Getz's mind an idea formulated itself. It became a sort of obsession with him. He must be strong like other boys, he told himself.

At an early age, his heart was set on the idea and he became a physical culture bug. He read books on it, studied the development of the body and muscles and, without help from his parents and without consulting anyone, he practised light exercises in his room and soon he became like others—well developed. He took on more weight, added strength to his slender body and gradually began to fill out. It was a slow process, but it soon began to show itself. It was then that he decided that wrestling was the best form of body builder there was. He learned that from his books.

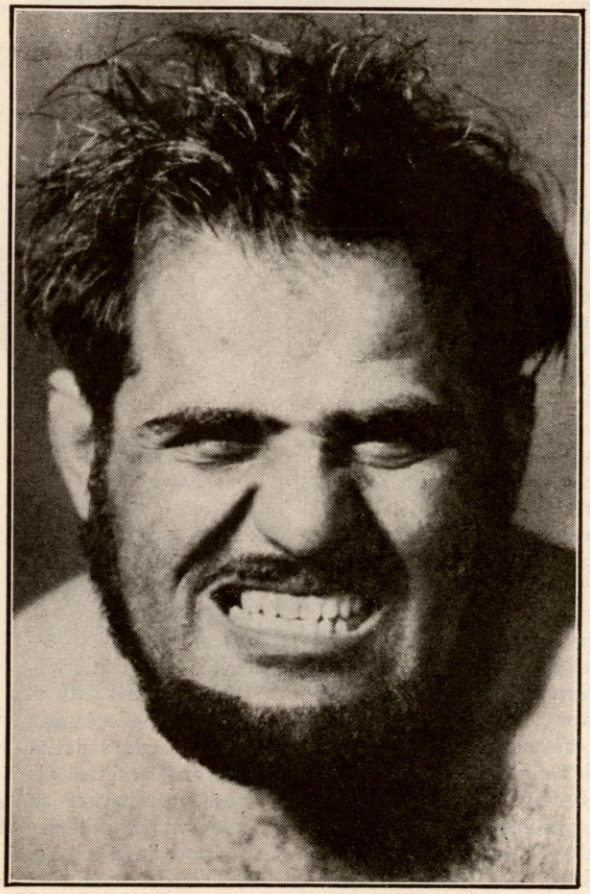
Getz's uphill battle with Nature not only developed his body, but his mind. He became tenacious and anything he undertook he went to it with a vim. To-



Danno O'Mahoney of Ireland, the heavyweight champion of the world.



Billy Thom, junior middleweight king.



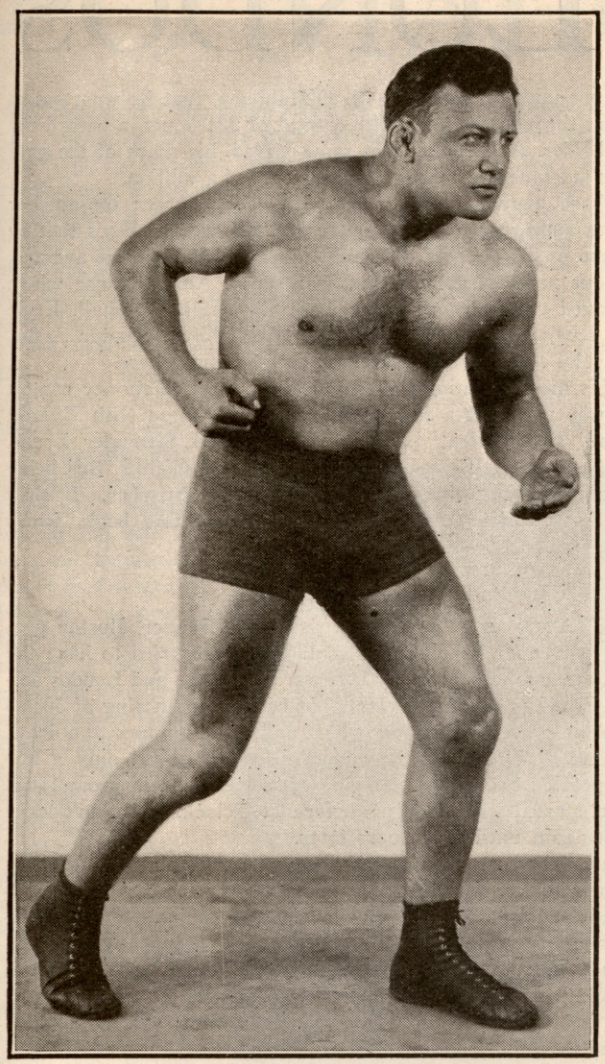
King Kong, the bearded and hairy wrestler who is with the Jack Pfeffer stable.

day he is one of the best developed men in wrestling. Alfred Getz is performing under the Jack Pfeffer banner and, with the able guidance of the man who understands the mat game as probably no other in the country, Getz seems headed for big things.

* * *

FROM Grand Opera to Grand Uproar, that was the almost unbelievable step taken by Aurelio (Ray) Fabiani, Philadelphia wrestling promoter, thirteen years ago, and he still delights in promoting shows of this kind and rarely plays the instrument at which he was such an artist when he played first violin for the Chicago Opera Company.

Just as the mythical Sherlock Holmes used to do before he started solving some mystery or after he had solved one, Ray, as he is known to the mat fans, only takes out his violin and plays before or after he has promoted a big wrestling show. It is the artistic touch that he gives to the promotion of his mat shows that has helped to make the success he has proven for the past twelve years.



Al Getz, a German wrestling star, also works under the Pfeffer banner.

Fabiani was born in Naples and was brought to this country by his parents when he was only nine years old. The family settled in Philadelphia. His father became the founder of the Fabiani Italian Hospital, and he wanted Ray to study medicine. However, Ray went abroad to study as he always had an ear for music and a desire to study the violin.

Ray studied under Caesar Thomson in Brussels and took first prize in the Royal Conservatory there and won similar honors at the Conservatory of Music in Paris. It was upon his return to Philadelphia that he entered the University of Pennsylvania and earned his A.B. degree.

Against the wishes of his father, he went to Chicago and was engaged as first violinist of the Chicago Opera Company. Later he organized his own opera company and took it to Havana, Cuba, where all the standard operas were produced with artistic, but not financial, success. Ray lost all the money he had saved there and that was largely the reason that, when he saw the opening in Philadelphia, he started out as a wrestling promoter, and although he knew nothing of affairs of this kind when he started, he has developed into one of the country's leading promoters.

Fabiani is noted for his finding of star singers just as he was the man who saw the wrestling possibilities in Jim Londos and Dick Shikat, both of whom he made heavyweight champions. John Charles Thomas, Charles Marshall, Carlo Galeffi and Alessando Dolci were among the great singers whom he discovered.

Just after he started promoting wrestling in Philadelphia, he backed a musical festival at the Arena there, in which twenty-five hundred voices formed the chorus. Among those who sang in it were Rosa Ponselle, Martinelli, Paul Althouse, Madame Rappold, Olga Samaroff, Chaliapin, Nina Morgana, and the Philadelphia Orchestra provided the accompaniments. This huge enterprise cost him whatever money he had left and was the convincer that made him forsake music for the groans and grunts of the matmen.

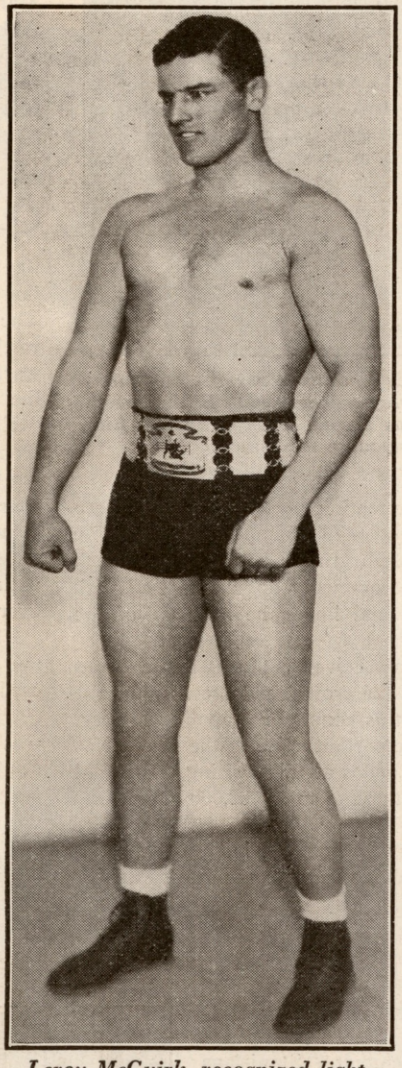
At various times in Philadelphia, Fabiani has promoted Tilden tennis matches, El Oufi running races, the appearance of Zara Aga, the ancient Turk, and for two years bossed wrestling shows at the Boston Garden.

Fabiani's artistic soul still leans to music, but his financial welfare makes him stick to wrestling.

* * *

FROM Bernice Sandboe, our Texas correspondent, came the following:

If you are a rough "rassler," then old Mexico is a swell place for you not to go. This bit of advice comes from Dick Raines, one of the roughest ruffians and Texas' own cowboy matman. Dick has asked me to issue a warning to all wrestlers who plan to invade Mexico. If you play rough, then stay in the good old U. S. A., says Dick, where all they do is throw pop bottles and cigars at you.



Leroy McGuirk, recognized light-heavyweight champion.

And Dick knows whereof he speaks.

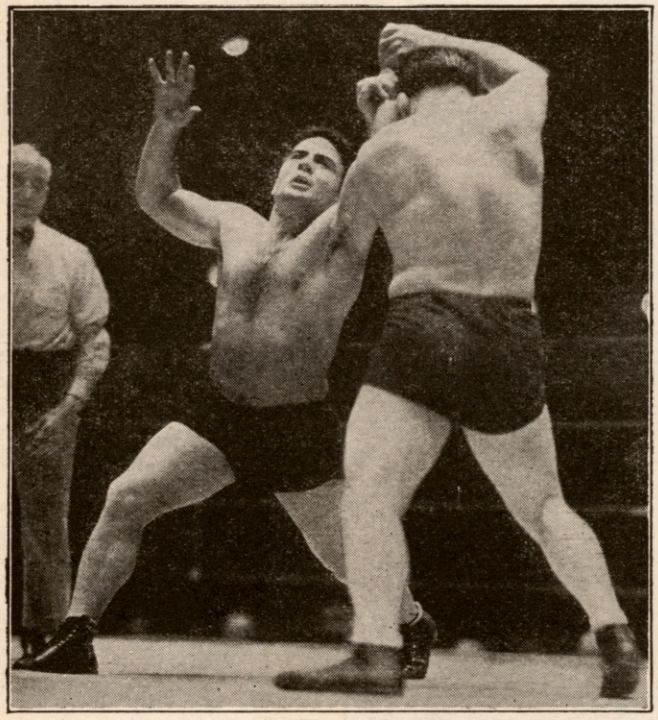
Several months ago, Dick, Karl Sarpolis, Paul Jones, Paul Harper, Abie Coleman, Joe Cox, George Mansur and the Masked Marvel invaded Mexico. There they staged an elimination tourney to see who would meet Londos, then the title-holder. The Marvel won out and Londos came to town for the big match. Dick was in the semi-windup, scheduled to work with Abie Coleman. The Texas cowpuncher had already won the animosity of the crowd by his previous performances and entered the ring to resounding booing.

As the match went on and Dick's tactics got "ruffer and tuffer," the booing increased and before long, the fans had started a riot and began storming the ring. Dick didn't wait to see whether their intentions toward him were evil or not, but made a bee line for his dressing-room with several Mexican soldiers on his heels.

(Continued on page 41)

Ray Fabiani of Philadelphia, a promoter who has been at it for thirteen years.

From MILO to LONDOS



One of the first matches in which Londos engaged after smoking the peace pipe with Jack Curley, was that with Ernie Dusek. Here we see Londos in agony as Dusek attempts to toss him to the mat with a Japanese wrist lock.

WITH the possible exception of Frank Gotch, there never was a more colorful champion in American wrestling history than Jim Londos. The Greek Adonis had what is commonly known as "It," with a capital "T." He was dramatic and knew the meaning of the word showmanship.

When one realizes that Londos received $100,000 for his bout with O'Mahoney in which he lost the crown, and drew by far the largest gates of any wrestler in this country's grappling history, then he can properly judge how important a factor the Greek was in the success of the mat sport. Londos at this writing, I am told by my friend Jack Curley, is worth close to $2,000,000, a remarkable tribute to sports.

Not only was Jim Londos a great wrestler, but regardless of the set-up matches in which he indulged, due to the rivalry among the American promoters, he still, in my opinion, ranked among the first ten grapplers of all time so far as America is concerned. In his prime, at his best, he was as good as was Joe Stecher, Earl Caddock, Wladek Zbyszko, Charley Cutler, Tom Jenkins, and several other notables, but if I were asked to compare him with the world's greatest, I would place Gotch, Hackenschmidt, Stanislaus Zbyszko, Gama and Strangler Lewis ahead of him.

Unfortunately, Londos came at a time when promotorial warfare detracted from the greatness of certain wrestlers, including the Greek because of the many title claimants and the subsequent cries of set-ups and prearranged bouts that invariably greeted every successful defense of the title made by Londos. This, regardless of his known superiority over the man whom he conquered.

* * *

THE first year of Londos' championship matches after he had won the title from Jim Browning, were replete with sensational bouts. He was by far the most active champion the division ever had and it was not until he clashed with O'Mahoney, that he was tossed. He went through the year with a total of 221 bouts, a record for a title holder. And during that same period, his share of the gate receipts amounted to more than a quarter of a million.

Of those matches, he clashed with every known top-notcher who was appearing in this country and his record shows that he met some of his boys as often as a dozen times, but the average, in various parts of the country, was seven. Among those whom he engaged two or more times, were Garibaldi, Marshall, Ernie Dusek, Rudy Dusek, Jim McMillen, Dick Shikat, Sandor Szabo, Joe Savoldi and the bewhiskered Dean, among others.

But his most sensational battles, besides the O'Mahoney contest which was reviewed a few weeks ago, were those with Everett Marshall, Dick Shikat, Ed Don George, and Strangler Lewis. Although these took place within the past few months, this being a history of wrestling and its important matches, I shall review them before completing my work on this book, which will be published soon after.

* * *

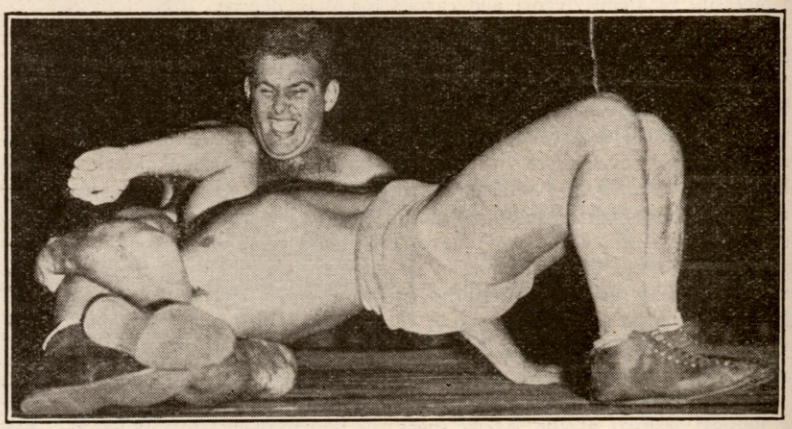
IT was on July 19, 1934, that Paul Bowser, Boston promoter and sponsor of Ed Don George, tried to have the matter of supremacy between his charge and Londos settled at Fenway Park in the Hub, but before a gathering of 30,000 fans, the pair wrestled for four hours and seven minutes to a draw. The standard bearers of the rival factions who had only a few weeks previously smoked the pipe of peace in their promotorial warfare, started wrestling just before 11 o'clock, and didn't leave the mat again until four hours later.

Each groggy, on the verge of collapse, perspiration dripping from their bodies, welcomed the action of the referee. After knocking heads and toppling through the ropes, the exhausted pair managed to crawl back through the ropes, but practically helpless. Londos staggered over to where George stood and applied a wristlock which was weak and George tossed him to the mat with a feeble backfall and as he completed the trick, Ed toppled over and then fell face downward.

The shock of the fall robbed them of their last bit of stamina and both were unconscious when the referee decided to halt proceedings.

The amazing exhibition drew a gate of $60,110. The match was a best two out of three falls basis, and each had scored a fall early in the bout, Londos after applying his famous Japanese leg lock, followed by airplane spins and body slams, and George with the aid of a flying tackle, followed by a headlock, flying mare and body slams.

First aid treatment was required before either could leave the ring. It was one of the greatest struggles seen in New England in many years and in many respects, resembled the famous Lewis-Zbyszko bout in the old Garden, but more spectacular.



The next important match in New York was that between Londos and Dr. Henry Fields. Fields is here shown pressing the Greek's body with a vengeance.

to O'MAHONEY

By A. D. PHILLIPS
(World's oldest active sports writer)

CHAPTER XXXVIII

THE second important match in which Londos engaged as a champion, was that with Everett Marshall, who within the month previously, had twice disposed of Dick Shikat and had climbed to the top rung of the challengers' post, so far as the Eastern group of wrestling promoters, headed by Jack Curley, Ray Fabiani and Paul Bowser, was concerned. The match with Marshall was staged in Madison Square Garden on November 19, 1934 for the benefit of an Italian charity and when the affair was over, Jim Londos was still the champion.

One hour and ten minutes and two seconds after the bout had gotten under way, Marshall lay prone on the canvas, the victim of a punishing leg spread. Until the Colorado grappler succumbed, however, he had given Londos many anxious moments.

It was a thrilling encounter and the fans who turned out for the benefit program witnessed one of the finest exhibitions of wrestling of the current season. A number of Italian charities, sponsored by Gene Pope, shared in the proceeds. Marshall weighed 220, the champion 200.

Marshall's wildness really cost him whatever chance he had of annexing the crown. Twice he missed flying tackles and landed on the concrete floor, the second fall paving the way for the finish.

It was the second fall that left the challenger in such condition that he was an easy prey for Londos's finishing tactics. A few minutes before the end Marshall launched a series of flying tackles. Three times his aim was true and each time Londos was thrown to the canvas.

But on Marshall's fourth attempted tackle, the Greek sidestepped and the Westerner went flying over the top rope and into the press box.

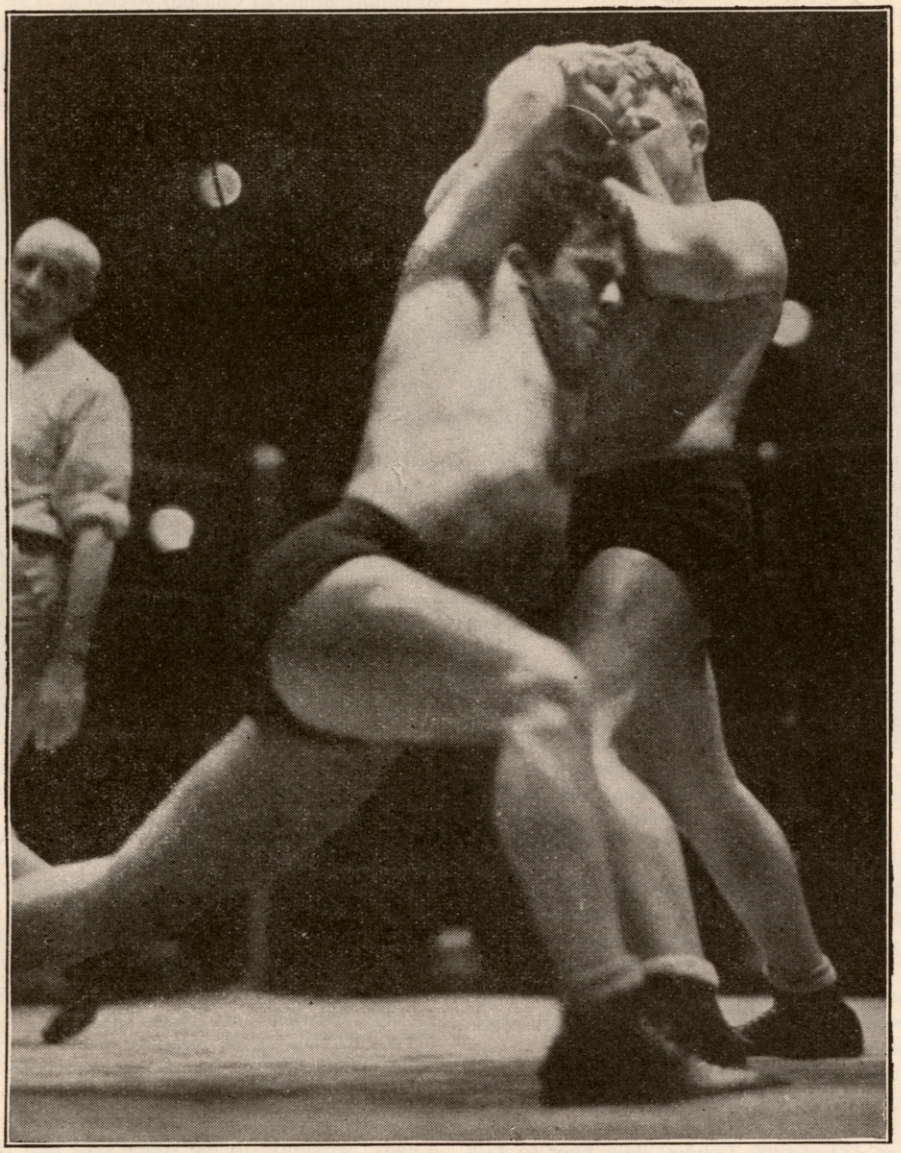
After the count of nine, Marshall rolled back into the ring. Londos rushed in, dropped his man and applied the leg spread. As Marshall weakened, his shoulders were pinned to the mat.

Following that bout, on December 11, Londos decided to give Shikat a chance to regain the crown he had lost to the Greek five years previously. For three years there was a bitter feud between the two because Londos steadfastly refused to tackle Shikat, and it was only after peace had been made between the Londos group and the Curley organization that the Greek agreed to the bout because he then knew that regardless of superiority, he would be fully protected against a possible double cross.

It took Londos 1:23:31 to accomplish the downfall of his arch enemy of the mat. During most of the first hours Londos was on the defensive. Shikat employed his strength and a weight advantage to worry the champion with many punishing holds, but in the end he succumbed to the Greek's great endurance.

It was the fifth meeting between this pair in five years and their first in New York. The match was bitterly contested and vicious in spots. There was no trick wrestling.

A crowd of 12,000 paid $21,000 to see the match, a Christmas Fund affair. If a decision had been rendered at the end of an hour there was no doubt that Shikat would have received it because he was the aggressor, but he weakened in the last ten minutes, just long enough for Londos to come from behind to win the bout and to retain his laurels.



One of the toughest matches after his return to the fold, was that with Everett Marshall. As in previous encounters, including one with Marshall in Philadelphia, the Greek Adonis won.

Five minutes before the finish, the Greek spilled his adversary with a crotch hold and slam. Shikat came up groggy and Londos quickly put him down three times with flying mares.

Shikat rallied and Londos then rode the old mare twice himself. The German, who had been cuffed and elbowed plenty during Jim's last attack, was trying for another head hold when Londos picked him up with a crotch hold and cast him violently to the mat.

He then took a double arm hold and in a few seconds pinned both of the brawny Teuton's shoulders.

Londos weighed 201 pounds and Shikat 218.

* * *

THEY were on their feet for the first five minutes, and then Shikat got behind the champion and was the aggressor for the next ten minutes.

Londos tried his famous Japanese armlock, but the German quickly broke it twice, also a head hold that Jim maintained for thirty seconds.

Shikat took a leg and arm scissors and Londos did not get free for nearly a minute. Both indulged in some painful toe

twisting, and after they had gone thirty minutes Shikat caught the Greek in a leg spread. For more than a minute Londos struggled, and finally wiggled to the ropes to automatically free himself.

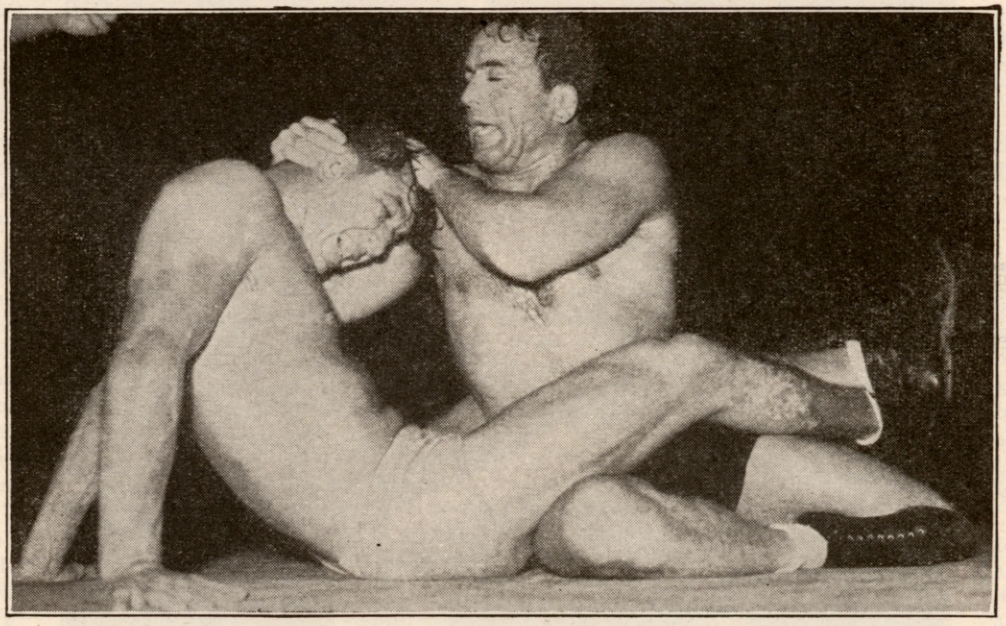
Shikat was using his heavier bulk and superior power to good advantage. Londos was trapped by a head scissors and toe hold and moaned with pain but would not surrender. From this hold Shikat slipped into a double hold and the Garden reverberated to cries of "Row, Row," as Dick swayed back and forth with the spectators chanting in unison.

They were just starting the second hour, with Shikat apparently much the fresher, when Londos, with a sudden burst of energy, seized the bigger man and tossed him three times with flying mares. On a fourth attempt Shikat jumped him, and they crashed to the floor with Londos caught in a body scissors. Shortly after this Shikat appeared to be weakening. He did not break the Greek's armlocks so quickly. Londos then took the offensive.

Shikat struggled for a minute to break a dangerous double arm hold. His shoulders were close to the floor several times, and Londos tried to claim he was down, but Referee Bothner could not see it that way.

* * *

WITH that match over, Londos engaged in what undoubtedly was his greatest—that with Strangler Lewis in Chicago. It was a bout that set history in American wrestling circles. It took place at Wrigley Field, on September 20, 1934, and surpassed in attendance the great bout between Hackenschmidt and Gotch at Comiskey Park on Labor Day, 1911, in gate receipts and as a contest.



And then came the bout with Mike Mazurki. This bout took place on the Pacific Coast where Londos threw the former football star with an airplane spin in 34 minutes. The Greek is having some fun with Mike's hair, as you will note.

Gotch and Hackenschmidt met before 25,000 spectators, compared to 35,265; gate receipts were $86,000, with $7,000 additional revenue from a tobacco advertising sign within the park, compared to the present $96,302. The former bout, best two of three falls, ended in fifteen minutes, with Hack, the "Russian Lion," ever quailing in fear of Gotch's toe hold. After the first fall Hack refused to return for another, claiming injury.

There was never at any time any doubt as to the sincerity of the contestants, who had until 1924 met 14 times, with Lewis' headlock always too much for the little Greek, who at that time never weighed more than 172 pounds. Londos' long fight to gain weight was proven when he scaled 205 pounds against Lewis' regular 240.

Fans and experts alike paid tribute to the Greek's courage against the weight handicap of 35 pounds and his strategy during the early portion of the match, when that handicap told on him at least four times. He was caught in the vise of Lewis' headlock three times, breaking out of one of them in the center of the ring, and two others along the ropes.

It was an armlock applied by the Strangler, however, which nearly caused Jim's downfall. He admitted as much later, and Lewis said that he himself was sure he had the champion at that point.

THE real break of the match occurred when the two wrestlers and Referee Ted Tonneman went over the ropes after 40 minutes had elapsed. Lewis twisted his right arm at the elbow in attempting to free himself from the top and middle ropes. The arm was numb and sore, according to Lewis, from there until the finish.

Londos, noting this weakness, took advantage of it, and it was on this member that he finally secured the hammerlock which won for him. Another decisive factor was Londos' ability to lift Lewis, a feat which preceded the application of the finishing grip. A few days before the match, Lou Talaber, Lewis' trainer, said that if Jim could lift the Strangler, an act he regarded as virtually impossible, he might win the match. Londos did both.

At the end of forty minutes, Lewis was leading in the point scoring of Referee Tonneman and the two judges, George T. Donoghue and Capt. Willard Malone, who would have assisted Tonneman in rendering a decision had the match gone the full 90 minute limit. In Chicago wrestling is scored on a point system.

Each scored ten points for the ten minute period. For the four full periods, Tonneman gave Lewis 24 points and Londos 16; Donoghue awarded the Strangler 21 points against Londos' 19, and Capt. Malone gave Londos 21 points to Lewis' 19. This gave the Strangler a total of 64 points against Londos' 56 going into the fifth ten minute period.

* * *

IT was 18 minutes before Lewis took Londos to the floor, the first time either had been off his feet. But in that time the cautious retreat and defense of the catlike Londos, the aggressive, persistent bulling of Lewis kept the thousands on edge.

Here was power. Here was intense effort. Each given the opportunity, was capable of twisting the other into a spasm of agony.

Londos, who weighed 205 pounds, had reason to beware of Lewis, 240 pounds, a veteran of a thousand nights in the ring. Undoubtedly Jim was trailing in the point score of the judges, George Donoghue and Capt. Willard Malone, at the conclusion of the prelude of 20 minutes.

Then gradually, almost imperceptibly, Londos moved in to attack. In his very eagerness, however, he nearly lost his title.

Twice Londos swept in against Lewis and sought a crotch hold. Lewis' proximity to the ropes kept him from danger. Then suddenly as the men sparred for an opening in mid-ring, Lewis flapped his hairy arm around Jim's head and leveraged him to the floor. The crowd boomed in approval. It was typical of Lewis, the same Lewis who for a generation had reigned as king of all wrestlers.

For a minute and a half Londos groveled on the floor, impotent in the grasp. Then he twisted free.

At the end of thirty minutes, the men lost patience. This was the only time that either intentionally used a fighter's tactics. Londos butted Lewis' face to beefy red and drew severe admonitions from

(Continued on page 42)

News of the Mat World

(Continued from page 37)

For several minutes, mayhem ruled. Dick was knocking down whoever got in his way, and the soldiers were trying to tame him by firing their pistols at his feet. Finally they captured him and dragged him off to jail, where he had to pay a big fine.

Dick says he dashed back to his apartment and stayed in for four days. "I didn't relish getting a knife in my back," he says, "and as soon as I thought it safe to venture out, I took the first plane back home to Dallas."

So don't say we didn't warn you "ruffians."

* * *

Laurel and Hardy or the Four Marx Brothers don't have a look in when it comes to dishing out comedy in comparison to some of our mat bouts down here. For instance, the other night, Leo Daniel Boone Savage, the bearded hill-billy, wrestled contortionist Sol Slagel and the match had the fans in gales of laughter all the way through. Every hold the bearded biggie clamped on, Solly would wiggle out of with the greatest of ease. Finally, Leo became so perplexed that he called time out and went into an impromptu conference with his manager, Art Mondt, who always occupies a ringside seat when Leo scuffles. The outcome of it all was that Leo Daniel Boone had to resort to illegal tactics to gain his win.

* * *

It's quite a usual step to take from football to wrestling, but here's a man who has reversed the procedure. For five years, George Cochran has been one of the country's roughest matmen, and now he is deserting the grunt and groan game to take a position as football coach in a small Texas town. Too, George will teach mathematics.

* * *

RAMBLIN'S ON RASSLERS—Casey Columbo has changed his name to Count Hugo DiCollelmo . . . . some class, eh, Casey? . . . . did you see Chief Little Wolf and Man Mountain Dean in "We're in the Money"? . . . . I see where the Indian Chief refuses to sleep in a bed but wraps himself up in a blanket and sleeps on the floor . . . . it's the Navaho in him . . . . Nat Pendleton has been given the part of Sandow in "The Great Ziegfield" . . . . they tell me good old Chief Chewchki is giving up wrestling in favor of his night clubs and tourist camps . . . . Ad Santel, former light-heavy king, promotes mat shows in California . . . . Gordon Schafter, popular Houston wrestler, is barnstorming the Middle West and has already won the welter title of North Dakota . . . . good work, Gordon . . . . what's happened to Dutch Hefner, the rough and tough boy from Texas? . . . . Everette Marshall did not get very far with the title the governor of Colorado bestowed on him . . . . isn't it a relief to have just one champion? . . . . Bill Hoolihan, California wrestler, played the part of John L. Sullivan in "Diamond Jim" . . . . Hank Metheny is another of these Jekyll-Hyde wrestlers . . . . a big meanie in the arena, and a likeable young fellow offring . . . . Marvin Westenberg, the wrestling romeo, really slays the ladies when he saunters around town bedecked in riding breeches and polo shirt . . . . one very seldom sees a wrestler wearing a hat . . . . Solly Slagel has invented a swell version of Dan O'Mahoney's Irish whip . . . . Sol calls it the Jewish whip . . . . Sol celebrated the Jewish Christmas Eve by giving Leo Savage one of the toughest battles the hill-billy has ever had . . . . Ernie Dusek is considered a crack shot with a revolver . . . . as is Vincent Lopez, California champion.

* * *

SOME months ago there landed in this country King Kong, bearded and hairy, with a gleam in his eye, who declared himself to be a wrestler of no mean ability. At least, so he modestly informed his hearers. He also called himself the Seventh Son of a Seventh Son. Of course, a wrestler is just a wrestler, but a Seventh Son of a Seventh Son is something else, and that may account for the reason he got more than a passing hearing.

King Kong is not a timid soul. He does not suffer from an inferiority complex and his pet subject of conversation seems to be about one King Kong and his prowess. He went into a long story, described his early days in Abyssinia—and right here and now permit us to say that King Kong IS an Abyssinian and most likely would have put that benighted country on the map all by himself, had it not been in the limelight before his arrival in the States. The King told his audience a fantastic yarn about being the descendant of kings, of kidnappings, of dreadful tales of intrigue and counter-intrigues—all centered around himself.

Of course, the important point was, could he wrestle, and he proved that in a workout with the result that he is now one of the best cards in the Pfeffer stable of pachyderms.

* * *

FROM Charles "Spider" Mascall, we get the following Pacific Coast news:

In Los Angeles recently, Jimmy Londos issued a statement contradicting all reports that he had definitely retired. The former mat monarch is taking his first vacation in eight years and is planning to visit his father in Greece.

* * *

The latest novelty in wrestling freaks on the Coast is Brother Jonathan of the Mormon Church. Ringsiders will remember the Brother as he appeared in 1932, minus his beard and long hair. He is well known in the Northwest and in California, where he has appeared with mediocre success. Jonathan, or Don Delaun, as he is better known, is the head of a school of physical culture in Salt Lake City.

* * *

In Seattle, Abe Kubey started his fall season with a fine card of welterweights. In the main bout, Earl McCann took the measure of the Greek welter, Billy Hassin. The semi-windup bout went to Lou Mueller, who won a single fall from Paddy Nolan; and in the other bouts, Joe Kirk threw the lanky "Texas Centipede" and Tiny Simmons downed Frank Emory.

* * *

Lou Daro recently celebrated his tenth year as promoter for the Olympic in Los Angeles. Daro is the Jack Curley of wrestling on the Coast.

* * *

Medicos have stated that Ted Thyde, former light-heavyweight champion, will never wrestle again. Thyde has been for the last few years head of the Northwest wrestling circuit and has been in the habit of subbing for a grappler who has failed to appear. Three operations on an injured knee will remove Ted for good.

* * *

Vincent Daniel Lopez worked in a Portland restaurant in the summer of 1932. He played football for the Vandals and graduated from the University of Idaho. In 1930, Dan Lopez won the amateur heavyweight title of the Pacific Coast Conference (Northern Division), by decisioning Kraetz of the University of Washington.

* * *

Lou Mueller, German welterweight, has a new hold which he calls a "rolling finger lock."

* * *

Earl McCready, now wrestling in New Zealand, amuses the populace by doing strong-man stunts on the main streets.

* * *

Al Bisignano, Len Macalusco, Paul Boesch, Harry Jacobs, "Babe" Zaharias, Wee Willie Davis are some of the Easterners who have invaded the Coast during the last month.

* * *

Man Mountain Dean has been dropping a number of matches since his return from Honolulu several months ago. Dean should spend all his time in making talkies.

* * *

Lord Lansdowne is a bachelor and ex-welterweight champion.

* * *

IOWA Wrestling News by Bill Hawkins—After a summer's rest here we are back again with the groan and grunters, and after looking things over, we are pleased to state that the usual groans and grunts are just as strong as ever. . . . John Eliades, popular Sioux City mat promoter, is starting off another season, and has plenty of rough boys lined up . . . . Go to it, John, we will grunt and groan with them . . . . Down at Des Moines, we have the following results: Earl Wampler won over Otto Kuss, or Cuss; Andy Rascher beat Elmer Guthrie; Bobby Stewart won over Stanley Myslyjek; Jack Harder and Darna Osterpavich went to a fast draw.

At Waterloo, Ia.: Earl Wampler scored over Louis Thiez; Hal Rumberg defeated Dell Guthrie; Pat Fraley won over Stanley Mayslejk.

Coming in to Marshalltown, Ia., we find Rowdy Rudy La Ditzi beating up on Jack League and winning two out of three falls; Bull Komer drew with George Tragos; Joe Kogut made quick work of Mickey McGuire; George Koverly and Pat McClary went to a draw.

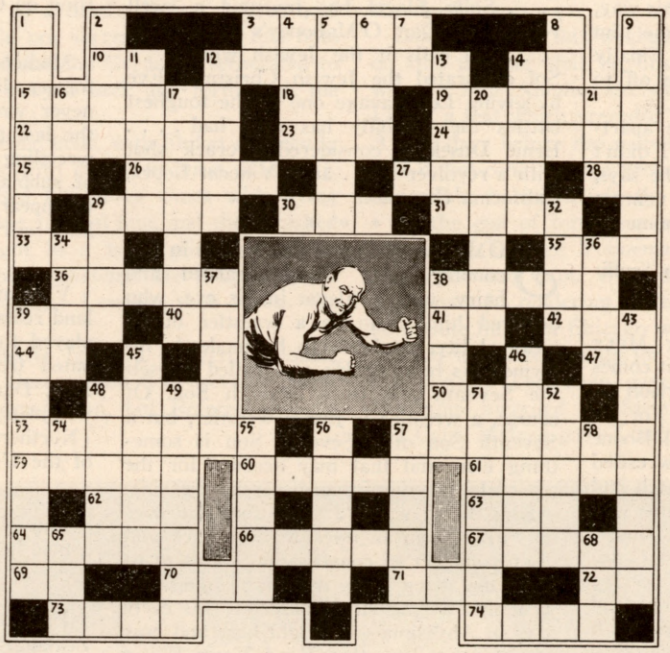
Watch for us next month, as we intend to moan all over the state of Iowa.

CROSS WORDS

CAN YOU SOLVE THEM?

HORIZONTAL

3. "Pop" . . . . old-time ball player.
10. Singer is his last name.
12. Covering for a window.
14. French (Abbr.).
15. Babe Risko scored an upset when he beat him.
18. Allow.
19. Place for keeping birds.
22. World's bantamweight champion.
23. Lomski is his last name.
24. He dethroned Ballerino of the Junior-Lightweight crown.
25. Zero Rating (Abbr.).
26. Catches. 27. Aid.
28. Mountain (Abbr.).
29. City in Norway.
30. Jeby is his last name.
31. Flat bottomed boat.
33. Stienke . . . . The German . . . .
35. Old Ring News.
36. Laughs. 38. Imbecile.
39. Body of water.
40. Overhead railway (Short).
41. Behold.
42. Tunisian head wear.
44. Touchdown (Abbr.).
47. Note of the scale.
48. Capture. 50. Aviators.
53. He Kayoed Choynski then turned "pro."
57. He was dethroned by Carnera.
59. Really great fighters have a fighting . . . .
60. Present day lightweight.
61. To rule as a king.
62. Illinois Ink Company.
63. No (Scotch).
64. Place for rearing cattle.
66. To stain the skin with a needle.
67. Cuban seaport. 69. Senior (Abbr.).
70. Entity. 71. The (Gr.).
72. He rules the middleweights.
74. Pertaining to the anus.



VERTICAL

1. The wrestler in the sketch.
2. Caddock is his last name.
3. Exclamation of surprise.
4. Of no importance.
5. Middleweight of Tacoma, Wash.
6. Van Porat.
7. New England (Abbr.).
8. What Baer likes to do about his prowess.
9. Famous girl swimmer.
11. Part of an animal, near the ribs (Pl.).
12. The "Hungarian Adonis."
13. Organic compound.
14. Giant Argentine fighter of former days.
16. Swiss river.
17. Triangle with unequal sides.
20. Mountain that showers lava.
21. To hit hard.
29. Vegetable.
32. Keep him away from your door.
34. Old.
36. Stagger.
37. Snow mingled with rain.
38. Arabic name for god.
39. He beat Cutler for the wrestling crown in 1915 (Poss.).
43. The Ukrainian Count.
45. Material.
46. Breakfast food.
48. What boxers do at Gus Wilson's.
49. The "Michigan Assassin."
51. He dethroned Sharkey.
52. The arched heavens.
54. Old English.
55. Runs slowly.
56. He jumped into the spotlight when he beat Lasky.
57. A meeting of a council.
58. Eastern Georgia (Abbr.).
65. Lasky is his last name.
68. Used to lubricate.

(Answers on page 47)

Up the Ladder for Max; Down the Chute for Max

(Continued from page 5)

the count of four and the bell sounded, saving the Great Lover from what I'm certain would have been the knockout punch.

That round again proved Baer's gameness. I emphasize this only because I picked Louis, but feel that an injustice has been done to Baer by calling him yellow. How many other fighters that you know of would have taken the punishment Baer got in those three rounds and weathered the storm for a fourth session? Just think it over, you who insist that Baer was a quitter!

That fourth round, so dramatically and graphically told in this issue's pictorial review of the fight, was one Baer will always remember. And so will the fans who packed the Yankee Stadium. For two minutes and fifty seconds, Baer absorbed everything hurled his way, and I assure you the delivery was fast and accurate. Ask Baer.

Louis landed eleven solid punches before the round was half a minute over, and Baer tried to retreat. But the Jungle Cat was after him. He couldn't escape the cat's claws.

Lefts and right, jabs and hooks, with an occasional uppercut to boot, sent Max to cover. He was helpless. He clinched, but Joe easily broke away and again went after his prey. They got into close quarters and Baer's head shot back when a pretty straight left crashed against it and Joe followed with a straight right. Then came a right and another left against Max's chin and down went the Californian.

Max was sitting on his knees, shaking his head as Referee Donovan kept counting and urged Max to get up. He might have been able to arise—Max says he could have done so—but "what was the use?" he asked. Perhaps he could have, but I doubt it. He was all gone then and would not have survived another punch had he gotten up, because he would have been absolutely defenseless.

The fight was over. The Great Lover had found his master. He had learned, as he expressed it so aptly to Ed Greiger, that "wine, women and song" do not mix with an athlete's life.

From Milo to Londos

(Continued from page 40)

Referee Ted Tonneman. Lewis retaliated with forearm smashes to the head.

The tempo increased. Lewis applied another headlock, but Londos tangled in the ropes, forced the referee to order Lewis to break. At 40 minutes Londos fell to the floor when Lewis obtained a wristlock. Unable to leave the center of the mat, he suffered for three minutes and bridged repeatedly to prevent the Strangler from scoring a victory.

Londos came to his feet, his right arm numb from pressure. Lewis apparently had no difficulty in gaining his favorite hold, the headlock. Jim broke it, but Lewis renewed the grip.

Then—almost, it seemed, in desperation—Londos rushed Lewis to the ropes and both fell clutching at the edge of the mat with the referee futilely striving to separate them. Londos regained his feet, but Lewis did not jerk free of the entangling ropes and climb back until the timekeeper had tolled eighteen of the twenty seconds permitted.

Londos now was in far better condition. His smooth flowing muscles rippled as he moved forward to meet Lewis. The Strangler was caught in a hip lock and thrown heavily, the first time he had been tossed in what is ordinarily one of the routine holds in wrestling. Again Lewis fell, and this time Londos secured a hammer lock.

As Lewis lay inert Londos held the hammer lock and switched his left arm to a half nelson. Gradually he forced Lewis over as the referee lay prone watching for the "touch" which came soon after.

Once the referee raised his hand, but withdrew it. Again, as Lewis was forced over, he counted the required three seconds, then slapped Londos on the back, and Londos was the winner.

Thus Jim Londos attained the goal of his ambition—a victory over his arch-enemy. The man who had tossed him fourteen times when the Greek was only a light heavyweight and had used those triumphs to belittle the prowess of Londos after Jim had won the title and had broken from the camp to which Lewis belonged.

With this chapter we have completed the story of Milo to Londos so far as champions are concerned and in the next, we will tell of some of the great non-champions. —*Editor's Note.*

Victims of Comeback Trail

(Continued from page 9)

almost blind, and Bill Delaney had to grasp his arm and steer him through the crowd to his dressing-room. That was one comeback that almost got there. Yet, after all, it fizzled, and the failure tradition still held good.

But old Mr. Tradition had a narrow escape of being shattered when Jim Corbett abandoned the rôle of private citizen he had been filling for a year and eight months, to shy his castor in the ring again. Champion Jeffries was his opponent, and Jeff was due for a surprise.

For Corbett, supposed by Jeffries and all the experts to be long past his prime, was never in finer shape than when he tackled the big fellow on May 11, 1900. Jim always believed he could outgeneral and outbox the man who had once served him as sparring partner, and the way he went about putting his theory into practice gave Jeff and the latter's backers some of the most uncomfortable moments they ever experienced.

Corbett cut out a lightning pace from the start. His footwork and feinting were dazzling, and right up to the twenty-third round, with only two more to go, it was plain to all present that the championship would change hands if the bout lasted the scheduled twenty-five frames. But it was not to be. Jeffries, fighting in his usual stolid, forward-moving fashion, had repeatedly failed to pin Jim in a corner where he could bring his heavy batteries to bear with full effect on him.

Each time Corbett found himself in the danger-angle of the ropes, he had sidestepped and ducked his way to safety. But once too often the pitcher went to the well! It happened as the ex-champ dodged a threatening left. For Jeff, apparently aiming high with a left hook, stopped it in mid-air, brought it down and caught Corbett squarely on the jawpoint.

The ex-champ went out like a blown candle, and didn't wake up until carried to his corner. Seldom has there been a fight so nearly won, and so suddenly lost by a man miles ahead of his antagonist on points. Even Jeffries himself afterwards admitted that he was cleanly whipped up to the instant when he landed the knockout.

But there was only one man in the lead through the second Jeffries-Corbett battle, which took place August 14, 1903, on the Coast, and he was the champion. Corbett had lost his speed by then, and proved an easy mark for the giant, who kayoed him in the tenth round.

* * *

MAX SCHMELING has battled successfully since his defeat by Baer in 1933 and losing to Steve Hamas in the year following. He drew with Paulino, kayoed Walter Neusel, and stopped Hamas in a return match. One can hardly consider Schmeling as a traveler on the comeback trail, however, as practically he has never been away.

It's the long spells of retirement that make the road to redemption so tough to travel. A fighter may lose a battle, and a month later or so, stand out as winner in a gruelling combat. But those years of athletic idleness—they are the fatal obstacles in the path of ambitious ex-champs!

In 1917 Jack Britton lost his welterweight title to Ted (Kid) Lewis. Two years later he won it back again, knocking out Lewis in nine rounds. But in the interval Britton had participated in twenty-seven battles. You could scarcely call Jack's kayo victory over Ted a comeback stunt!

It was far different in Benny Leonard's case when the former lightweight king, after seven years of retirement, returned to active service with the intention of seeking the welterweight crown. He had always kept in good condition and lived a clean, wholesome life, admittedly big factors in his favor.

But he had turned thirty-five when, after disposing nicely of several minor scrappers, he took a chance with the formidable Jimmy McLarnin. And, as might have been expected, the double handicap of age and seven years of life as a private citizen proved too much for Benny to hurdle. He was still the great ring general of old, his knowledge of the game probably greater than ever, his gameness unimpaired.

But you can't "put back the clock" and all of Leonard's brilliant science and keen intelligence could not prove effective against resurgent Youth, combined with unusual ring ability. The bout was halted by the referee, when Leonard was on the verge of a knockout, and again the tradition that "they never come back" was marked inviolate.

You could keep on going down the line into the mists and legends of the dim past and dig up hundreds of cases of scrappers, of note in their time, all of whom fell by the wayside in vain endeavor to ascend the pugilistic pinnacle of former greatness.

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast," sang the poet Pope, who knew nothing and cared less about the fine, ancient sport of fisticuffs. But, in the racy vernacular of the Twentieth Century, "he said a mouthful" when he pulled that one, which applies with peculiar fitness to the endless list of travelers via the comeback route, all of whom are doomed by inexorable Fate to flop at the eleventh hour!

Making Weight

(Continued from page 19)

willingly. You see, he was getting a guarantee of thirty-five hundred dollars, a tidy sum these days, and impossible if he hadn't made it a real championship affair. That was what the promoter wanted, no less.

Midget weighed exactly 125 pounds the day he left Los Angeles for Oakland. That was on September 8, and the fight was set for the 16th, just seven training days to take off thirteen pounds! That wouldn't be much on a larger man, but you see Wolgast is just what his nickname implies, a midget, and it looked like an impossibility.

And here's the killing routine that Wolgast adopted:

He was up at 6 o'clock and on the road for at least four miles. Back to his quarters for the big rubdown and then a cup of hot tea, not too strong, with a heavy dash of lemon juice in it.

AND THAT WAS ALL THAT PASSED HIS LIPS UNTIL THE DINNER HOUR AT AROUND 5 IN THE EVENING!

In the afternoon he went into "Oakland Jimmy" Duffy's gymnasium, where he went through the usual exercises, including from five to seven rounds of boxing. He would finish about four in the afternoon and an hour later his dinner would consist of a bit of meat about as big as a dollar bill and some fresh vegetables, mostly lettuce.

At nine at night he would enter a Turkish bath for another big sweat and then into bed.

* * *

THE fight was on a Monday night. And on Saturday, Sunday and Monday, up to the time of weighing in, HE ATE NOT A MORSEL OF FOOD OF ANY KIND, merely rinsing his mouth with cold water and some gargling to allay the feverish condition that was threatened.

And he got on the scales at exactly 111¾!

He saved the big forfeit but at a tremendous cost—not immediately but when the after effects are considered, the Midget may some day regret it seriously.

That night, fistic wonder that he is, Wolgast put up a smashingly good fight, but the inevitable, of course, happened. He was too weak and dragged out to be within twenty-five per cent of what he should have been for a tough little egg like Montana, who is really a great battler and a real champion. Many thought it should have been a draw, but Referee Eddie Burke saw it otherwise.

By the time feeding time came after the weight was made, Wolgast had to be extremely careful. He drank about a quart of beef tea and after a brief rest, consumed a fair-sized steak and some lettuce. That was all he had from two in the afternoon until after the battle about eleven that night.

It took the kid a full week to regain his strength but it is a certainty that he will feel the effects of his experience for months and months.

* * *

MAKING weight has ruined plenty of fighters, and actually hastened the end of Joe Gans immeasurably. Several of the good ones absolutely declined to have anything to do with the scales, among the most notorious of these being Packey McFarland of Chicago, always regarded as a lightweight but who didn't prove it very often. Many of the greats didn't have to work to make the limit. They were just naturals in their classes.

Benny Leonard was another notorious scales-dodger but made the limit wherever he absolutely had to. Those who didn't make weight were much better off than those who were persistent in keeping within bounds.

They will have a hard time finding a better fighter than Midget Wolgast over a period of years, and he hasn't been at it much more than six at that. But he is a bright bit of personality and has a tremendous personal following.

Jackie Conway quit the boxing game under peculiar circumstances. He had taught an amateur some of the tricks of the game and began to figure him something of a comer. One night Jackie was billed to battle a pretty tough sort of a bird in New York. Something happened to the tough bird and a substitute was necessary. They chucked in Jackie's amateur and the sub kicked the pants off Jackie. Wouldn't that floor you?

It did Jackie, and he quit forthwith and never went back.

Die-Hards

(Continued from page 18)

his famous right wallop, that had stretched many a pug out for the full count. Choynski cleverly evaded Peter's attempts to put the right over, and stabbed, sliced and gashed the Irishman with driving lefts, interpolated with occasional hooks, until the latter was almost helpless.

Maher was bleeding profusely, his legs uncertain, and, as he lurched heavily to his corner at the close of the fifth session, a police captain decided that the affair was becoming too brutal, and started to climb into the ring, with the intention of stopping the fight. As he rose, a strong hand grabbed his shoulder and pulled him back. He turned, to face one of his bosses, Theodore Roosevelt, Deputy Commissioner, and later President of the U. S.

"Sit down, and leave those men alone," ordered Roosevelt curtly. "This is a bully scrap, and I won't have you or anyone else butting in and spoiling it."

The captain subsided meekly, and Teddy Roosevelt's judgment was amply vindicated shortly after the bell rang again. For Maher, always dangerous while he could stand, met Choynski half-way in the ring with a bull-like rush, and fired a right at the jaw that had reminiscences of Sheol behind it. This time the right auctioneer had its inning. The punch landed and Choynski dropped like a pole-axed ox, through for the evening.

* * *

PROBABLY the ring's most quoted classic with regard to surprise knockouts is the memorable meeting between Stanley Ketchel and Philadelphia Jack O'Brien in 1909. Often has the story been told of the merciless beating administered by O'Brien, as resourceful and clever a boxer as ever donned a glove, to Ketchel. And how, just before the end of the tenth and final round, Stanley, one eye closed and the other gleaming balefully from a countenance chopped to the consistency of a Hamburg steak, at last got home to the jaw with a dynamite punch that hurled O'Brien's head downward in the latter's own corner, completely knocked out.

Everyone knows how the bell rang before the ten-count could be finished. Ketchel was thereby deprived of the honor of scoring a kayo victory, and only credited with being a participant in a "no decision" bout by the official records, for those were the evil days when the "no decision" nonsense held sway.

But it was a clean kayo, just the same, as Philadelphia Jack always admitted in his sportsmanlike way. Yet no fighter could duplicate Ketchel's gallant performance in a modern ring. Because, if he was cut up as Stanley was, the referee would ring the curtain down and wave him to his corner long before a bout reached the tenth stage.

* * *

EX-LIGHTWEIGHT champion Battling Nelson would never have gained the crown had his contests been waged under today's rulings. Plenty of men of his time could whip Nelson on points in short encounters. The Dane didn't really get warmed up to his work over a short route. But in the long distance tryouts, he was invincible for years. And incidentally, he always was cut up and looked bad in early combat stages, for he bled easily from the nose, and was a mediocre boxer, his best defense lying in his ability to "take it," and come on defiantly looking for more.

Coming down to events of a later date, who can forget Tommy Loughran's magnificent stand against Leo Lomski in defense of his light heavyweight title at Madison Square Garden in 1928? Twice knocked down by pile-driving rights to the jaw in the battle's early stages, Loughran staggered to his feet and fought on like a man in a dream, locking automatically, out on his feet, until gradually the haze melted away from his brain.

And then he made up for lost time by straight-lefting and pulverizing Lomski so effectively, that the end of the scheduled fifteen rounds found Tommy still a champ. The thought of surrender never occurred to the Irish-American, he was too sterling a gamester for that!

* * *

ONE remembers Jack Dempsey in that bruising, whirlwind battle with Firpo in 1923, which nearly cost the former his world's championship title. If there had been the slightest trace of yellow in the Manassa Mauler's makeup, it would surely have shown up on that eventful occasion.

Like Loughran with Lomski, the champ was literally out on his feet, after being floored by the South American's awful right, and sent hurtling through the ropes into the midst of the spectators. But as we all know, he came back in an unforgettable rally of tempestuously-flying mitts that wound up in the second round with Firpo down for the full count, and Dempsey still cock of the roost!

Nor, to date back a trifle, should the licking Gene Tunney took in his first battle with Harry Greb for the light-heavy crown in 1922, be omitted in discussing instances of ring heroism. Tunney himself admits he took more and severer punishment in that affair than in any previous or subsequent ring engagements.

But he lasted through the fifteen rounds of cruel mauling which would have made an inferior gamester jump out of the ring and run for cover. He lost the decision, but had his revenge by beating up Greb decisively on three occasions later on.

Many other pugilistic precedents in favor of the "no surrender" slogan could be quoted. But the foregoing suffice to prove that whatever the oldtime glove-wielders may have lacked in commercial instinct, they were warriors to the backbone, whose contempt for the type of scrapper that "knows when he's got enough" figured largely in their stock-in-trade of muscular masculine hardihood!

Do You Remember?

(Continued from page 23)

compelled to endure the outrageous treatment that you had suffered to win a championship, you would be very glad to take up a pick and shovel to earn your daily bread?

* * *

Remember—How, after a few months of complete rest, you began to long for a ring battle—the thrill of swapping punches, the joy of hearing the wild roar of the ringsiders; and you went back into training?

* * *

Remember—The day you had a long talk with a manager—a man who made no rash promises, asked for no contract, expected no more than the manager's customary cut?

* * *

Remember—You placed yourself under that manager; and, from then on, the boxing game took on a rosy hue—you got what you earned, you had plenty of rest between bouts, and got every consideration?

* * *

Remember—You seemed to gain a new lease of life. Everything you did was accomplished in a new spirit. You realized that your new manager was a friend and not a leech and your interests were his interests and you worked like a beaver to please him. Yes, and he did likewise to please you. He looked after your comfort and treated you as he would his own son?

* * *

Remember—How you felt after winning your first fight under this new management? There was no bickering. You didn't have to fight for what was your just due. You trusted your man and half of your worries were over?

* * *

Remember—You didn't win a championship, through no fault of your new mentor; but you had the pleasure of associating with a clean, conscientious, square-shooting gentleman? Then you retired, feeling that, after all, the boxing game, if kept clean of the chiselers, is just another well-paying business?

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

Of The Ring, published monthly at Springfield, Mass., for October 1, 1935.

County of New York } ss.
State of New York }

Before me, a Notary in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Nathaniel Fleischer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of The Ring Magazine, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and, if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Ring, Inc., 825 8th Avenue, New York City, N. Y.; Editor, Nathaniel Fleischer, 825 8th Avenue, New York City, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Managers, None.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) The Ring, Inc., 825 8th Avenue, New York City, N. Y.; Nathaniel Fleischer, 825 8th Avenue, New York City, N. Y.; A. D. Phillips, 825 8th Avenue, New York City, N. Y.; Harold S. Fleischer, 825 8th Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: (If there are none, so state) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

NATHANIEL FLEISCHER, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 17th day of September, 1935.

ALICE CARLYLE,
Notary Public, New York County
New York County Clerk's No. 226
New York Register's No. 6C274
Commission expires March 30, 1936

The Ring's Globe Trotter

(Continued from page 13)

It is a nice enough day. First, we see a checkup on the time of the knockout. It is revealed that Baer is knocked out after the bell should have sounded the end of the fourth round. Officially, the time is 2 minutes 50 seconds.

What's the difference? Baer would have been stopped in the fifth. Did he stop himself? Could he have gone on? Nobody but Max Baer knows. He took a bad beating. He took it with a stupid defense against a left.

Baer sits around in his hotel room, and repines. "I burned the candle at both ends. I was a sucker. Tell the kids not to make my mistakes."

The Globe Trotter says, "Louis can be fought. Dempsey in his prime would have knocked Baer colder than a cold storage mackerel in one round."

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES

By JOSEPH (SOX) PINTO

THE Moose Hall was packed to the rafters to welcome Cliff Smith back to the fight game, and Smith did not disappoint his followers. The bouts were the best seen around here in many a moon. In the windup, Stanley Pyontek won by a K.O. in the sixth round over Billy Kearns. This bout was nip and tuck up to the sixth and last round when Pyontek landed a pretty right to Kearns chin, it was the beginning of the end for Kearns, he went down 3 times after that before he stayed there.

In another scheduled six, Mooch Murphy settled once and for all his supremacy over Young Andy, when he K.O.'ed Andy in the third round with a beautifully timed right. This was the third meeting between these boys, the previous bouts were draws.

Larry Magine and Arky Berman put on a great bout with honors even at the finish. John Pastor of Hightstown won over Alex Lasky in a 4-round bout. Patrick Rowland won by a knockout in the first round over Stonewall Jefferson. Jimmy Russell won by a technical knockout over Joey LaMarr in the second round when the referee stopped the bout to save LaMarr from further punishment.

Although Smith packed them in at the Moose, the Arena did not fair so well. Lew Feldman won as he pleased over Red Cochrane in a ten-round bout.

Stanley Pyontek won himself plenty of friends by the way he polished off Billy Kearns. Later he stopped Jack Fields, a set-up, in one round at the Arena.

Billy Mahan won by a knockout over Johnny Ketchell in 2 rounds. Tiger (Kid) Kitchen won over Joe Pershing in a 4 rounder.

Lew Massey of Philly made Geo. Levy of Trenton look like a four round preliminary boy in their ten round bout at the Arena.

In Smith's second show, Mooch Murphy and Jimmy Russell put on a great bout for six rounds. This bout was full of action throughout. Both boys received cuts over the eyes. The fighters were applauded as they left the ring.

Puggie Snyder of Vineland and Baby Chocolate of Camden put on a fast bout for six rounds. The referee awarded the decision to Snyder although this writer was of the opinion that Chocolate had won the bout.

Larry Magine chased Tiger (Kid) Kitchen all over the ring to win the 6-round decision. Kitchen marred what might have been a good bout had he chosen to fight instead of backing up all the time. Tony Pastor of Hightstown stopped BeBe Ross in the second round.

Billy Mahan ran into a tough one in Johnny O'Brien. Mahan was dropped for 2 nine counts in the first round. Mahan got stronger as the bout progressed, and had O'Brien in a bad way when the bell sounded ending the bout. Mahan lost this bout, but made a lot of friends because they found out that he could take it as well as give it.

Ralph Fulton lost to Jay Macedon by a knockout in the seventh round at Elizabeth. One week later Fulton was again stopped. This time in 8 rounds by Jackie Davie of Cleveland at the Arena in Trenton.

In the other scheduled ten at the Arena. Young Terry won by a K.O. in 2 rounds over Joe Cazar who substituted for Tommy Romano when the Albany battler failed to show up.

Joe Pearshing won by a technical knockout over Larry Lane in the second round. Willie Cheatean of Newark outpointed Ray Maguire in a 4 rounder. John Marcellini stopped Joe White in 2 rounds.

Paulie Walker, ace welter of Trenton, who retired temporarily to make matches at Asbury Park, gave it up as a bad job and will soon be seen in action around these parts.

NEWS FROM FLORIDA

By TURNER SCOTT

FLORIDA'S 1935 boom is boxing!

Jim Downing, Tampa veteran promoter, revived boxing in Tampa during September with a bang, his inaugural card drawing 5000 fans. Featuring Manuel Quintero, the rugged Spanish welter, and Relampago Saguero, Cuban welter titlist, in a 10-round draw, the card definitely established the fight game in that section again.

Downing came back, presenting Chino Alvarez, Cuban lightie, who scored a freak 15-second kayo over Quintero. Chino bounded across the ring and caught Quintero before he ever left his corner.

In Downing's third show, Alvarez spotted Relampago Saguero 12 pounds and won the decision easily. Saguero was down three times.

At Jacksonville, Ray Bronson is staging weekly shows. In a 10-rounder, Jackie Simpson, Jacksonville product, defeated Joie Raymond, St. Petersburg bantamweight. In Bronson's latest show, Jimmy Bowden, young Jacksonville middleweight, defeated Leo Bailey, Columbus veteran.

Miami Beach, with Larry Kelley promoter, is having weekly shows. In one feature, Joey Speigel, Pittsburgh welter, outpointed Frankie Hughes, Clinton, Ind., mauler. Billy Hood, promising young Orlando light-heavy, outpunched Paul Marques, New Yorker, in a pleasing 10-rounder.

In Kelly's last show, Joe Knight, southern light-heavy kingpin, conceded 30 pounds to Salvatore Ruggerillo, New York heavy, and the Dixie flash stopped the invader in the sixth. Bill Gore is promoting wrestling at the Beach weekly.

At Miami, Capt. W. H. Peoples, the genial and well-liked generalissimo, opens this month with Tiger Burns, Memphis southpaw slugging welterweight, with Frankie Hughes. In another bout which Capt. Peoples has booked, Knight and Buck Everett clash in a 10-rounder. They have met three times, each resulting in torrid action and close results. It looms as a natural for Peoples.

At St. Petersburg, Willis Williams will open boxing for the season sometime this month.

Wrestling interest has sky-rocketed in the Miami sector, with five programs staged weekly between Miami and Miami Beach. Tampa, Orlando and St. Petersburg are also attracting sizeable turnouts to weekly cards.

The writer is promoting wrestling and boxing here. The Orlando fans flocked to the first card between Billy Hood, home towner, and Texas Joe Dundee, light-heavies, who belted it fast for 10 rounds with Dundee getting a close, disputed decision. They are rematched for a 15-rounder here later.

At Ocala, Harry Sautelle, formerly of Jacksonville, opens with fights and mat shows this month. It is within reach of the thousands of Florida canal workers and apparently a rich spot for the sports.

Jack Menges, at West Palm Beach, is getting ready for his season, which opens in November. This is Menges' first season at the Legion arena there where his following is large. Jack previously did the matching at Lakeworth, Fla.

Potpourri—Bobby Calmes, the Oklahoman, has moved to Orlando for the winter season and is after fights in the featherweight class . . . . Bob Godwin, Daytona Beach light-heavy, who has been idle for some time, hit the comeback trail recently at Washington, decisioning Buck Everett, Indiana heavy . . . . rumors are that Tony Canzoneri will appear at Tampa this winter . . . . Chino Alvarez's recent showings stamp him as a threat to some of the better lightweights and welters . . . . Relampago Saguero hung up the gloves after tasting Alvarez's cross-fire in the Tampa bombardment . . . . the wrestling fans are enthusiastic over reports that some of the top heavies, including Champion Danno O'Mahoney, will be in the state during the winter . . . . Dr. R. M. Huntley, prominent Orlando dentist and a member of the city boxing commission, is called a second Joe Humphries with his announcing role . . . . twenty years ago Dr. Huntley was trouping the country in a minstrel show as comedian . . . . Chauncey Boyer, Orlando attorney and also on the fight board, world's weight-lifting champion, is gaining prestige as a wrestling and boxing referee over the state. Signing off for the month. Send me your news before first of each month, to 629 Ridgewood Ave., Orlando.

FISTIC SOCKS IN CLEVELAND

By PHIL SOLOMON

THINGS look rosy as far as boxing goes around Cleveland as Eddie Mead has made connections to promote shows in the following territory: Akron, Canton and Youngstown. The towns that were just mentioned will run 2 shows a month featuring the best material that can be found and also the outstanding fighters of the present date.

Jerry Sachs, who was well known in the boxing game a few years back, will come out of the retired list to promote weekly shows in the Public Hall small Arena consisting of 6 rounders. What could be sweeter than to have four clubs going on consecutive weeks. It looks like there will be plenty of work for fighters that can fight and every one will get a chance to prove themselves if they are capable of fighting or not.

Jimmy Johnston has just made an offer to Eddie Mead to have Paul Pirrone fight in the Garden, but yours truly thinks that the offer will go to waste as Mead does not have to have Pirrone box there as he has plenty of work to keep the contender of the middleweight championship busy without going into New York. Australia just sent a cable for the services of Pirrone but we know Paul will not go and leave that lovely family of his behind. The offer was to have Pirrone fight at least four fights over on the other side if not more.

Carmen Barth, former Olympic champion of the middleweights, looks like the surest thing in the middleweight ranks to win the title in a year or less. He looks better every time he steps into the ring. The future is very bright as offers are coming in bunches for his services from all over the country. How can he miss!

I wish that Tom Stanley who has that good looking prospect in the light-heavyweight, Henry Palmeri, would get that kid going because he can go places. Palmeri has ability, size, and everything that goes with a fighter.

Do you remember that good flyweight in the Golden Glove in '29 and '30 by the name of Babe Triscaro. The kid is coming along very fine at this time holding his own. Last winter on the coast he beat the present bantamweight champion Lou Salica. Babe just fought one of his greatest fights with Lloyd Pine of Akron in the latter's home town getting a draw with him.

Walter Taylor the wrestling promoter, will go with wrestling here in Cleveland this winter in the Central Armory. At this time he is trying to book the best wrestlers that are available. Here's hoping you all the luck in the world.

Chuck Sotak, the fighting undertaker from the west side who has Jimmy Vaughn, is still planning to make Jimmy the lightweight champion. He has a lot of hopes in this kid. Vaughn has broken his hand twice but Chuck still thinks that this will not handicap him in his fighting ability.

Frankie Wallace, the latest sensation in the lightweight ranks, recently beat one of the outstanding lightweights in Bobby Pacho. He did everything but K.O. Pacho. Frankie had him down for counts of nine but could not knock Bobby out. It was one of the greatest fights seen in St. Louis in the last three years.

Mickey Dugan has made himself a great card around Chicago by knocking out Clinton Bridges in 59 seconds. Bridges had a win over the Brown Bomber Joe Louis. Dugan fought Max Marek but lost a close decision in six rounds. Marek also has a win over the great Joe Louis.

Carmen Barth, who looks to be the best thing in the middleweight class, made a hit with the Pittsburgh fans by knocking out Dom Rizzo in 5 rounds. Rizzo was a sensation up to this fight because he knocked out Al Quail. Barth at this time is ready for Tait Littman who is slated to go ten rounds very shortly.

Paul Pirrone looked good in Akron when he knocked out Henry Firpo in three rounds. It looks like Akron will be a good town this winter. Pirrone and Barth look very good for the Christmas Fund show. Here is a little suggestion for Mr. Ed. Bang. Paul Pirrone vs. Eddie "Babe" Risko the new middleweight champion for the middleweight title and Carmen Barth vs. Mickey Walker, in a ten rounder and Eddie Simms vs. Ford Smith or Hank Hankinson in a ten rounder.

If you have any boxing news that you would like to have printed you can write this at 1733 E 12th St Cleveland, O.

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

A Reader, Riverton, Wyoming

Q.—Who was the real wrestling champion at the time of Shikat's claim to it, when he beat Steinke in tournament?

A.—Lewis.

Q.—Name New England's "World Champions" from Shikat, who held the New York title down to the present day champion, Ed Don George.

A.—Sonnenberg, George and then O'Mahoney.

Q.—Is Charles Atlas a married man?

A.—Decidedly so—very real.

Q.—Was Farmer Burns ever world heavyweight wrestling champion, if so when?

A.—No.

Q.—Does Otis Clingman, middleweight wrestler of Amarillo, Texas, rate a write-up in "The Ring"?

A.—Yes.

C. A. S. Beynon, Swansea, Glam.

Q.—How many fights did Braddock have before he fought Baer and how did he fare in those fights?

A.—Contests, 82; Knockouts, 26; Lost 20; Won 23; Drew, 5; no contest 2; Knocked out by, 1; Total rounds fought, 573.

Eugene Shedd, Jacksonville, Fla.

Q.—Kindly tell me what allowance of tape I can have. Also weight of gloves.

A.—That varies according to the state. In Florida, as in New York, Illinois and other leading sections, the gloves cannot be less than six ounces unless by special ruling of the boxing board. The tape cannot exceed ten yards in length and only soft cotton or linen bandages can be used. One roll of two inch cotton gauze not to exceed ten yards, is used and one inch of adhesive tape may be used to keep the bandages in position.

Artie Sommers, Boston, Mass.

Q.—When a contestant is hanging over the ropes or is in a sitting position as was King Levinsky in his recent fight with Louis, does the referee count over him?

A.—He should. When a fighter is in either of the positions named by you, he is in reality down so far as the boxing rules are concerned. The rules state that a boxer is not down when hanging over the ropes until such time as the referee officially announces it so. That, you see, gives the fighter a chance to free himself before the official count is started. If the referee sees that the fighter is helpless when hanging over the ropes and cannot or does not want to get out to fight, he begins the count.

Osmo Tusikula, Hawaii

Q.—Do you think that I could combine wrestling and boxing competition without slowing up my boxing and binding my muscles.

A.—I don't think it practicable. You are certain to slow up your boxing if you engage in wrestling—Select one sport and do that well. A fighter requires his speed and a wrestler needs strength more than speed.

Angel Castro, New York

Q.—Please tell me what the result of the Paulino-Schmeling fight was in New York.

A.—Schmeling won in fifteen rounds.

C. Hasquist, Rockford, Ill.

Q.—Will your boxing course teach me how to box if I have no one to work with?

A.—Yes—but it is far better that you work with some one.

Q.—When is Olin going to defend his light-heavyweight crown?

A.—I don't know.

Q.—Who is the fighter killed in a match with Sammy Mandell a few years ago?

A.—I never heard of that. Bud Taylor engaged in a fight in which his opponent died but I don't think Mandell did.

James J. Wyckoff, N. Y. City

Q.—Is Phil Kaplan a brother of Kid Kaplan.

A.—No.

Q.—Are ice hockey and tennis good for a boxer?

A.—Not the former, because it might bring on severe injuries. Tennis is fine.

Q.—How do I go about promoting fights? Are there any books on same?

A.—Just get a promoter's license, open an office, get a matchmaker and proceed to get your fights. But above all, don't fail to get your club house.

Q.—Is there a biography of Ketchell and McGovern?

A.—I have written a book on each but never published same.

Leon Jacobs, New Orleans, La.

Q.—I would like to become a professional wrestler but feel that I am a little too fat. How can I lose weight?

A.—The best way is to get my book, "Modern Wrestling Its History and Its Holds" and you'll find a chapter on weight reducing.

Corporal Arthur V. Ward, China Command. Army P.O.

Q.—What is the nationality of Jimmy Braddock?

A.—He is American born of Irish-English parents.

Q.—What is your opinion of Jack Doyle?

A.—He is a false alarm.

Alfred Wesley, Canton, Ohio

Q.—Who is the flyweight king of the world, Montana or Lynch?

A.—Montana is the American champion and Benny Lynch, the European title holder.

Q.—How old is Lynch, how tall, and what is his reach?

A.—21, five feet 4 inches and 65 inches.

Art Sommers, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—What was the biggest gate ever drawn in New York and who were the principals?

A.—Dempsey-Firpo, for championship, $1,188,603. Dempsey-Sharkey, non-championship, $1,083,530. Louis-Baer, non-championship, $948,352 and its receipts from motion pictures and broadcasts sales, the gross was $1,000,852.

Q.—What were the average odds on the recent Louis-Baer fight and what were the closing odds?

A.—The average was 7 to 5; the closing, was 11 to 5.

Archie Simmons, Baltimore, Md.

Q.—How many times was Baer floored in his bout with Louis. I read one report that said four and two others which read three.

A.—He was floored three times, twice in the third and once in fourth.

Q.—If a fighter is knocked unconscious with only four seconds for the round to go, is he counted out?

A.—No, read my book, called, "How to referee and to judge a fight." You will find the answer fully explained there. The fighter is permitted to continue the next round as every round consists only of three minutes of fighting and one of rest and you cannot penalize a fighter at any time during the rest period.

Alan Schwartz, Chicago, Ill.

Q.—I notice in the fight between Barney Ross and Garcia, although the latter had Barney practically out, the bell saving Ross, from a K.O. in the first, Ross received the decision. Is that a correct verdict?

A.—Certainly, if the judges and referee think so. A fighter can be close to a knockout in five of the ten rounds and then come back in such a whirlwind style as to offset all those knockdowns he suffered in the first few and to gain in points, a bigger margin than those scored by his opponent and thus win the fight. For example, if "A" was knocked down six times for counts of nine in first five rounds, and then "A" floored "B," his opponent seven times in next five rounds, or even only six, yet battered "B" from pillar to post, "A" would be the winner. You should judge such a fight on condition of the rivals, the aggressiveness, punching qualities as the bout progressed and cleverness and if Barney gained the lion's share of those points by a big margin as those in charge of the bout say he did, then he was entitled to the verdict.

Art Mangin, Houston, Texas

Q.—Will the U. S. Government place a ban on a Louis-Braddock battle for the title?

A.—Don't be foolish. What has Uncle Sam to do in matters pugilistic? Uncle Sam would be tickled pink to see such a bout with its million dollar gate as a depression remover. If Louis continues to be the top notch contender, you just bet your bank roll on such a fight, under the control of Mike Jacobs.

Martin Bovril, Milwaukee, Wis.

Q.—Was Mike Gibbons the world welter champion?

A.—No, he claimed it as did many others but never was officially, universally recognized.

Frank De Luca, Springfield, Mass.

Q.—When does the knockdown timer begin his count, when the fighter begins to go down or after he has hit the floor?

A.—When his body or any part of same, has hit the floor, or when a fighter is hanging over the ropes and the referee signifies to the knockdown timekeeper that a count is to be had over the helpless fighter.

Archie Gibson, The Bronx, N. Y. City

Q.—Was Gene Tunney ever the middleweight champion of the world?

A.—No, he was light-heavyweight and heavyweight king.

Abie Feldman, Cincinnati, Ohio

Q.—In how many classes is the world title in dispute?

A.—Three—flyweight, bantam and middleweight. According to The Ring, whose rating is internationally accepted, Small Montana holds the flyweight; Sanchelli, the bantam and Thil, the middleweight title. According to the N.B.A., Benny Lynch is the flyweight king; Salica is the bantam and Risko, the middleweight champion. It is my contention that when Sanchelli beat Al Brown he won the world crown and that Yarosz, whom Risko just licked, was only the American title holder.

Thomas Ashley, Canton, Ohio

Q.—Would one who takes up your Universal boxing course, be able, after four months of intensive training, to qualify for the Golden Gloves?

A.—That depends wholly on you. I cannot answer that. All I can say is the course is an excellent one and that eighty percent of those who have completed it, after four months study, have joined A.A.U. clubs and have sent me word of their success. That's what I call an excellent recommendation.

Mabel Tellafaro, Boston, Mass.

Q.—In an argument here with friends, all of us being ardent wrestling fans, the question of O'Mahoney's ability came up. I argued that he is as good a champion as any in recent years, but my friends tried to convince me otherwise. We are leaving it to you as we know that you will tell us exactly what you think without any camouflage.

A.—Candidly I do not believe that he rates among the first ten of recent years. It is my opinion that from the point of view of ability, Londos, Lewis, Browning, Shikat, George, Steinke, Everett Marshall, and several others were and still are better than he, but apparently his defeats of most of these men, must be given proper consideration. Of course there are some of these who, working from the same stable, are willing to be licked to keep up national wrestling interest and that is what I feel has been done in most of the bouts with the big shots whom the Irish lad has defeated. Take it or leave it. You asked me to speak my mind and I have.

Walter Hogan, Boston, Mass.

Q.—Some years ago, the Police Gazette sold the colors, in the form of handkerchiefs, of Jake Kilrain, John L. Sullivan, Jim Corbett, Peter Maher, Kid McVoy and Peter Jackson. Have you any idea where I can obtain these for a little collection I'm making?

A.—I have one each of the Kilrain and Sullivan colors but I never heard of nor saw any of the others you mention. Would appreciate deeply if any of our readers will inform me whether there ever were such colors as listed by you, except the Kilrain and Sullivan. Incidentally, if any of my readers have Sullivan or Kilrain or any other colors they would like to let me have, I'll buy them or make a good exchange.

In order to revive interest in colors, I have just had my Book Shop manufacture special handkerchiefs, size, 18 by 14, silk, with picture of Baer, Louis and Dempsey, full size. These are excellent souvenirs for collectors and can be had by sending me thirty-five cents in money order or stamps.

Martin Hufnagle, New Rochelle, N. Y.

Q.—Where can I locate Battling Nelson.

A.—A few months ago he was in Chicago for the Louis-Levinsky bout.

Art Hagen, Norfolk, Va.

Q.—Are you the person who is on station W-N-E-W every Thursday night or is it some other Nat Fleischer?

A.—You're right. I'm the boy. Hope you like my boxing gossip.

Les Hawkins, New Orleans, La.

Q.—I was in Jack Dempsey's restaurant the day of the Louis-Baer fight and saw the wonderful collection of fight pictures with which Jack tells me you decorated his bar. Would it be possible for me to get the same kind and if so, in what sizes above the 8 by 10 which your photo department has?

A.—Yes. I furnished the 86 in Jack's bar; 252 in the Providence Arena; All in Madison Square Garden of New York and Boston; those in the Olympia Stadium of Detroit and in the Chicago Stadium and in places too numerous to mention. You can get size 11 by 14, black and white or colored in transparent oils; also size 22 by 28 the same as are on Dempsey's walls. The 11 by 14 will cost you plain, $2.50 each and colored, $3.00 each and the 22 by 28, plain $5.00 each and colored, $6,00 each. You can get any champions for past 100 years to present day or any top notchers. There is nothing more attractive than a set of famous fighters' pictures and nothing is a better salesman for your bar or restaurant. You can also get the 8 by 10 sizes, uncolored, at 7 for $5.00.

Alan Doherty, Detroit, Mich.

Q.—Is Max Waxman still managing Vince Dundee? Where can I locate him?

A.—Yes. He is also handling several other good boys and managing Jack Dempsey's affairs at Jack Dempsey's Restaurant, 8th Ave., and 50th St., New York City.

Alec Strong, Jacksonville, Fla.

Q.—Does the state and government collect taxes on the fighter's purse after the taxes are already collected on the tickets sold?

A.—Yes. They are the income taxes while the ticket taxes come under the amusement article in national and state tax laws.

NEW YORK SOCK EXCHANGE
By BILLY STEVENS

NEW YORK'S fall and indoor season, which guides the rest of the country, got off to a great start with the Canzoneri-Roth shindig . . . . Canzie won with 14,270 fans paying $37,141.18 to look at him defend his title.

Jimmy Johnston and his brothers are doing fine work in keeping boxing going regularly. Lou Salica and Sixto Escobar will battle for the bantam title for James J. in the middle of this month.

Mike Jacobs and the Hearst people staged the Baer-Louis event that had the entire boxing mob here for the show . . . . managers, fighters, newspapers and whatnots were here from all parts of the globe . . . . Mike, with his helpers, Tom McArdle, Lou Brix and Nat Rogers, did a good job . . . . They expect to go in the New York Coliseum this winter with a Louis bout.

Plenty of clubs have opened for the season and GOOD talent can get plenty of work . . . . In New York proper, there are nine clubs that look like they will go weekly . . . . Monday, the St. Nicks, with Bill Johnston making the matches, is the best small club around . . . . shows so far have doubled last year's receipts . . . . matches featuring Jimmy Leto, Harry Dublinsky, Izzy Jannazzo, Jackie Davis, John Anderson and Eric Seelig hit around the four grand mark . . . . Seelig, the German-Jewish refugee, created the most enthusiastic impression.

Tuesday nights will have the Bronx Coliseum and the Brooklyn Broadway Arena fighting for newspaper space and patronage . . . . Both opened to fine houses . . . . Max Joss, assisted by former boxer Sammy Richman, is at the Broadway, while Joe McKenna handles the Coliseum quite well . . . . Wednesday has two clubs also . . . . The New Lenox Sporting Club (Billy Brown, matchmaker), and the Jamaica Arena, with Eddie Lawson making matches, look like great spots . . . . On Thursdays, John Leon expects to open the Mecca Temple, where he staged a few good shows late last season . . . . Friday, the Garden and the little Luna Park Arena . . . . Jess McMahon handles the Luna spot . . . . Saturday, the old reliable Ridgewood Grove, with Johnny Attell smartly making the matches, can be banked upon as always a winner.

Jimmy Leto of Bayonne, Tampa and Hartford has created new interest in the welter ranks . . . . Something is going to come out of the present tourney whereas Barney Ross will have a real contender this November when he will come to the end of his six-month time limit . . . . Those who are battling for position here are Leto, Izzy Jannazzo, Joe Rossi, Harry Dublinsky, Jackie Davis, Cleto Locatelli, Joe Pennino, George Salvatore and Steve Halaiko.

Tony Canzoneri and his lightweight crown is getting plenty of attention . . . . Lou Ambers is readying for his comeback . . . . Al Roth did great with Tony and is on the upgrade . . . . Frankie Klick, Wesley Ramey, Leo Rodak and Lou Lombardi are those who are up close . . . . Watch Lombardi, a puncher.

Most of the big league managers will campaign out of New York . . . . Ray Carlin of the Coast is here with Klick, Hans Birkie and Mexican Joe Rivers . . . . Bow Tie Jimmy Bronson, international representative, has Managers Paul Damski and Lew Bursten in tow and working out of his Forrest Hotel office . . . . Damski brought over Neusel and Seelig from Germany, while Bursten has Pedro Montanez, the European sensational lightweight.

Charley Cook is back in action with three heavies, Ford Smith, Babe Hunt and Joe Seykra . . . . Harold Steinman of Chicago is here with King Levinsky and Moon Mullins . . . . Al Lippe is sending battlers over to Australia . . . . the latest was Mark Hough, the colored middleweight . . . . The fox, Pete Reilly, is around and pepping up the lightweight and featherweight classes with Wesley Ramey and the feather champ, Freddie Miller.

The two gyms are loaded with fighters . . . . The Lou Stillman spot has most of the champs work out there . . . . Braddock, Olin, Risko, Ross, Canzoneri and Salica . . . . Pioneer Gym was up for repairs and has some great names also working out there.

Southern fighters are flocking here . . . . Some are George Salvatore of Texas that Braddock's manager, Joe Gould, imported; Tootsie Bashara of Norfolk, and Joe Lipps of Carolina.

Charley Johnston has two Indian fighters in Baby Quintana and Ralph Hurtado . . . . The latter wants to fight in his bare feet but the comish won't stand for it . . . . Dave Sonnenburg in a matter of a few months did a great job in elevating Al Roth and his heavy, Eddie Mader, to top spots . . . . Solly Kreiger looks like the best middleweight around . . . . These kids look the goods: Nathan Mann, light-heavy, the Italian with the Jewish name; Victor Vallee, feather; Danny Koplick, lightie; Herbie Katz, another light-weight;

Answers to Cross-Word Puzzle from Page 42

Bob Pastor, former N. Y. U. football star and now a good heavy; Bernie Friedkin, bantam; Mickey Page, 135-pounder.

Hymie Caplin never without a champion, and now Lou Salica. He also has Leo Rodak, the Chicago lightweight, under his wing . . . . Hymie had Al Singer and Ben Jeby holding titles . . . . Singer is now making a comeback and Joe Gross, who brought out the good little Irving Eldridge last season, is handling the former champ . . . . Mickey Walker is going along, getting wins and a few kayoes . . . . Hope Mickey soon gets a good shot . . . . Canzoneri's carrying on should inspire the Bulldog . . . . and don't forget your Jersey neighbor, Braddock Mick . . . . Joe Pennino is the best puncher in the welter ranks and will nail some good fighter some night . . . . Harold Scadron, manager of the 175-pound champ, Bob Olin, is doing a great job since taking over Cleto Locatelli . . . . Ray Arcel, trainer of champions, was called to handle Teddy Yarosz for the Risko title match . . . . Whitey Bimstein is plenty busy with good fighters . . . . He, Ray and Doc Robb handled Braddock for Joe Gould . . . . Doc works with Canzoneri and Al Roth, and because of that, was left out of the corner in that title joust . . . . Nick Florio, Freddie Miller's trainer, worked with Canzoneri along with Lou Fink . . . . Quiet little Sammy Goldman keeps going along and now has Charley Rose helping him in the office . . . . The boys are pulling for Eddie Borden in his venture with Jack Kearns . . . . It's a gold mine that now holds their interest in Las Vegas.

Petey Hayes, the Brooklyn feather, with Frankie Jacobs doing the fronting, is back after a broken hand layoff . . . . two wins so far over Al Gillette and Jerry Mazza . . . . Al McCoy, the Boston attraction in the light-heavy division, looks like the best thing in that class . . . . He may break in here soon . . . . George Sheppard, with offices in New York, gets more work out of town than any manager around . . . . He has Charley Gomer, Jack Portney and Terry Mitchell.

The New York *Evening Post's* Al Buck and Brooklyn *Times-Union's* Charlie Vackner give more boxing dope than any of the fight boys . . . . Nat Fleischer, THE RING's editor, and Sam Taub-Angelo Palange combo use the air for radio news . . . . There is a pick-up generally in fight result stories . . . . The papers are sending out reporters again to cover the minor clubs . . . . Walter Stewart's fight stories in the *World-Telegram* have jumped up as good reading material since coming here from Memphis . . . . Maury Waxman, publicity expert, is a great help to local fight writers with his data.

Harry Voiler of Chicago, who produced most of the fight pictures during the past few years, is now a manager . . . . Has Leonard Del Genio, a good punching lightweight . . . . Bill Duffy got a great break when he bought out the Baer-Louis pictures . . . . Al Weill's Dave Steinberg now has his name on contracts of Lou Ambers and Al Gainer.

IN AND NEAR CHICAGO
By FRANK MAESTRO

JOE LOUIS, 1934 Chicago *Tribune* Golden Gloves light-heavyweight king, only logical contender for Jersey Jim Braddock's heavyweight crown, is under contract to Marty Forkins for stage appearances, scheduled to get under way next year. Incidentally, the Louis-Baer fight films broke attendance records for such a vehicle at theaters all over the country.

George Parnassus, manager of Ceferino Garcia, is advertising the fact that his welterweight protege scored two knockdowns in a battle against Champion Barney Ross at San Francisco, Cal., in September through the medium of large soft sheets . . . . Ed Purdy, Jr., son of the former referee of major fights in Chicago and New York, is seeking a position on a Chicago newspaper . . . . The senior Purdy still is serving as a house detective at the Morrison Hotel here.

Dick Mastro, former featherweight boxer, now managing a string of embryonic champions with headquarters at Felix Kolk's and Paul Poloski's Madison Square Loop Gymnasium, 227 West Madison Street, still tells of the time Sam Buxbaum, veteran fight representative, introduced him to Champion Braddock as the brother of Frank Mastro, famous Chicago *Tribune* writer . . . . What? A gag! . . . . Tommy Gilmore, Illinois Boxing Commission referee, connected with the exclusive Hamilton Club for many years, never will forget an experience he encountered back when he resided with his parents in a cottage in the 4900 block on Washington Boulevard when that community was virtually prairie land.

Johnny Coulon, former bantamweight champion, writes to the effect that he has had his gymnasium at 1154 East 63rd Street freshly painted and redecorated . . . . Silent Jack Tierney, the old lightweight, who hadn't worked in thirty years, is employed by the Superior Carbonic Gas Company here . . . . Harold Steinman, popular Chicago fight manager, wired from Washington, D. C., that Moon Mullins of Vincennes, Ind., knocked out Roland Santos there on the Levinsky-Gallagher card and the accomplishment appears to be a secret.

Mique Malloy, veteran South Side promoter, who weighed 270 pounds one year ago, has taken off twenty pounds by adding grape juice to his daily diet . . . . The official personnel of the new Chicago Indoor Stadium Corporation is reported as follows: James Norris, Sr., president; James Norris, Jr., vice-president and secretary; Arthur M. Wirtz, treasurer; Donald S. MacLeod, building superintendent; James C. Mullen and Nate Lewis, co-managers of boxing and wrestling promotions; Joe McGrail, auditor; Billy Burke, chief, ticket department, and Lou Diamond, publicity director . . . . George Getz, senior member of the Illinois Athletic Commission, has never ridden in an airplane . . . . Judge Joseph Sabath is a wrestling fan . . . . Mrs. Lola Bourque, wife of Izzy Kline, trainer of Barney Ross, has sold her food concession at Trafton's Gymnasium, 180 West Randolph Street, to Mrs. Ann Ravitch . . . . Miss Rita Burke has been hired to help Mrs. Ravitch wait on the trade.

Paddy Ryan of San Francisco, Cal., is advertising the fact, via soft sheets, that his Filipino protege is flyweight champion of the world through a conquest of Midget Wolgast at Oakland, Cal., September 16 . . . . Wolgast was dethroned as flyweight king by the National Boxing Association at its annual convention at Toronto, Ont., September 17, 1934, because of apparent inability to make the required poundage of 112 pounds . . . . According to newspaper dispatches, Wolgast scaled 112 pounds and Montana two and one-half less for their "title" scrap.

TEN YEARS AGO IN THE RING—Clever Sencio, who died following a defeat by Bud Taylor of Terre Haute, Ind., at Milwaukee, Wis., lost in fifteen rounds to Pancho Villa, late flyweight titleholder, at Manila, Philippine Islands . . . . Lucien Vinez was lightweight champion of France . . . . Sully Montgomery, the giant fresh out of college and football stardom, was being groomed by Frank Churchill for a crack at the heavyweight title held by Jack Dempsey . . . . Boo Boo Max Hoff managed Harry (Kid) Brown, Philadelphia's hard-hitting lightweight.

A Gift worth while!

Why not make him happy on his birthday with a one year's subscription to the world's greatest boxing and wrestling magazine—

"The Ring"

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THE GIFT THAT IS APPRECIATED

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

THERE is an indication that the leading contenders in the heavyweight, light-heavyweight and middleweight divisions will have to travel at top speed if they want to retain their positions much longer, for they are being hard pressed by the youngsters. In fact, if the rising lads keep up the good work of the past month, we may find many surprises in THE RING'S Annual Rating in the February issue.

Joe Louis, of course, is the ranking heavyweight and he alone stands little chance of being displaced. In the next division, Al McCoy, who has been coming along at a whirlwind pace, has jumped his rivals and now stands out as No. 1 challenger for Bob Olin's title. Freddy Steele, conqueror of Vince Dundee, is the leading light among the middleweights and Jack Gibbons, son of the famed Mike, has been removed from that division because he cannot make the 160-pound limit without considerable effort and he recently lost to Fred Lenhart.

Cleto Locatelli, who for some time has been sponsored by the New York State Athletic Commission as the leading lightweight challenger, has come out in the open and has acknowledged that he can no longer make 135 pounds and will fight hereafter as a welterweight. Thus we have placed him in that division because he is a good fighter and cannot be ignored.

Now for the month's fistic activity.

Most of the excitement during the past month was centered upon Joe Louis. His feat in knocking out Max Baer placed him sky high. A type like Louis will be a welcome addition to the flock of drawing cards who are destined to revive interest in boxing. Other results of importance were Tony Canzoneri's successful defense of the lightweight title against Al Roth; Babe Risko's winning of the American middleweight title from Teddy Yarosz; Barney Ross winning an overweight bout from Ceferino Garcia; Benny Lynch's knockout over Jackie Brown in England, and Small Montana's victory over Midget Wolgast.

In the heavyweight division, Joe Louis assumes ranking position with his four-round knockout over Max Baer. Ford Smith curbed the aspirations of Buddy Baer for the time being. Hank Hankinson whipped Charley Massare but was beaten by Eddie Mader. Charley Retzlaff disposed of Art Lasky in the tenth session. Al Ettore scored over Leroy Haynes. Tony Galento kayoed Al Boros in ten rounds. Butch Rogers disposed of Tom Patrick in two and Pickles Heintz in three rounds. Lorenzo Pack kayoed Dutch Weimer in four rounds and Artie Sykes in eight. George Godfrey won a mythical title bout from Pierre Charles in Belgium. Willie Reddish trimmed Eddie Simms. Bob Godwin scored over Buck Everett and Al Delaney whipped Johnny Freeman.

Light-heavyweight Champion Bob Olin scored a three-round kayo over Henry Firpo. Al McCoy scored over Lou Brouillard. Tony Shucco whipped Leo Duncan and Charley Mautz. Ambrose Palmer defeated Leo Kelley in Australia. Joe Knight kayoed Pepon Gonzales in eight rounds. Adolf Heuser won over Vittorio Livan. Fred Lenhart defeated Jack Gibbons. Ray Actis disposed of Chuck Heffner in eight rounds. Mickey Dugan flattened Clinton Bridges in one heat. George Simpson received the verdict over Leroy Brown but was stopped by Nash Garrison in the tenth session.

Among the middleweights, Freddy Steele held the spotlight with a victory over Gorilla Jones. Babe Risko scored over Teddy Yarosz in a fifteen-rounder and also whipped Jackie Aldare. Paul Pirrone disposed of Carl Montebano in three rounds. Jack Gibbons defeated Sonny Buxton and Al Trulmans. Fred Henneberry scored over Tommy King in Australia. Ken Overlin won from Anson Green while Green stopped Billy Ketchell in seven rounds.

Fred Apostoli won over Young Stuhley. Mickey Walker whipped Charley Weisse, Joe Gorman and stopped Eddie Kid Whalen in three rounds. Eric Seelig disposed of Al Rossi in eight rounds. Al Quaill won over Jimmy Smith. Solly Krieger kayoed Ray Miller in six. Frank Goosby whipped Jack Charves and stopped Lou Rogers in five. Joe Smallwood kayoed Mickey Bottone in six rounds.

Barney Ross, welterweight champion, scored over Ceferino Garcia in their overweight bout. Harry Dublinsky drew with Izzy Jannazzo. Al Manfredo whipped Mike Payan but was beaten by Joe Bernal. Jimmy Leto won from Joe Rossi. Jack Portney stopped Sylvan Bass in five and Tony Falco in nine. Cleto Locatelli has renounced the lightweight division, and will in the future be classed with the welters. He whipped Steve Haliako. Young Peter Jackson kayoed Johnny Martinez in five rounds. Cocoa Kid disposed of Andy Callahan in ten rounds. George Salvatore won over Fritzie Zivic.

Teddy Loder kayoed Mickey Makar in three rounds but was beaten by Wildcat O'Connor. Bobby Pacho lost to Harry Carlton but disposed of Eddie McGeever in three rounds. Jackie Davis defeated Ray Napolitano and drew with Joe Pennino, who was also beaten by Phil Rafferty. Willard Brown won over Dick Humphreys in Australia. Gustave Eder kayoed Hrabak in six rounds in Europe. Frankie Britt scored over Ralph Chong and kayoed Tommy Romano in four rounds. Andy Jesserun whipped Mickey Serrian. Ray Miller won over Jack Stanley. Leon Zorrita defeated Kenny La Salle while Baby Joe Gans disposed of Jimmy Walsh in three rounds. Jackie Davis defeated Ray Napolitano, drew with Joe Pennino and kayoed Ralph Fulton in eight rounds.

Tony Canzoneri, lightweight champion, held his title against the attack of Al Roth. Tony also whipped Joe Ghnouly in an overweight bout. Wesley Ramey scored over Steve Haliako. Lew Massey defeated George Levy and Red Cochrane. Eddie Cool drew with Johnny Jadick and lost to Joey Ferrando. Jack Willis defeated Charley Burns. Frankie Wallace whipped Bobby Pacho. Cecil Payne disposed of Bad Boy Harper in ten rounds. Lou Lombardi scored over Eddie Zivic. Davey Abad disposed of Frank Cuenca in five rounds. Lew Feldman trimmed Buckey Keyes, while Tony Morgano drew with Johnny Craven.

Freddy Miller, featherweight leader, turned in victories over Willie Davis, Eddie Zivic and Cecil Payne. Henry Armstrong disposed of Alton Black in eight rounds and drew with Perfecto Lopez. Baby Arizmendi whipped Mickey Genaro and Jimmy Christy. Petey Sarron triumphed over Mexican Joey Rivers, while Joe whipped Joe Raspi. Mike Belloise defeated Jose Santos, while Santos stopped Joe Doherty in seven rounds. Merv Blandon whipped Mickey Miller in Australia. Johnny Pena kayoed Speedy Espita in one round.

Petey Hayes defeated Al Gillette. Young Rightmire whipped Claude Varner and stopped Lenny Cohen in two rounds. Vernon Cormier drew with Benny Sharkey and won over Tommy Steele. Phil Zwick kayoed Tommy Spiers in four, Johnny McCrory in seven and lost to Joe Connolly. Varias Milling kayoed Bobby Gray in three rounds. Patsy Severo scored over Tommy Paul. Frankie Wolfram drew with Armanda Sicilia and lost on a foul to Hymie Wiseman in ten rounds. Bushy Graham won from Johnny Alba.

Bobby Leyvas takes ranking place among the active bantams. He won from Pablo Dano while Pablo scored over Fillo Echeverria. Midget Wolgast scored over Tony Marino. Young Tommy drew with Tully Corvo. Frankie Castillo drew and whipped Speedy Dado. Pete Sanstol won from Al Brown. Johnny King disposed of Johnny Sili in one round. Joey Dodge scored over Jackie Treadway.

The flyweights are showing some life with Benny Lynch and Small Montana as the principal participators. Lynch kayoed Jackie Brown in two rounds while Montana won from Midget Wolgast and Bobby Olivas. Brown disposed of Eric Jones in three rounds. Maurice Huguenin kayoed Hubert Offerman in six rounds, while Syd Parker disposed of Tommy Pardoe in the tenth.

The eight best prospects of the month are:
Flyweight—Jose Puig, New York City.
Bantamweight—Joey Wach, New York City.
Featherweight—Mickey Joyce, England.
Lightweight—Hoyt Jones, Los Angeles, Calif.
Welterweight—Herbie Katz, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Middleweight—Paulie Watkins, Los Angeles, Calif.
Light-Heavyweight—Hank Bath, Fort Morgan, Colo.
Heavyweight—Al Delaney, Buffalo, N. Y.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH

These are my ratings for the month ending October 6:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Jimmy Braddock	World's Champion Bob Olin	World's Champion Marcel Thil	World's Champion Barney Ross
1—Joe Louis	Al McCoy	Freddy Steele	Jimmy McLarnin
2—Max Schmeling	Maxey Rosenbloom	Lou Brouillard	Bep Van Klaveren
3—Ford Smith	John Henry Lewis	Paul Pirrone	Kid Azteca
4—Walter Neusel	Tony Shucco	Babe Risko	Eddie Kid Wolf
5—Buddy Baer	Ambrose Palmer	Teddy Yarosz	Jack Carroll
6—Tommy Loughran	Joe Knight	Frank Battaglia	Ceferino Garcia
7—Eddie Mader	Adolf Heuser	Erich Seelig	Cleto Locatelli
8—Hank Hankinson	Al Gainer	Oscar Rankins	Harry Dublinsky
9—Charley Retzlaff	Ray Actis	Ken Overlin	Jimmy Leto
10—Al Ettore	Fred Lenhart	Fred Apostoli	Joe Bernal

Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Tony Canzoneri	World's Champion Freddy Miller	World's Champion Balcasar Sanchelli	Title Vacant
1—Lou Ambers	Maurice Holtzer	Louis Salica	Benny Lynch
2—Wesley Ramey	Henry Armstrong	Sixto Escobar	Small Montana
3—Frankie Klick	Young Casanova	Midget Wolgast	Jackie Brown
4—Tiger Humery	Baby Arizmendi	Bobby Leyvas	Joe Mendiola
5—Al Roth	Petey Sarron	Pablo Dano	Maurice Huguenin
6—Joe Ghnouly	Mike Belloise	Frankie Castillo	Valentin Anglemann
7—Leo Rodak	Mexican Joe Rivers	Indian Quintana	Jim Campbell
8—Lew Massey	Fillo Echeverria	Speedy Dado	Syd Parker
9—Joey Ferrando	Johnny Pena	Little Pancho	Phil Milligan
10—Charley Gomer	Frankie Covelli	Young Tommy	Bobby Magee

MAINE NOTES

By RAN WEATHERBEE

THE past month saw a big boom in the middleweight class with plenty of activity among the 160-pounders and a comparative lull in the other divisions, attributable largely to the appearance of Irish Jimmy O'Boyne, who stirred up the division with thirteen straight victories over State of Maine opponents this summer. O'Boyne, who blasted his way to the state championship by stopping Dom Labbe of Lewiston, floored Hot Chocolate of New Haven, Conn., three times to get the nod the second time over the colored boy in a thriller, and he stopped Kid Roberts of Waterville in the second at Rockland. Dom Labbe, in his first start after being stopped by O'Boyne, fought an even six-rounder with Vince Troianno at Bath and then won over Troianno by a technical knockout in the second round at Biddeford when the Portland Italian was forced to retire due to a badly cut eye. The battle had been torrid and even up to that point.

Ad Zachow of Portland, who still claims the middleweight championship of New England, came out of seclusion to find the Bangor Irishman, O'Boyne, recognized everywhere as the state middleweight title-holder. Zachow featured the first show of the fall for the Arena A. A. in Portland and won in ten rounds over another old Portland favorite of some eight years back, Cowboy Jack Willis. Zachow and Willis, along with Laddie Lee, are the three greatest ring idols Portland has had in the last decade, and the return of Zachow to the wars should result in some interesting action.

From Hollywood to New York

By EDDIE BORDEN

NOW that Baer was so badly whipped by Joe Louis, perhaps the skeptics will admit that the Negro is a great fighter. His performance against Baer was flawless. He worked with precision and with a thoroughness seldom seen in modern ring combats. It is my opinion that Louis would have done the same against any of the other present-day heavyweights, not excluding Jimmy Braddock, the champion.

Baer took a terrific drubbing before he was counted out in the fourth. It is probable that he could have arisen but it was hardly necessary for him to assimilate needless punishment to prove that he was game. He was outclassed in every department and the bell came to his assistance when he was reclining on the canvas at the end of the third session. He would have been counted out at that time if the bell had not rung.

It is improbable that Max will continue his ring career. His was a blazing one while he lasted, but his career finished rather ingloriously for him. Losing to Braddock in the manner that he did and then to get flattened by Louis for the first time in his career is a sad end to what looked like a most brilliant career.

Mike Jacobs staged the show in big league style and everything ran smoothly except for the few disgruntled spectators who paid ringside prices for seats that were situated near Yonkers. The net figures were $804,955.30 after government and state taxes were deducted and 83,462 paid admissions were recorded.

In the preliminaries, Ford Smith whipped Buddy Baer in a corking scrap. This was Smith's first eastern attempt and by his showing, it is expected that he will get more lucrative engagements. Eddie Mader sprang a big surprise when he whipped Hank Hankinson. Hank dropped Mader in the third round for a nine count but failed to follow up his advantage and he allowed Mader to outbox him the rest of the journey. Tony Cancela whipped Jimmy Merriot, Jorges Brescia disposed of Paul Pross in three rounds, George Turner outpointed Heinz Kohlhass, Bob Paster defeated Terry Mitchell while Nathan Mann kayoed George Chip in three rounds in the concluding bout. Louis is probably the first real fighter that this generation has seen and it will take several years before anyone will be developed sufficiently to give this Brown Destroyer any kind of competition.

The stage has been set for a real world's flyweight championship match—the first legitimate one since Pancho Villa fought Jimmy Wilde. It centers around an Englishman and a Filipino. Small Montana who has been performing in great style on the Coast and recently whipped Midget Wolgast. Montana will be forced to clash with Benny Lynch, the Scotchman to decide world supremacy, if the N.B.A. and British ruling is followed. Lynch recently kayoed Jackie Brown and clinched the European title while Montana reigns supreme in this country. Wolgast has been fighting around the 122 and 124 pound mark during the past year and it was humanly impossible to get down to the low poundage of 112, yet the boxing officials say he scaled that and we won't doubt their word. Officially, he was under the required poundage which seemed to satisfy the curious ones about his weight. Many years ago, Benny Leonard officially scaled under 135 pounds for his match with Lew Tendler, Benny later admitted he weighed 138½ and Lew, 137½. There was considerable criticism at the time on the manner in which they juggled the weights, nevertheless, in the records, it went down as a lightweight championship bout and the Wolgast-Montana affair was staged under the same system. Montana is really a flyweight and seldom goes over the 110-pound mark. The meeting between Montana and Lynch should help considerably in reviving the interest among the flyweights as they are both corking scrappers and the fight should be worth witnessing.

Ray Miller staged his comeback at the Coney Island Velodrome when he whipped Jack Stanley in their six round tussle. On the same card, another great puncher of another era, Armando Santiago defeated Paola Villa—Jimmy Leto proved superior to Joe Rossi at Dexter Park, scoring a knockdown in the first round. Jackie Davis whipped Ray Napolitano while Johnny De Foe drew with Ralph Hurtado on the same show at Dexter Park—Bob Olin, after several months of activity due to various illnesses, came through with a three round knockout over Henry Firpo at Asbury Park—Olin will be forced to defend his light-heavyweight title in the near future and might surprise the boys, providing he regains his full strength—Andy Jesserun, former Golden Glover, who has been advancing steadily in the professional ranks, overcame his first serious hurdle when he triumphed over Mickey Serrian at the opening show of the Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club—Jesserun has been handled in fine style and should be good timber for the Garden this winter.

Bill Miller, who is handling the publicity for the Olympic Club at Los Angeles, finally grabbed himself a potential heavyweight contender in the person of Butch Rogers. Rogers was recently released from the United States Army forces and has concentrated his efforts on making good in the boxing world. He started off with a one round knockout over an ordinary opponent. He was so impressive in his work, that they placed him in a feature event against Pickles Heintz. He flattened Heintz in three rounds. His last victim was Tom Patrick who lasted two rounds. Rogers is a rough, two fisted fighter, game, takes a good punch, and Mr. Miller is liable to have a heavyweight threat on his hands before long. Bill has been exploiting the merits of others so long that he is unable to give due credit to his own charge—Butch Rogers.

Frankie Castillo, a young Mexican bantam, was given a golden opportunity by Matchmaker Joe Waterman to meet Speedy Dado in the feature event at the Olympic. Castillo was hardly conceded a chance against the crafty Filipino but he justified the faith that Waterman placed in him by whipping Dado in a sensational ten round battle. As is customarily done, The American Legion stepped in with their greater resources and rematched the pair for two weeks later. They waged a bout that excelled the first for speed and classy fighting. This time it was called a draw.

Waterman seems to have the gift of developing new talent but is handicapped because invariably, the Hollywood Legion steps in and capitalizes on his productive efforts. In this instance, Al Lang, who manages Castillo, asked Waterman's permission to engage in a bout at the Legion. He was honor bound to stick to Waterman but Joe gracefully waived his privileges on Castillo.

On the other hand, Wally Hally, one of the outstanding of local attractions, is tied down for several engagements to the Hollywood Legion. Hally would like to show his wares at the Olympic where he first was started in the professional ranks but cannot be released. Might is right and possession is nine points of the law in California boxing and Joe Waterman will have to be content with going about his task of making new talent for others to reap the benefit.

Babe Risko won the right to the middleweight championship of America by whipping Teddy Yarosz over the fifteen round route in Pittsburgh. Yarosz has apparently seen his best days and was no match for Risko. Babe scored knockdowns in the fourth, sixth and seventh rounds. Yarosz received a guarantee of $25,000 which automatically prevented the promoters from making any money on the show. The gate amounted approximately to $35,000—Charley Retzlaff came through with one of those unexpected victories when he kayoed Art Lasky in the tenth round at Minneapolis. Lasky was taking a terrible beating when the towel was heaved into the ring. This ends Lasky's aspirations in the heavyweight ranks. It was Lasky who was responsible for Braddock's rise to the heavyweight title.

Pablo Dano lowered the colors of Fillo Echeverria in the latter's first Hollywood start. Echeverria earned the match by his easy conquest over Baby Arizmendi in Cuba. Dano was guilty of butting several times and proved too strong and rugged for Fillo who did show flashes of excellent boxing ability. Echeverria injured both hands in the fight, received a cut eye and under the circumstances fought a nice fight but conditions were too much against him. Wally Hally met his second reverse at the hands of Little Dempsey in the semi-final. It seems odd that Wally cannot overcome the handicap of Dempsey and he must start all over again. Hally is a determined youngster with plenty of fire and grit and will yet make the grade so long as he is not overmatched. Dempsey has had plenty of experience and his methods were too confusing for an inexperienced youngster like Hally.

Al McCoy continues his climb upward, which ultimately will lead him into a light-heavyweight championship bout. His last victim at this writing was Lou Brouillard, the rugged southpaw. That was the hardest test McCoy has yet received and he came through with colors flying.—Freddy Steele wiped out a draw verdict that Gorilla Jones held with him by winning over him in their return go at Seattle. The gate reached $15,000 which is something to boast about these days.

Barney Ross had a narrow escape at the hands of Ceferino Garcia in their San Francisco battle. Garcia had Ross down twice in the first round but could not catch him after that and Barney came through with a fine exhibition of boxing to win the decision. Opponents are scarce for Ross at this moment and this might give Garcia another opportunity to deliver the lethal wallop.—Al Ettore repeated his victory over Leroy Haynes in Philly, thereby eliminating Haynes from any further consideration in the titular quest—Willie Reddish trounced Eddie Simms and Paul Pirrone flattened Carl Montebano in three rounds. Anson Green stopped Billy Ketchell in seven rounds in the concluding bout.

Tony Canzoneri retained his lightweight crown against the plucky onslaughts of Al Roth in fifteen rounds at the opening show of Madison Square Garden. Roth was dropped in the third and was outclassed until the tenth but came through with a furious rally which lasted through the twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth sessions but Tony took command in the closing session enough to assert his superiority. It was a bruising battle for the two principals and neither emerged unscathed but Canzoneri still remains the monarch of the walk.

Wesley Ramey scored over Steve Haliako in the semi-final. George Salvatore triumphed over Fritzie Zivic while Eddie Zivic was beaten by Lou Lombardi. Jimmy Fantini scored over Pete De Ruzzo in the four round opener. The show drew around $34,000 which is mighty good, considering the fact that Roth was not considered an outstanding contender.

A recent incident at the Olympic in Los Angeles shows how rules are made in California. Paulie Latzo and Stanley Willardson were fighting in one of the preliminary bouts to a recent show. The fight did not mean anything in particular except the injustice meted out to one of the principals. Willardson was taking a severe trouncing in the second and also got his eye cut when the referee halted the affair between second and third rounds and called it a draw. There is some sort of rule on the books which compels the referee to render a draw verdict when someone gets his eye cut. Accidents are bound to happen and butts are frequent but it is almost impossible for the referee to determine whether the injury was sustained by a blow or a butt. Such stupid rules are often the target for criticism directed against boxing in general when it is the State Commission who is responsible for such a silly rule. This state, in particular, has inefficient inspectors who are domineering and overbearing in their attitude towards the managers and boxers under their control. We have always harped on the unfairness of certain commissions because they always overlook one important factor. It is the boxers and managers and the receipts derived from boxing shows that pay their salary.

Hank Hankinson and Charley Massare drew the largest house in Hollywood since the Hankinson-Rosenbloom affair and as is natural with heavyweights, criticism was waged during the fight. Massare suffered a slight jaw dislocation, unbeknown to him, in the first round and then went down in the second from an apparently light punch. This aroused Referee Abe Roth into the feeling that they were not trying and incited the wrath of the crowd with his harping tactics against the two principals. Massare was in front until the eighth round but went down again in the ninth which practically lost him the decision. After the fight, the Commission Doctor discovered what was ailing Massare and after an ex-ray was taken, Massare was advised to give his jaw a rest for several months. Massare returned to Pittsburgh after the fight and is expected to remain in idleness until he recovers.

It seems rather odd to see Pete Sanstol score a victory over Al Brown at this stage. They fought in Oslo, Norway, when both were at the bottom of the ladder in the bantamweight class. This match staged several years ago would have been considered an excellent tit-bit—Bobby Leyvas punched out a victory over Pablo Dano at the Legion—Bobby scored a knockdown in the first round and cut Dano's eye in the third. Dano's rally at the finish came too late to do any good—Small Montana made his first appearance against Bobby Olivas at the Olympic and he looked very good. He is a nifty boxer and mixed his punches nicely. Olivas gave a good account of himself and tried hard all the way but the craft of Montana was evident and Montana came through the winner—Izzy Jannazzo and Harry Dublinsky opened the St. Nicholas Rink for the winter season with a smashing ten-round draw. Jannazzo got off to an early start but Harry started a whirlwind attack which evened matters. In the following program, Erich Seelig, German-Jewish middleweight champion, disposed of Al Rossi in the eighth round of a ten-round go. Seelig proved to be rough and sturdy and should be able to give the leaders in the middleweight division plenty of trouble.

TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

BEN FOORD, South Africa, followed up his recent victory over Frank Moody in Wales with another quick win over Frank Borrington, the Derby heavyweight, at Newport. The contest, fought in a heavy rain on the local football grounds, ended in the second when Foord supplemented a series of lefts with a smashing right, which put Borrington down for the full count.

In the main event over ten rounds at the Devonshire Club, Jack Hyams, Stepney, scored a well-merited points win over Eddie Maguire, South Africa.

George Odwell, the Camden Town lightweight, was given a hard fight before winning on points over Boyo Cassidy, Ireland, at Mile End Arena.

George Bunter, West Hartlepool, defeated Steve Hanley, Birmingham, in the third at Newcastle when the referee stopped the contest owing to Hanley receiving a very badly cut eye.

K. O. Morgan, who claims the featherweight championship of Michigan, came over without a flourish of trumpets, and met the Scottish featherweight champion, Johnny McGrory of Glasgow, in the latter's home town before a crowd of thirty thousand people. McGrory's long run of successes came to an end when the American scored a K. O. in the seventh round of what was to have been a twelve-round bout. It was clear from the start that the infighting of the American was too much for McGrory, who took a fusillade of punches in the seventh and fell through the ropes to be counted out. It was the first time in his career that McGrory has been K. O.'ed.

Johnny King, British bantamweight champion, beat Frank Barron, Sheffield, in the eighth.

Ernie Roderick, Liverpool, received the referee's decision over Pat Haley (Hanley) after ten rounds of hectic fighting at Liverpool. Roderick scored a knockdown in the second, but Haley came up full of fight and gave Roderick as much as he received.

Jimmy Vaughan, young Becontree lightweight, again came in as a last minute substitute at the Bethnal Green Drill Hall for Alby Day, Old Ford, and contested ten lively rounds with the hard-hitting lightweight, Aldo Spoldi, Italy, who has made himself a big favorite in British rings. Both fought like tigers and received cut eyes, but this did not deter them. Referee Alf Mancini called the bout a draw.

Johnny Peters, Battersea, gained a smashing win over Hal Cartwright, Tipton, at Walsall in twelve rounds. The win for Peters was more deserving considering that when he entered the ring a police officer brought news to him that his mother had passed away that morning. Peters, as a good soldier, said he couldn't disappoint the big crowd, so the fight went on. Winning under those circumstances, Johnny, I must raise my hat to you and sympathize with you in your sad bereavement.

George "Panther" Purchase, South Africa, had to fight hard all the way to gain the decision over Ginger Dawkins, Wales, over twelve rounds at Bargoed.

Jimmy Phillips, Barnsley, and Fred Longbridge, West Bromwich, fought a twelve-round draw at Merthyr.

George Bunter, Hartlepool, pulled a fast one over Tiger Ennis, Halifax, at Middlesborough in what was to have been a twelve-round bout. On coming up for the first round, a right to the jaw started the Tiger on his way out, and a further left and right put him down for the full count.

Ben Foord, South African heavyweight, K. O.'ed Guardsman Brown, who used to box as Chris Goulding of Barnsley, in the fourth at Ashby-La-Zouch. Brown was no match for Foord. He was down three times.

Jack Lewis, Bournemouth, gave a boxing lesson to Ernie Mason, Bermondsey, when they met at Wood Green over twelve rounds.

"Tiger" Bert Ison, Leicester, gained a narrow victory over the ex-amateur, Charlie Chamberlian, Stepney, at the Mile End Arena after twelve rounds of hard hitting.

Lud Abella, Birmingham, who has toured the United States, met a tartar in Tommy Steele, North Shields, at Newcastle and came off second best. Steele beat Abella at his own game in infighting.

Joe Connolly, Bathgate, gained a narrow points victory over Phil Zwick, America, in ten rounds of hard hitting and clever boxing at Glasgow. Both lads showed class, and it would not have hurt either had the referee declared a draw at the end of this great bout. Johnny Holt, South Africa, was outpointed by the local Frank McCudden.

A great bout and a good decision was the unanimous verdict of the packed house when the referee declared a draw at the end of the contest between Andy Byrne and George Marsden, Nottingham, at Manchester. Both boys fought hard throughout.

Alec Bell, Scottish heavyweight, forced Saleh-El-Din, Egyptian boxer, to retire at the end of the third at Bethnal Green Drill Hall. In the first the Egyptian was put down by a left hook, where he remained for a count of eight, and on rising he put Bell down with a perfect right for nine, and again for five, when the bell sounded. It was have your pick in the second round when both were again put on the canvas, but the third proved a bad one for El-Din, who was forced to take more counts before the round ended, and his retirement.

Leo Phillips, Birmingham, cleverly defeated Jake Kilrain, Scotland, in twelve hard rounds at Liverpool. Kilrain, who now boxes as a welterweight, did not show the form of his lightweight days. In the supporting bout of twelve rounds, Vernon Cormier, Canada and U. S. A., strived hard to show that his form was wrong when Benny Sharkey, Newcastle, defeated him previously. It seems that Cormier cannot get off the mark and he found the Newcastle lad an equal match, and the decision of a draw was well received.

Ronnie James, young Swansea featherweight, about whom I have often written in glowing terms, turned out the best win of his unbeaten record when he defeated his local rival, the bantamweight champion of Wales, Len Beynon, on points in ten rounds.

At the age of twenty-one, Benny Lynch, Glasgow, former messenger boy and builder's assistant, was crowned flyweight champion of Great Britain, Europe and the world, so far as we are concerned, when he beat Jackie Brown of Manchester at Belle Vue, Manchester, before a packed house of seven thousand people. Lynch dominated the fight from the first gong in dramatic fashion. He hit Brown a left hook to the jaw, which was the beginning of the end for Brown. His knockdowns numbered nine, four in the first and five in the second, before he was K.O.'ed. I am pleased to say that I have seen fulfilled the prophecy that I gave Lynch and his mentor, Sammy Wilson, in Glasgow two years ago when I said then that he had the makings of a world's champion. Folks, you can take it from me that Benny Lynch will not be dethroned for quite a while. On the same card, Johnny King, bantamweight champion of Great Britain, K.O.'ed Giovanni Sili, Italy, in the first round with a perfect right to the chin after a one-sided two minutes.

Phil Zwick, U. S. A., stopped the Scottish lightweight champion, Tommy Spiers, in the fourth. Spiers had been put down for three counts and was unfit to continue. Fred Bilsborough, Salford, and Joe Hardy, Manchester, put up a great little scrap over eight rounds in the curtain raiser.

Dick Corbett, Bethnal Green, gave a boxing lesson to Tommy Rogers, Willenhall, in ten rounds at Wolverhampton.

Jack Hyams, Stepney, won the right to box for the Southern Area middleweight title by outpointing by a very narrow margin Archie Sexton, Bethnal Green, over fifteen rounds at the Ring. Al Burke having left for Australia owing to bad health, Hyams will meet Frank Hough, Battersea, for the title.

Alf Luxton, Birmingham boxer, beat Frank Borrington, Derby, on a technical K.O. in the seventh round at Wallsal. Borrington was put down for a count of eight in the second and when, in the seventh, he was down again for five, the referee stopped the contest.

A sensational punch near the end of the second round gave Norman Snow, Southern Area lightweight champion, a victory over Tommy Dowlais of South Wales at Northampton.

Cuthbert Taylor, Merthyr, beat Idris Morgan, Gilfach Loch, on points at Caerphilly over twelve rounds.

Alby Day, hard-hitting Old Ford lightweight, met with another reverse when he clashed with Sonny Lee of Leeds in ten rounds at the Devonshire Club, Hackney. The contest was a good one.

Seaman Storrie, Chatham, did not experience much trouble against George Day, Watford. He stopped him in the fourth.

Jim Brady, Dundee, outpointed George Pull, Lowestoft, in twelve hard rounds at the Mile End Arena. Freddie Baxter, Bethnal Green, seemed to have a bit to spare in his bout with Freddie Tennant, Dundee, but the referee called the bout a draw.

Roy Mills, Sunderland, made short work of his twelve-round bout against Jackie Moody, Pontypridd, by scoring a K. O. over the Welshman in the third.

Len Hamptston, popular Leeds bantamweight, came back after a long rest to K. O. Syd Rose, Preston, in the third.

Syd Parker, Bolton, beat Tommy Pardoe, Birmingham and Southern Area bantam champion, in the tenth at Manchester, when Pardoe, after being down, had to retire.

Jimmy Stewart, Liverpool, was forced to retire in the fourth of a twelve-round contest against ex-Seaman Jim Lawlor, Lowestoft, at Liverpool Stadium.

A minor sensation was caused at the Ring, London, when Pat Palmer, Battersea, who is matched with Tommy Pardoe for the flyweight Southern Area championship, was asked to meet Harry Orton, Leicester, a southpaw, in ten rounds. Orton wasted no time when the gong sounded, and walked over to Palmer and hit him a left hook to the jaw, followed by a right to the body, and after a couple of counts the odds-on favorite, Palmer, was counted out. Dave McLeave, Brixton, had all the better of matters against Ernie Molde, Australia, before Molde was disqualified in the third for hitting low.

Frank Hough, Battersea, and Jack Robinson, Nottingham, furnished a sparkling and hard-hitting bout for eight rounds before the latter retired after a bad round.

Jules Steyaert, Belgium, gained the decision over Harry (Kid) Farlo, Stepney, in ten rounds at the Devonshire Club, Hackney.

I received a call from Bill Daly and Reginald (Dick) Hughes, who have brought to Europe, Roy Lazer, heavyweight; Al Diamond, a middle, and Jackie Williams, a feather. All have good records and at the workout in the gym at Wembley, they gave good accounts of themselves before the leading critics. It looks as if "the Three Musketeers" will be quite popular with the fans as their styles are pleasing. Good fighters are always welcome here.

Pat Warburton, Welsh Terrier, made a sensational comeback after his serious operation when he scored a K.O. over Jimmy Albin of Bournemouth in the first minute of the first round at the Devonshire Club, Hackney.

Ronnie James, Swansea, went up another step when he forced Nipper Fred Morris, Southern Area bantamweight champion, to retire in the tenth at Swansea.

Jeff Dickson staged his first show of the indoor season at the Royal Albert Hall when he featured Ben Foord, South Africa, and the Spanish Tarzan, Pancho Villar, in a heavyweight bout of ten rounds. Foord took all the Spaniard had to dish out, but gave more in return, and although Villar claimed a bad hand, it was the body blows that put him in such a bad way that he retired at the end of the fourth round, and the popular South African was left the winner. In the semi-final bout, Andre Lenglet of France handled big Jack Pettifer as a punching bag for three rounds before K.O.ing him. Say! Jack! Quit the game if you can't do better than that, or else you will be knocked "goofy." That's friendly advice.

Dave Crowley, Clerkenwell, fighting from gong to gong, had the better of Francois Machtens, Belgium's featherweight champion, over the ten-round course at the Ring, London.

Jim Wilde, Swansea heavyweight, got up from the floor three times in the second round and looked in a bad way but made a remarkable recovery to outpoint Norman Baines, Catford, over twelve rounds before a big crowd at Swansea.

FROM CONTINENTAL RINGS

Pete Sanstol, blond Tiger from Norway, who has appeared with great success in Canada, defeated the ex-world's bantamweight champion, Al Brown of Panama, on points in ten rounds at Oslo, before a crowd of fifteen thousand people in the open air. Brown is not the force he used to be, and Sanstol had no difficulty in getting the decision. On the same program, Harols Hansen, Scandinavian lightweight champion, outpointed the German champ, Richard Steggemann, in eight rounds of clever boxing. In the semi-final, Adolph Heuser, German cruiser champ, defeated Edga Normann, the Norwegian champion, in ten rounds.

Marcel Thil, world's middleweight champion, has just returned from Russia, where he discussed an offer as boxing instructor to all Russia.

At the Salle Wagram, Paris, Jeff Dickson put his young heavyweight, Pancho Villar, against Alf Sauvage of France, and the latter was declared the winner on points after nineteen rounds.

Gunner Barlund, the Finn, showed good form when outpointing Vincenz Hower, the German heavyweight champion, in ten rounds in Berlin.

Heinz Lazzeck, the Austrian cruiserweight, captured the I. B. U. European title from Merlo Precision, Italy, in Vienna.

Pierre Charles lost his I. B. U. world heavyweight crown to George Godfrey. Just fancy that—if you can!!!

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BOXING IN CUBA

By MILT BARON

JOE KNIGHT of Georgia, knocked out Pepon Gonzalez Spanish heavyweight in eight rounds at the Cristal Arena. Knight displayed a clever brand of boxing and went over big with the fans. His manager, Bill Gore, was impressed with the Cristal Arena and promised to bring Knight back again to meet Izzy Gastanaga the Spanish heavyweight who is here now.

Izzy Gastanaga scored an easy victory over Hans Birkie the German heavy in ten rounds, handing out a speedy class of slugging. Manolo Gomez was stopped in six rounds by Kid Sila, and Kid Pintado won over Kid Rapidez in four.

Joe Coego, Cuban lightweight king, easily outpointed Pete Nebo of Florida in ten rounds. Coego is in line to meet Valentin Miro of Spain, and then for some good American opponents. Conguito II won over Chino Mercaderes in six rounds of interesting combat.

Luis Parga and Aramis Del Pino have some good cards lined up for the coming winter season at the Cristal Arena. Del Pino plans to bring Maxie Rosenbloom down to Havana, to meet some worthy Spanish boxer.

Pincho Gutierrez, Kid Chocolate's mentor, is now promoting at Miramar Gardens, Havana, assisted by Amador Urquia and Fello Rodriguez.

Kid Sila looks like a real contender for local lightweight honors, and should be matched with Joe Coego.

IN HAWAII

By FRANK S. FUJIMOTO

JIMMY McLARNIN, former welterweight champion of the world, was offered twenty-five hundred dollars and twenty-five per cent of the gate by Mark Choo, local promoter. The offer was for one bout with Kid Moro or Ceferino Garcia, but was refused by Jimmy.

Professional boxing is staged every Friday night in Honolulu at the Civic Auditorium.

Joe Velasco defeated the highly tutored Coast slugger, George Hansford, in an eight-round bout. Despite Velasco's edge in rounds won, the loser put up one of the grandest slugfests in the last rounds ever seen at the local rings.

Joey Rosenberg put the sleeping dose on Kid Henry in the very first round in 1:40 seconds with a terrific right to the chin dropping the Fil for the full count. Henry Moreno beat Kid Felipe easily. Battling Bolo lost to Roaring Rodrigues. Bobby Kakutani won from Emil Samson. Tony Leopold T.K.O.'ed Kid Federico in three.

Alejandro Pazmore copped an easy eight-rounder from Augie Curtis in the latter's first local ring appearance.

Anson Rego, a 134-pounder, in his comeback attempt defeated his seven pounds heavier foe in Mariano Matias. Rego was his old-time self, although he lacked speed. Joe Stone T.K.O.'ed Freddie Buck in the fourth heat. Kid Schofield beat Abe Konaaihele. Emil Samson and Wataru Furukawa, a draw. Bobby Kakutani won from Henry Francis.

Walter Strappel, ex-army champ, went down to defeat at the hands of Packo Pass via a technical knockout in the sixth round before a small crowd.

Joe Stone won easily from Frankie Torres in the semi-windup.

Hilo—A huge crowd of Filipino fans saw their idol, Young Aguinaldo, only Filipino dreadnaught, score a clean knockout over Hans Kassebeer, a German giant, in the first round.

Joey Ledesma knocked down Sabas Jamito three times in the third and once in every remaining round but failed to put away the tough Filipino slugger. Joey took the bout on a well-earned decision. Manuel Ruiz was held to a draw by Bulldog Emilio. Harry Katsumoto lost to Juan Atanacio. Young Howard beat Gregorio Bonillia.

Maui—Johnny Yasui, Waipahu Terror, gained a popular draw through his aggressiveness with Clever Sison, popular Filipino fighter, in eight rounds before two thousand Maui fans. Yasui held his own against the clever Sison.

Kid Felipe won on a foul from Manuel Telles when the latter hit Felipe when he was still down. Satoru Umetsu T.K.O.'ed Kid Henry in the fourth frame. Adolph Samuel beat Kid Alfonso. Satogi Hotta won from Kid Martines.

Tiny Tommy Muroda, a 109-pounder, was crowned the new Territorial flyweight champion, winning a popular ten-round decision from Little Reynes before a packed house of over six thousand spectators paying nearly four thousand dollars.

Augie Curtis beat Kayo Kuratsu in the semi-windup with a strong rally in the last round. Joey Rosenberg beat Alejandro Pazmore. Bobby Kakutani and Kid Francis fought a draw. Kid Javellana won from Adolph Samuel. Benny Dawson beat Emil Samson. Jimmy McLarnin refereed the Kakutani-Francis bout.

Honolulu—Rather a small crowd saw Joe Stone triumph over Delphine Augustus in a close eight-round bout at the Civic Auditorium.

Charlie Miller took a walk away decision from Frank Torres . . . . Battling Bolo won from "Roaring" Rodrigues . . . . Larry Lawrence finished Mike Kornack in the second . . . . Abe Konaaihele knocked out Young Visayan in two heats . . . . and Jesse Garcia scored a T.K.O. win over Bull Tony.

Molokai—Georgie Hansford, hard hitting Junior lightweight from Los Angeles, was given a raw decision when the referee declared the bout a draw with Clever Sison.

Henry Moreno, Blake's boy, fought a draw with Kid Felipe . . . . Joe Stone went down in the first round but came back in the latter rounds to beat Lefty Lapinid. Nick Mamaclay T.K.O.'ed J. Anglo in two rounds . . . . Kid Labong flattened Lefty Adar in two . . . . and F. Lorenzo and Young Napole a draw.

Honolulu—K. O. Kuratsu drew with Joey Rosenberg.

Augui Curtis beat Freddi Imperial . . . . Fred Bailey won from Kid Waianae. Mickey Donahue and Glenn Taylor drew . . . . Joe Oliviera was stopped by Kid Bulldog in five heats . . . . Freddie Buck finished Joe Lawrence in the first round.

Honolulu—Freddie Gomes, a 139 pounder, in a sensational comeback, disposed of Mariano Matias, 145, by a K.O. in the first canto . . . . The Kid Moro beat Packo Pass in the feature.

Young Tony put away Delphine Augustus in the second . . . . Larry Santana beat Kid Martinez via T.K.O. in the third session . . . . Jesse Garcia beat Kid Bulldog . . . . and Adolph Samuel won from Alfonso Silvano.

Hilo—A near riot occurred at the Volcano Arena when Feferee Francisco Lafita awarded an unpopular decision to Joe Velasco over Charlie Miller.

Kid Felipe, shifty Fil from Honolulu held Joe Ledesma to a draw . . . . Kid Masa hit a hard right to Seronio's jaw knocking the latter cold in the third heat . . . . August Rodrigues beat Bulldog Emilio . . . . K. O. Katsumoto T.K.O.'ed Mauro Estacio in one round . . . . and Victor de Vera and Koki Toguchi a draw. A very bad decision.

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AUSTRALIAN BOXING NOTES

By HERB McHUGH

IF one had the eyes of Argus one would be in a better position to predict what the future holds in respect to a few proposed fight promotions in this country. Ambrose Palmer is manipulating the fulcrum of the whole fistic machinery and until he declares what he intends doing, none of the rival promoters after his services can make any definite move.

Charlie Lucas, head of the syndicate to stage open-air promotions at the Sydney Sports Ground this summer, has offered Palmer $5,000 flat and a crack at Bob Olin's world light-heavyweight title. The silence of the Australian champion caused Lucas to throw in the towel in regard to this fight and decide on something else.

Stadiums, Ltd. (Melbourne), in conjunction with the National Boxing Club (Sydney), has been waiting on Palmer's doorstep with a proposition for him to fight John Henry Lewis. Like Lucas, the required acquiescence or some statement was required from Palmer before negotiations with Lewis could be proceeded with, but none was forthcoming.

However, the latest just to hand probably explains why Palmer has not been giving out any answers. An offer is said to have come from England to the extent of $6,250 for him to fight Eddie Phillips for the Empire title. It is reported that he will accept this amount and will leave almost immediately, probably via America. So there is the chance that Americans may see him sooner than expected. In the event of Palmer hitting the States en route to England, he may be persuaded to engage in one or two contests. However, with most of us walking around in circles it is impossible at the time of mailing to give out anything that could be accepted as gospel.

Lucas is moving nicely in getting things in order for the Jack Carroll-Bep Van Klaveren event, scheduled for November 29. Supporting the contest will be two Australian championships. The location of the triple fight bill, the Sports Ground, has a fifty thousand capacity and already many inquiries are to hand for ringside bookings.

Fred Henneberry and Tommy King handed in a brilliant affair in their return match, with Henneberry grabbing the points of the last three stanzas to put him in front at the end of fifteen rounds. Making 160 pounds at 2 o'clock appeared to find King out towards the finish, as he couldn't pace it with the home champion when the latter called the tune. King is a big favorite here, his stoicism and willingness to have a lick having the crowd well on his side.

King, however, received a big shock when he bumped the Australian aboriginal boxer, Ron Richards. Try as he would, he could make little impression on Richards and dropped twelve of the fifteen rounds. Richards is a dandy counter-puncher, and he was always thinking ahead of the American. While Richards defeated King far more convincingly than did Henneberry, yet the latter invariably has the edge on Ron whenever they clash. Interesting, too, is that Palmer never relishes a go-in with the colored lad, declaring that he wants careful watching every inch of the way.

By the way, King is to test out a newcomer to main events in Jack Wilson, a fast rising youngster from Melbourne. This kid has had thirty fights for twenty knockouts.

Willard Brown is now back in America. Very popular, his style of boxing was much appreciated, although he didn't seem able to stand the gaff when the opposition started to bustle him.

The tit-bit of the month was the debut of the American colored light-heavyweight, Deacon Leo Kelly, opposed to Ambrose Palmer at Leichhardt Stadium. Despite its limited accommodation, approximately forty-five hundred, the takings amounted to close on five thousand dollars. After fifteen rounds, each of two minutes, Palmer collected a points decision, although he received a legacy of two broken ribs and a small bone broken in the nose. Kelly found the Australian too fast to handle, but nevertheless he went over big. Palmer knew he could not afford to swap punches with the visitor and adopted the methods of drilling Kelly with straight lefts and left rips, and Palmer is just one boxer who can use his left hand in such a way to make a fight attractive. Kelly did not hit the Australian often, which perhaps was just as well, considering the effects of the few punches which did find their target.

A week later, Kelly and Manager Bill Newman took the 'plane to Brisbane to chalk off a contest with Pietro Georgie. It went four rounds, Kelly's right hand putting the skids under the Italian-American. Apparently it was just a case of doing again what he did back home.

Still on Kelly. Back in Sydney, he was matched with Young Campbell, a "southpaw" packing a fair wallop. The "Deacon" can put it down in his record book that he twice K.O.'ed Campbell. It happened this way. After the bell had just stopped ringing to mark the end of the fifth round, Campbell let a punch go. Resenting it, Kelly let him have it back and the short Donnybrook that followed saw Campbell knocked cold. The referee, seemingly having failed to hear the bell in the first place, thought everything in order and declared Kelly the winner, at the same time leaving the ring. With the crowd hostile and Campbell's trainer of the opinion that his protege had been "done wrong," the referee amazed by climbing back into the ring and ordering the contest to continue. It was O.K. with Kelly, as within fifteen seconds he again had the local on the canvas for keeps.

The next big meeting that the "Deacon" will be called to be present at is when Ron Richards will occupy the opposite corner. Leichhardt will stage the match and it is certain that the figures made by the Palmer-Kelly event will be equalled.

Jimmy Purcell is still on the up and up. Following his K.O. win over Harry Devine in five rounds, he accounted for the colored youngster, Tommy Jones, at headquarters, but he had a narrow escape in the fourteenth when a right crashed home on his chin which put him with his nose deep into the canvas. He scrambled up at eight, was knocked down a second time, but climbed back to finish the round by outslugging his opponent and to get the decision at the end of the next.

Wrestling is booming just as big as ever at Leichhardt. Hardy Kruskamp and Johnnie Woods are newcomers campaigning at the moment. Each grappler sampled packed "houses" opposed to Tom Lurich. The matches were not without incident. Lurich, following his first set-to with Woods, had to spend the night in the hospital with slight concussion, whilst Kruskamp missed out with one of his drop-kicks against Lurich and the smelling salts were required long after the customers had gone home.

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PHILIPPINE TYPHOONS!

By CONRADO MATA

OLD Jupe Pluvius took a very prominent part in the postponements of the various important matches scheduled last August, the water rose in many sections of Manila so that almost all the business concerns were paralyzed, particularly the fight game. However, the weather cleared during the latter part of the month to give the promoters a chance to pull off their programs, and they were not disappointed as capacity crowds saw their offerings proving once and for all that boxing is staging a good come-back in these diggings.

Japan, who has made great strides in the realm of fistiana for the past two years, challenged the right of the Philippines to bestow Oriental championships, by sending two of her best bets here in the persons of Soichi Otsu, bantamweight champion, and Saden Fujita, publicized as a leading contender for featherweight honors in his country.

Both Otsu and Fujita saw action in the same card against Speed Cabanela, flyweight king of the Orient; and Cris Pineda, number three featherweight contender of the Philippines; respectively. Otsu earned a draw, while Fujita was badly outclassed by Pineda, who it must be remembered once thrashed Midget Wolgast, when the stunt was still a novelty.

Star Frisco drew with Joe Eagle in a ten in Cagayan de Misamis before a good crowd. The fight was a dull one, it was learned from a report received by the writer.

Otsu right after the battle clamored for a return engagement which Cabanela consented to give without much ado. Again, Cabanela was hard pressed, though he had the Japanese on deck in the first round, and barely managed to eke a decision after fifteen rounds of hectic milling. Otsu took the verdict to heart and wept bitterly in his corner.

Fujita fought on the same card and received a bruising from Joe Grande, the Cavite Bearcat, for twelve heats. Promoter Jess Cortes staged the shows.

Little Pancho was saved from a defeat in his bout with B. De Guzman, featherweight champion, through the good graces of incompetent, but honest judges picked from the audience by Promoter Francisco Limgenco. The judges saw the bout as a draw. Previously, Pancho smacked a convincing victory over Joe Eagle to annex the junior-featherweight title, a championship of little popularity in the Islands.

Lee Shin Fond, rugged Chinese scrapper from Singapore and points East, lost his second engagement here, this time to Young Santos, former flyweight titlist, in a ten-round spot. It was a bitter fight, though.

The Zorilla Theatre, which is being rebuilt to house the Manila Boxing Club, may be inaugurated by the end of this year. Work on the project is going at a slow pace, however, and this is taken by local fans as an indication that the Club is beginning to realize that without other attractions, it cannot expect to run successfully. And to help the situation, Captain C. Onrubia and Promoter Limgenco are negotiating for the services of Piston Horiguchi, Japan's featherweight idol; Ceferino Garcia, Filipino welterweight champion of California; Pablo Dano, Speedy Dado, Tommy Paul, and Darkie Blandon, of Australia.

Jose Villanueva, former bantamweight champion, and Cunning Nene, resumed hostilities after a lapse of two years. Villanueva won an unpopular decision over Nene, with the judges being panned by the press and fans alike.

Little Dado, Ralph Cuyugan's starlet, is aching to test his mettle with Little Pancho in the near future. Dado is one of the cleverest youngsters ever developed here and much is hoped for this lad.

Dommy Ganzon, of Bataan, outboxed and outjabbed Clever Siso, idol of Paniqui, Tarlac, in a main spot held in the latter's home lot.

Little Tommy, the latest find to bob up in the southern provinces, showed the experts that he is a coming threat for featherweight honors by drubbing Joe Grande, at San Pablo, Laguna. Recently, Tommy kayoed Noli Eagle in the second of an eight-round scrap.

Jess Cortes is finding considerable difficulties in the management of his latest club. Lack of talents and financial backing has cramped Jess' style to a minimum, but the debonair promoter continues to strut around town with chin up.

Macario "Bayan" Rivera, ex-president of the Managers' and Boxers' Association of the Philippines, turned his attention to the promotion of billiard tournaments, with the backing of Puyat and Sons, and rang the bell in as many starts. Bayan is being boomed for his former post, if rumors are to be taken at their par value.

ALONG THE FITE FRONT:—Naning Sangle told the writer that he is "down but not out." . . . . Pete Hernandez, sports editor of the *Tribune*, is all smiles these days . . . . Bebeng Gutierrez sticks with Jess Cortes through thick and thin . . . . Doc Pablo Anido thinks Joe Louis' victories over Primo Carnera and King Levinsky were nothing to rave about. What a man this Pablo! . . . . Good bantams and featherweights are in demand here . . . . Doc Anacleto Benavidez former sports editor of the *Tribune*, now head of the provincial department of the same paper, wrote some publicity articles for Babe Ruth's big league team that toured the Orient a couple of months ago . . . . Ralph Cuyugan intends to take Little Dado to Mexico City . . . . Speed Cabanela has definitely stated that he is all through with Paquito Limgenco, his former mentor . . . .

Fighters desiring to come to Manila should get in touch with the writer, whose address is 39 Lozada, San Juan, Rizel, Philippines. Please send stamped self-addressed envelopes, pictures and clippings to facilitate things. Clippings and pictures will be returned if not used.

IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA

By GENE VINASSA

"HE was the toughest man I have ever fought in the ring."

The speaker was none other than Barney Ross, world's welterweight champion.

He was telling Pat Frayne, able sports editor of the San Francisco *Call*, about the close call he had received with Ceferino Garcia, dynamite socking Filipino welterweight, in their battle at Dreamland arena, San Francisco, on the night of Friday, Sept. 13, past.

Listen to the words of Mr. Frayne, young brother of the very efficient Eddie Frayne of the New York *American*.

"There was some doubt among the ringsiders over the time of the first round, many believing that it was shortened. The fans booed the decision in favor of Ross given by Referee Joe Gorman.

"Garcia turned the auditorium into a bedlam when in the last minute of the first round he chopped a right hand punch to Ross' forehead. Ross' knees buckled, and he nearly went down. He wobbled against the ropes as Garcia pressed on top of him, hooked a vicious left and sent the champion to the floor on his side.

"The completely dazed Ross was so far out that he got up immediately and Garcia rushed in with a blasting right to the chin and Ross fell over backwards again, his eyes glassy. He wobbled up as the timekeeper started the toll but as Garcia measured him for a finishing punch the bell rang and the round was over—fortunately for Ross! Never was a fighter so completely out and yet able to regain his feet. It was the first time in Ross' career that the Jewish fighter had been on the floor."

As this column was sent in for the Dec. issue of The RING, Garcia's manager, George Parnassas, was negotiating with Chicago promoters regarding a return bout between Ross and the stiff-punching welterweight from across the Pacific.

Nick Scalba, rugged, little Italian 120-pounder from Chicago, spotted Varias Milling of Manila eight pounds in their ten round battle at Hollywood Stadium and fought him to a hard draw.

The movie city fans like Scalba's style of scrapping and the Windy City Boy is due for some steady top spots at the cinema arena during the Winter months.

Tommy Farmer, originally, out of Boston, who represents most of the Hub city fistic managers on the Coast, recently opened a classy billiard room and boxing headquarters at 916 W. Second street, near Fig, in Los Angeles. Farmer has a great collection of boxing pictures, and just about the best I've seen since I dropped into M. Murray's pool room at Dover and Washington streets in the bean town some years ago.

Tommy Ryan, former welterweight and middleweight king; Midget Wolgast, leading flyweight contender; Bud Taylor, former great bantamweight scrapper; Johnny Indrisano, cagey welterweight of some years ago, and dozens of other well known boxers and members of the boxing fraternity gather nightly at Farmer's rendezvous. Any night one may meet three or four former champions of the padded mittens of years ago in the ex-Bostonian's spot.

As this column has been predicting for the past two years, little Frankie Castillo, Los Angeles Mexican bantamweight, has finally fought his way to the main event class on the Coast. The Latin battler, who has been carefully schooled by the veteran manager-trainer, Al Lang, registered an impressive victory over Speedy Dado, first flight bantam, at Joe Waterman's Olympic in a sensational ten round main event. Few of the Los Angeles boxing writers gave Castillo a chance to hurdle the elusive Manila flash, but Matchmaker Joe Waterman predicted when he signed the match that the Mexican youngster would turn back Dado. Two weeks later, Castillo again fought Dado in another torrid ten round contest at Hollywood, and was entitled to the decision, but Referee Jack Kennedy called the bitterly waged affair event-stephen. Al Jolson, of stage, radio and flicker fame, was reported to have given Lang $2500 for half interest in Castillo. The famous mammy singer and Lang struck up an acquaintance many years ago in Baltimore and the pair have been warm friends since.

Wilyum (Bill) Miller, press agent of Olympic Auditorium in Los Angeles, and the writer's choice as the best fistic P.A. in the country, is managing a rugged, young heavyweight named "Butch" Rogers who looks like he is going places. Miller's protege flattened "Pickle" Heinz in three rounds, Tom Patrick in two heats, "Farmer" Lockabey in one frame and Sailor Wirts in two sessions. "After a couple of more knockouts, I'm going to challenge Joe Louis for my pug," smiles the energetic purveyor of fistic copy.

Boxing is picking up in Reno, Nev., thanks to the hustling George Griffing, promoter at Chestnut Arena. Stars who appear at Hollywood and the Olympic in Los Angeles appear at the Nevada fight club regularly and some big battles are planned for Reno during the Winter season. Recent results there: Maxie Rosenbloom defeated "Millionaire" Murphy, ten rounds; Leroy Brown and Battling Dozier, drew, six rounds; Jim Thompson kayoed "Millionaire" Murphy, three rounds; Henry Armstrong won by a technical K.O. over Alton Black in the eighth round for the Western Featherweight title belt; Billy Azevedo drew with Lloyd Smith, six rounds; Billy Azevedo defeated Tony Curro, ten rounds; Max Bogeus defeated Joe Aguilar, six rounds.

"Baby Face" Mathewson will soon invade Toronto and Montreal rings, "Roxie" Eisen, the Canadian bantamweight's manager, reports. The Scotch 118-pounder from Toronto has piled up a string of victories the past year in California, flattening Freddie Encinas, Frankie Burke and Ralph Mano, tough bantams, in bouts at the Olympic in Los Angeles. He also won decisions from Joey Dodge and General Padilla over the ten round route.

Dots and Dashes: Al Lang has re-opened the Ringside gymnasium, 12th and Hill Streets, Los Angeles, and all of the outstanding scrappers on the Coast have checked in there . . . Maxie Rosenbloom, Barney Ross, Freddie Miller, Baby Casanova, Hank Hankinson, Gorilla Jones, Freddie Steele and a flock of other top notch mittsters have trained at Lang's swat palace . . . . Hymie Caplain writes from New York that he is returning to California some time during December with his new bantamweight ruler, Lou Salica . . . . the Brooklyn Italian proved a hot attraction out here when he defeated Midget Wolgast, Pablo Dano, Young Tommy and Joe Tei Ken . . . . Caplan's standing is ace-high wherever he goes . . . . the curly-haired boy manager from Gotham has a host of friends on the Coast, especially in Hollywood and Los Angeles . . . . Charley Martin has taken over the management of Leo Rodak, C.Y.O. lightweight star from Chicago . . . . Mark Kelly resigned as sports editor of the Los Angeles *Examiner* and was succeeded by John Connolly, baseball writer for the past several years . . . . the red-haired Irishman, who is one of the best sports critics in the country, has hooked up with Fox-Twentieth Century Pictures, Inc., as a writer and will receive in the neighborhood of $1500 weekly, according to Hollywood reports . . . . another change was made when Gene Coughlin replaced Neil McDonald as sports editor of the Los Angeles *Post-Record*, the latter going to the Los Angeles *Herald-Express* to join the sports staff, which is headed by the clever Sid Ziff . . . . Eddie Mead and his jaw-breaking middleweight, Paul Pirrone, will head for California the early part of January . . . . Pirrone and Freddie Steele would draw $25,000 in Seattle . . . . Pancho Leyvas of Yuma, Ariz., has joined the George Parnassas stable . . . . the Mexican bantamweight trounced Young Tommy and Speedy Dado and has a large following among the Mexican fans of Southern California.

Art Jawitz, New York sportsman, who has been in Los Angeles for some time, was one of the big winners when Joe Louis flattened Merry Maxie Baer in four rounds . . . . the Gothamite wagered $500 against $2500 that Baer would not answer the bell for the sixth heat . . . . Gorilla Jones also "cleaned up" on the Brown Bomber, grabbing a nice chunk of money betting Louis would K.O. the former heavyweight champion . . . . Al Manfredo of Fresno fought Joe Bernal on even terms for ten rounds in San Francisco, but Referee Toby Irwin gave the nod to Bernal . . . . Johnny Rogers of San Francisco says Joe Louis will retire undefeated as a "pro" . . . . he adds that Sam Langford was the best fighter he has seen in 35 years . . . . "Doc" Miller of San Francisco is getting together a stable of scrappers after being out of the boxing game for several years . . . . Promoter Leo Leavitt of Oakland made a profit of approximately $1,000 when he staged the Small Montana-Midget Wolgast flyweight championship battle . . . . the Northern California impressario was a crack track man during his high school days in Minneapolis . . . . Sid Marks picked Max Baer to defeat Joe Louis and did he sizzle when the Livermore playboy took the ten count on one knee!

Dick Ruble of Austin, Texas, who has won 22 fights in a row as a welterweight, will be seen in action in California rings during the coming Winter, according to Al Lang, who will handle him on the Coast . . . . Jack Kearns is grooming a new heavyweight from Fort Morgan, Colo., who answers to the name of "Hank" Bath . . . . the writer asked Kearns what he thought of Joe Louis. "Unquestionable a GREAT fighter," he replied. "A hitter comparable to Jack Dempsey, but he beat nothing when he knocked out Baer. Baer was pathetic and should have gone out like a man—unconscious on his back." . . . . "Whitey" Bimstein told me three months ago in New York that Louis would stiffen Baer when they met . . . . and that was before the Negro stopped Carnera, too . . . . Yambo Andrades, Porto Rico featherweight, would prove a good attraction on the Coast with small battlers keeping busy in main events in all of the larger clubs in California.

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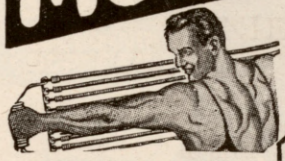

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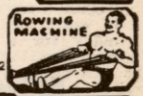

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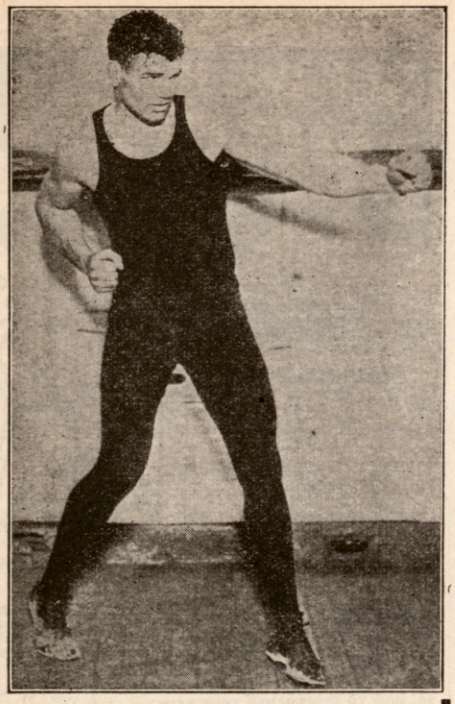

Jack Dempsey

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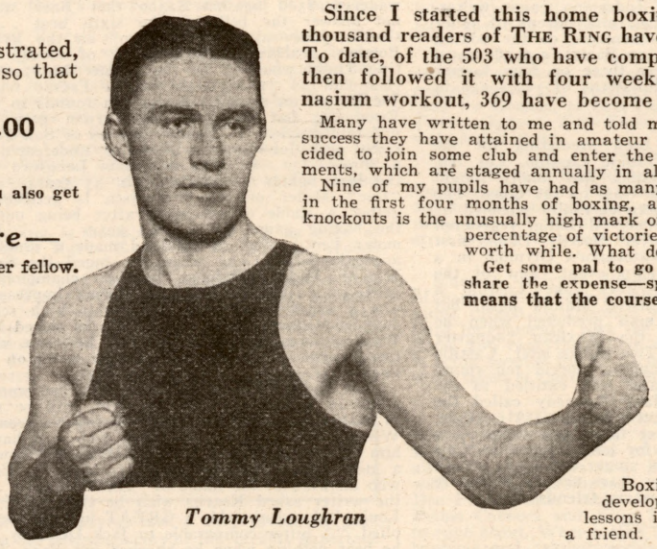

Tommy Loughran

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HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN

BY MICKEY McINTIRE

WITH things picking up materially in the entire state, fighters are once again flocking to Michigan. Several good fighters are now making their headquarters here, notably Frankie Wolfram. Wolfram has boxed all over the United States and Canada, and is one of the roughest, toughest featherweights in the business.

In the outstanding show of the month, the Detroit Olympia came back again, featuring Lorenzo Pack, three time Free Press Golden Glove champion now boxing professionally. Pack chalked up his eighth straight knockout victory at the expense of Dutch Wiemer, the aggressive Arizonian. Wiemer was floored several times before his seconds tossed in the towel. Pack looks very good, and he has compiled a good record with names like Al Boross and Art Sykes among his list of victims.

In another ten round go, one of which was figured by many as a better card than the main go, Holman Williams, clever Detroit negro, who holds the colored lightweight championship, defeated Chuck Woods, another well known campaigner. Chuck had beaten Williams twice.

Sammy Chivas, another local favorite, got up off the floor to drop Jackie Sherman, a homester who has been boxing around Chicago, five times, and scored a technical knockout, all in the first round. Jackie is a very nice fighter, but Chivas is headed for big things.

Dusky Dave Clark, stablemate of Pack, who is undefeated since turning pro, whipped Bill Bommer in an exciting go. Clark beat Bommer in the amateurs and came along to give Bill his first setback in seven pro fights.

Lefty Gwynne, Michigan's leading bid for the bantamweight crown, defeated Georgie Annarino of Cleveland in another tough six rounder. Gwynne is a two fisted, aggressive customer, and nobody has beaten him around Detroit.

Grand Rapids is back on the pugilistic map. Its last show was that featuring Wesley Ramey and Chuck Woods. Ramey outscored Woods in seven of the ten rounds,

All of the pugilistic luminaries were training at the West Side A. C., the past month, working out for the many shows in Detroit and vicinity. Julius Gonzales who takes care of a fine stable of boys is the proprieter of the gym. He acts as trainer for Lefty Gwynne, Billy Burke, Joe Nadeau, Joe Stalness, Coca Cola Kid, Stevie Takas, Billy Heid, Frankie and Mickey Misko, and Jimmy Adamick. All these boys train at the West Side A. C., as well as the majority of the other professionals in town.

Frankie Misko topped the first fight card in Bay City in three years and stopped Jimmy Ford from Jackson in the fourth round.

Pete Petrowskey shaded Jimmy Cholak, Jimmy Adamick stopped Casey Jones, and George Buckles beat the Coca Cola Kid, but the Kid stole the show with his closing rally.

Lefty Gwynne handed out a terrific pasting to Luis Carpenter of Cincinnati in an eight round main go at Hazel Park.

Steve Takas drew with Vince McCoy in a gory six round semi-final. It looked like Takas had a slight edge, although a draw was good enough.

Bob Brace continues to hold out at Dearborn with weekly shows, running on Monday nights. His outstanding card of the month featured Bill Bommer, the former amateur ace. Bommer knocked out Buck Travis in the first round with a barrage of body punches.

In another one of Brace's Dearborn shows, Lee Parrish outpointed Rollin Lovelace, and the following week Parrish was stopped by George Sutka. Now he has a natural coming off in Sutka vs. Bommer.

Frank Erne is running at Arena Gardens as well as Hazel Park. Stan Evans, colored heavy, made his pro debut in one of his features, stopping Jack Alman of Columbus in one round.

Speedy Johnson, who has come to be almost invincible at Hazel Park, was beaten by Jack Hoster of Columbus. The Ohio veteran dropped Speedy twice but look for Speedy to take him next time.

Bob Glazier stopped his opponent in a semi-final at Dearborn. Bob's main claim to fame is a draw. He boxed with Red Wood some months ago. Red Wood turned in a lot of good fights in the East and it is reported that he is going back there soon. Glazier is a stablemate of George Craft who is a pretty good fighter, but lost to Matty Bagnato.

Art Butterfield put on his first show of the indoor season in Flint, featuring Orville Drouillard of Windsor against Frankie Wolfram. Wolfram beat Drouillard decisively but Orville made it a fight all the way. Wolfram is a vicious puncher. He and Roger Bernard would be a natural for Flint.

Lefty Gwynne scored over Cowboy Billy Burke in the semi-final. Burke gave him a good scrap, but Gwynne is a very tough boy.

Frankie Wolfram lost to Hymie Wiseman on a foul, out in Des Moines. As this goes to press he is boxing Baby Manuel in Sioux City.

Gene Stanley and Frank Kapanowski, both Detroit Middleweights, topped a show at Marigold Gardens in Chicago, and Stanley came out on top, after a very hard battle. Stanley had just previously stopped Kid Leonard. Kapanowski gave Stanley a trimming up to the seventh round, but tired and allowed Stanley to take the play away in the last three.

Al Nettlow, three time Golden Glove winner is boxing around Chicago, and winning all of his fights. He stopped a boy on the semi-final to Stanley and Kapanowski.

Frank Kapanowski outscored Babe Denning, a flashy colored scrapper in ten rounds at Youngstown, Ohio.

Well—Well—Well—Ted Gould, former amateur boxer, and for several years boxing coach at the Boys Club, one of Detroit's leading amateur gyms, has become a member of the Detroit Police force. Now the boys want to watch out.

Jackie Young, colored welter, boxed in New Orleans last month. Things are pretty good for colored boys there, and Jackie expects to go back.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES

By ARCHIE PIROLLO

JACK BLACKBURN, trainer of Joe Louis, a former Philadelphian and now a resident of Chicago, is being headlined by local sport scribes for his accomplishment with Joe Louis. Blackburn was born in Versailles, Ky., in 1893, came to this city when a youngster. He participated in about 100 battles and dropped only one decision, an unpopular one in a 15 rounder with the world champion, Joe Gans, although he boxed Gans to a draw twice. Although weighing 133 to 136 pounds, Blackburn boxed the best in the light-heavy and heavy ranks, when he boxed Sam Langford a fifteen round draw, the latter weighed 170 pounds.

He would always pack the Old National Club. The writer had a talk with numerous old timers as well as old fight fans and they unanimously agree that he was the greatest fighter to come out of Philly. No doubt, Jack's smart teaching has placed Joe Louis where he is today. He started as a trainer of boxers for Max Hoff, local fight manager, being employed by him for a number of years before making Chicago his home.

RESULTS—Johnny Craven, the Conshohocken lightweight, has some improvement in his two fights with Bass and his last fight with Tony Morgano . . . . Joe Smallwood scored a technical knockout over Mickey Buttone . . . . Frankie Blair, outpointed Cary Wright, drew with Yg. Gene Buffalo and defeated Phil Furr . . . . Yg. Gene Buffalo, colored lightweight, outpointed Myer Rowan, won over Johnny Lucas and drew with Frankie Blair . . . . Joey Allen defeated Norman Rahn . . . . Tony Falco was stopped for the first time in his career by Jack Pourtney due to a cut eye . . . . Jack Kelly, piloted by Frankie Thomas, scored two wins over Yg. Kid Chocolate . . . . Calvin Reed, colored lightweight star fought two draws with Teddy Borman, and stopped Tony Manos . . . . Lew Massey had wins over Freddie Cochrane and Georgie Levy . . . . Johnny Graycar knocked out Pete Updegrove . . . . Eddie Cool, drew with Johnny Jadick, lost to Joey Ferrando and won over Tony Morgano . . . . Leo Duncan lost to Tony Shucco . . . . Jackie Willis surprised by his win over Charley Burns . . . . Sol Burdo was knocked out by Jack Schlichter.

Tony Strazzeri defeated Bobby Dean, Phil Baker and Norman Rahn . . . . Johnny Jadick drew with Eddie Cool, Georgie Gibbs and lost to Willie Pal . . . . Frankie Caris, middleweight, defeated Cornel Phillips, Johnny Lucas defeated Vincent Reed, Johnny Santo and lost to Yg. Gene Buffalo.

Lew McFarland, Camden promoter, has leased the Convention Hall for weekly indoor shows . . . . Joe Wenke is matchmaker at the Northside A. C., in Atlantic City running weekly shows.

Willie Clark, former amateur champ boxer is manager of the Broadwood gymnasium. Willie in his spare time trains Jimmy Smith the local middleweight.

There are three boxing clubs in this city for the winter months, Jimmy Toppi at the Olympia, Johnny Burns at the Cambria and Taylor and Gunnis at the Arena. Toppi and Burns run weekly shows, the Arena a larger club book star shows whenever one can be gotten together.

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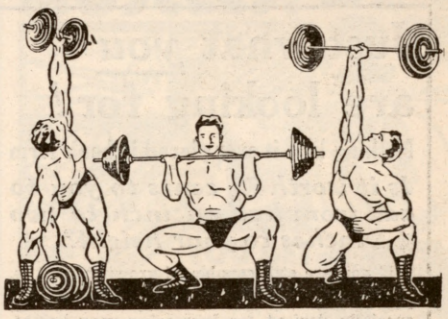

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ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOXING NOTES

By SAM PORCELLI

THE Rochester Boxing Association will run the boxing this season. The Club will be backed by Abe and Jack Raffelson, Robert Humphrey, the big paint man and his son Robert, Jr., James Collins Jr., son of Police Inspector Jim Collins. These boys are all big business men with plenty of money to back the club.

Jules Bauman matchmaker and lone wrestling promoter in Rochester, started the season here on October 10.

Al Traino, Rochester's Toy bulldog and great little lightweight, stopped in town for a few days. Al just returned from New York where he defeated Jimmy Quien at the Fort Hamilton Club and stole the show. Traino is a good showman and should go big in Smoky city.

Sam Leta, Rochester's Amateur middleweight, is packing them in Auburn. On the last show, Sam gave Clyde Nelson of Utica a good licking in five rounds. Sam had Nelson on the floor twice.

Irish Jim Flood, Rochester's middleweight champ and Jake Hagerman, light-heavyweight champ, are training daily for their coming bouts in Rochester, Auburn, Syracuse, Endicott, Johnson City and Buffalo, New York.

Now that the Rochester Club will run boxing weekly, amateur and pro boxers are flooding the local gyms.

The following pros are training daily: Mickey Regan, Eddie Foster, Bill Fogarty, Chuck Simpson, Vincent Giambrone, Al Traino, Joe Jordon, Jim Dorvans and Tiger LeRoy Smith, a great middleweight.

Abe Raff, Rochester's good little referee, is training daily to get himself in shape, to referee the weekly amateur bouts. Raff referees all the fights weekly.

After a few years of no pro boxing in the city of Jamestown, New York, Tommy Moore, well known fight promoter, will open a pro club and will run weekly. Tommy knows his fighters and should do well. Tommy is a square shooter and a good fellow to do business with.

Mickey Cook, matchmaker for the amateurs in Johnson City, is doing a great job and giving the fans some good matches.

Tom Currey is packing them in at his semi-weekly amateur shows at Endicott, New York.

The writer will have charge of all the boxers and will help make the matches, and would like to hear from good out of town teams in the amateurs.

The following pro Clubs are running weekly. Buffalo, Utica, Syracuse, Binghamton and Jamestown, New York.

The "Ring" is on sale on the 15th of each month at Rickles and Levine newsstand, where you meet all the sporting men.

The writer will answer all mail so kindly send stamped envelope to 238 Lyndhurst Street, Rochester, New York.

IN SYRACUSE RINGS

By BILLY SHAW

EDDIE (Babe) Risko once more startled the fistic world when he defeated Teddy Yarosz at Forbes Field, Pittsburgh, winning the middleweight championship. Risko floored Yarosz three times in the 15-round bout, and took the unanimous decision of both judges and referee.

Just to prove he is going to be a fighting champion, Risko took on Jackie Aldare of New York and trounced the Gotham boxer in a ten-round bout at the Arena here, a few weeks after winning the crown. Aldare put up a plucky battle, and forced Risko at top speed throughout, but Babe was master of the situation at all times. Risko floored Jackie in the ninth.

The Risko-Aldare card was the first pro boxing show staged here in several months, and despite an increase in the prices of admission, drew a crowd of 3,000 fans. Frankie Wojack, Utica heavyweight outslugged Young Hippo of Scranton to win the six-round semi-final. Other results: Joey Brown outpointed Nick Montana, Jersey City (6); Jackie Flowers, Clinton Negro sensation knocked out Romeo Ducharme, Montreal (5); Johnny Hoffman, Syracuse and Eddie Dempsey, Syracuse, drew (6).

Eugene (Bad Boy Emanuel) has been reinstated by the boxing fathers after an indefinite suspension. Eugene was laid off for biting and kicking Joe Sweeney in the Arena ring a few months ago, and would still be out of the game if it wasn't for Father Francis P. Joyce who went to the front for him. Father Joyce was an army chaplain during the world war and a personal friend of General Phelan. A wire from the priest to Phelan got quick results. Emanuel is okay again—but must fight clean.

Just to prove he could fight clean and win, the Bad Boy journeyed to Bennington, Vt., and shellacked Charles Ladou of Vermont the day after he was re-instated.

Amateur boxing shows are being staged every Monday night at the Arena, and drawing splendid crowds. Irving Robbins is director-of-bouts, and good amateurs can get in touch with him by writing him care of the Seymour Hotel, Syracuse, N. Y.

Down in Binghamton, Johnny McIntyre got his Kalurah Temple club off to a good start with Charlie Weisse, New York middleweight winning from Larry (Kid) Wagner, Philadelphia in the fifth-round of a scheduled eight by a clean cut knockout. Joe Nealon of Scranton and Frankie Oben, New York drew down the wrath of Referee Joe Sheppe for clinching, and were tossed from the ring in the fifth, their purses held up.

Other Bingo results: Billy Munico, Auburn defeated Jose Rodriguez, New York (6); Kid Terrell, Binghamton kayoed Tom Corbett, New York (3); Petey Brellish, Scranton beat Ernesto Torres, New York (4).

Three Star Jack Hennessey, former ace Philadelphia fight manager, is now living in Scranton and has a fine stable of boxers headed by Irish Eddie Brink. This Brink youngster is quite a scrapper, and recently returned from a world's tour.

Brink has boxed such boys as: Laurie Stevens, lightweight champion of Africa, Severio Turrillo, champ of Italy, Wesley Ramey, Ray Napolitano, Joey Greb, Al Roth, Jimmy Leto, Wildcat O'Connor, Charlie Bedami, Sammy Chernoff and Ernie Ratner, among others.

Al Conway, who handled Al Traino, Frankie Hayes and other Philly favorites in this section for Hennessey is now living in Washington, D. C., and working for the Bureau of Printing and Engraving.

Joe Banovic, Binghamton light-heavy who had a narrow escape from death when he suffered an attack of blood poisoning, following a cigarette burn on his arm, is out of the hospital.

Athletic Enterprises, a new boxing organization has applied to the State Athletic Commission for a boxing club license here. Nick Julian is president of the new club which was incorporated for $10,000.

Jackie Brady's gym is jammed daily with railbirds who like to watch Babe Risko workout. The Babe is primarily a slugger and when he drills there is plenty of action. Babe Amos and Freddie Sallus are working with the champ.

Jack McCann has plenty of offers for his good colored middleweight, Eddie Saxon, these days.

Syracuse has a quartet of amateur boxers who show promise of going places in the ring game. They are: Chuck Osinski, light-heavyweight; Hans Voitt, feather; Frankie Lodisco, feather, and Irish Jimmy Brown, a middleweight.

SHORT SHOTS—Bushy Graham added another to his comeback win column when he whipped Johnny Alba at Utica . . . . Stuart Smyth, publisher of the Owego *Times*, carries weekly stories on boxing by the writer, and is a red-hot fight fan . . . . Bob Moody trained with Joe Louis at Pompton Lakes for the Baer fight . . . . After the workouts were over, Louis gave Moody a check for $100 besides his regular $20 a day wage . . . . Lots of money was lost in this section on Max Baer . . . . Bob Kenefick, sports editor of the Syracuse *Journal* is one of the boys who think Maxie was game to the core but couldn't get off his knees if he wanted to . . . . Joe Netro is matchmaker for Marc Buckland's Arena pro club . . . . Buckland operates the Eckel Grill with Frank Lampe . . . . Stanley Calahan, Utica boxing manager has one of the best looking colored middleweights in the business . . . . He is Jackie Flowers, and he has won his last eight fights by the knockout route . . . . Flowers stopped Al Salbano and Romeo Ducharme in his last two starts. . . . . Ray Kahl is staging weekly amateur boxing shows at Auburn and drawing good crowds . . . . Ray has developed several good boys . . . . Kid Polo, erstwhile shoe shiner and boxer has returned to the ring again . . . . The Kid has a "punch drunk" act that goes over big and gets him business.

British readers of THE RING should get Nat Fleischer's Universal Boxing Course—9 booklets. Address Nat Fleischer, 825 8th Avenue, New York City.

MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
By PATSY DONOVAN

EIGHTEEN thousand Washingtonians turned out to see California Joe Rivers and Pete Sarron battle at the Griffith Stadium in Washington. Sarron took a disputed duke that was greeted with plenty of booos. Like the boys' previous bouts, the match was a close one, with plenty dissension assured when the decision was given.

Rivers made weight for Pete and appeared more cautious than before but nevertheless landed all the telling punches, but Pete flurried in the last half-minute of each round to take the eye of the judges. Referee Reynolds also voted for Pete with a score of forty-six to forty-five.

Bob Godwin stole the show by handing Buck Everett a real pasting in ten rounds. Bob ended the bout in a sitting position, being counted over when the final bell sounded, but other than this untimely knockdown Godwin handed Everett a real drubbing much to the delight of the large crowd that had figured Everett an easy winner.

Sid Sylas and Phil Furr boxed even in the feature prelim. Bill Bulluck took a split duke over Ray Ingram and Joe Green won as he pleased over Leroy Dougan in sixes. The show was staged by Heinie Miller for the benefit of the Police Boys' Club, which netted better than fifteen grand after the boys were paid off.

Jackie Portney made his homecoming appearance by licking Sylvan Bass in Baltimore. The bout was halted after four rounds with Bass having a badly damaged eye. Portney won as he pleased prior thereto. What the match lacked in excitement, the boxers' managers made up for it with a free-for-all when the bout was halted. The result was that George Shephard and Heinie Balustein have been set down for thirty days by the Maryland Commission.

Norman Quarles, former collegiate lightweight champ, made short work of the highly touted Baby Miller when he flattened the Floridian in thirty-five seconds at Richmond, Va.

World's Champion Jimmy Braddock made a showing at the Griffith Stadium in Washington, boxing three rounds with Jack McCarthy. The exhibition was plenty hot, with Jimmy catching punches, much to the delight of the fans. The boys worked with small gloves and minus head guards.

California Joe Rivers gave Ray Ingram his first licking in Baltimore since coming this way a year ago. Ingram made a good fight of it for three heats, but Rivers' deadly body punches slowed the youngster down considerably. Joe Transperanti belted out Mushky Green in three heats of the semi-final.

Kirkwood Burke, promising young heavyweight of Washington, was the victim of a bad match when he went in against the seasoned Joe Lipps in a feature bout at Washington. After boxing carefully for one round, Lipps opened up and flattened Burke in less time than it takes to tell it. Billy Landis licked Eddie Burl, Joe Doty won over Perry Knowles, Gene Buffalo beat Meyer Rowan, and Kid Norfolk and Baby Chocolate boxed even in sixes.

Norman Quarles won over Joe Teems in ten rounds at Richmond, Va. Teems spotted the former amateur champion some six odd pounds and took a lacing for his generosity.

Jackie Portney scored a technical knockout over Tony Falco in nine rounds at Baltimore. Falco received a badly cut eye and Referee Charlie Short wisely stopped the bout. Portney had won every round with plenty to spare. Falco was unable to solve Jackie's southpaw style and in the meantime took a terrific beating.

Joe Lipps scored easily over Tony Cancella in eight rounds at Washington. Cancella was a top heavy favorite to lick the North Carolina boy, but ran a bad second. Joe Teems beat Eddie Reed and Frankie Blair again licked Phil Furr in eight-rounders.

Ralph Chong beat Jimmy Jones in ten heats at Baltimore. Lew Raymond bested Leroy Zinkham in the eight-round semi-final.

PICK-UPS—Baltimore is fight mad. Four successive weeks Les Sponsler has packed the Carlin Arena to its capacity of six thousand there . . . . Jackie Portney has decided to stay at home as long as the sugar is coming his way. Consequently, his return encounter with Jack Carroll in Australia has been indefinitely postponed . . . . Goldie Ahearn, Washington matchmaker, has brought in many first raters to the nation's capital this past summer and has received plenty red ink for his troubles.

The best prospect among the little fellows in this locality is Joe Transperanti, a bantamweight out of Baltimore, who is being groomed by Joe DeAngeles . . . . Paris Apice, the Rhode Island lightweight, is making his home in Baltimore. He has won his last three bouts.

HOLYOKE NEWS
By GEORGE KID ROSS

A WELTERWEIGHT championship match was staged by Homer Rainault at the Valley Arena to open the indoor season here. It was a sellout. Cocoa Kid, New Haven, Conn., retained his welterweight title by winning over the once brilliant scrapper Andy Callahan, of Boston, Mass., by a technical K.O. in the ninth round.

Sal Canata, handicapped with an eye injury, lost a decision to Joe Gelinas of Athol, in an eight round semi, studded with action.

Ray Truehart of Holyoke, Mass., stopped Richie Thurer of Springfield, Mass., in the fifth round.

Johnny Biuso, a likely prospect from West Springfield, Mass., and fighting under the Holyoke banner, won a decision over Carlo Dapondi of Springfield, Mass.

Homer Rainault has again taken over the reins of the ARENA and will arrange the main bouts of all the coming shows, in which he hopes to bring some of the best of the country's talent to Holyoke.

Frankie Britt, of Fall River, Mass., won the decision over Ralph Chong, of New Orleans, La., in the main bout of ten rounds. Wade Lumpkin, Holyoke, Mass., fought an eight-round draw with Bud Mignault of Brockton, Mass. Jerry Maloni of Springfield, Mass., stopped Teddy Barnes of Bridgeport, Conn., in the second round of a six.

Tommy Grady of Springfield, Mass., outpointed Doug Murchie of North Adams in a four rounder and Eddie Michaels of Westfield, Mass., and Emporer Jones fought a four rounder to a draw. Joey Ferrando, Jersey City Cyclone, won a decision over Eddie Cool, of Philly. Richie Thorer, Springfield, Mass., reversed last week's K. O. in K.O.ing Ray Truehart of Holyoke, Mass., in another torrid bout, the K.O. coming in the fourth round; last week Truehart won by a K.O. in the fifth. Phil Baker, of Bridgeport, Conn., lost a decision to Tony Strazzeri of Philly in an eight rounder.

Ruby Bradley of Holyoke, Mass., won a decision over Jimmy Stathis of Springfield, Mass., in a four and Pete Herman of Boston, Mass., won over Tommy Grady, Springfield, Mass.

North Adams, Mass. Wether Arcelli of Boston, Mass., won a ten-round main bout over Tommy Romano of Albany, N. Y., in the last outdoor show of the Meadowbrook Arena. Frankie Smith. of Bridgeport, Conn., lost a close fight to Elmer Ciccone of Schenectady, N. Y. in the eight round semi-final. Harry Conley, of Bennington, Vt., surprised his most ardent followers by winning a decision over Tommy Grady of Springfield, in a six rounder.

Young Carnera of No. Adams, Mass., disposed of Jimmy Hall of Springfield, Mass., in the second round and Doug Murchie stopped Young Kanappe of Pittsfield, Mass., in the opening four.

Joe O'Brien, former amateur champion, some years back, has opened up a gym for the boys of Springfield, in the basement of the Salvation Army Building at Stearns Square, Springfield, Mass.

Tommy Grady, Springfield, Mass., journeyed to Albany, N. Y. and gave height, weight and reach, losing a decision to Al DeSilo, New York welterweight, in a hard fought fight.

BOXING IN JAMAICA, B. W. I.
By JACK SAUNDERS

YOUNG Chocolate, our sterling bantam and featherweight champ, battled Petey Sarron, ranking featherweight in a thrilling 10 rounds bout. Petey earned a close decision but was floored once. The unorthodox style of Petey served him in good stead, from the hard hitting of Young Chocolate.

Lefty Flynn stepped out of his class, conceding 11 pounds to Charley Perez, but Flynn got a well earned decision. He dropped Charley once during the bout.

Buzz Barton, after giving Toro del Sur a beating for six rounds, could only get a draw. The Referee's decision was most unpopular and fans viciously expressed their disapproval.

Pal Silver hit the deck in the last and sixth round but got the Referee's decision over Pancho Valdez.

Black Bond scored over Young Perez.

Breezy Boy and Kid Temple battled to a draw.

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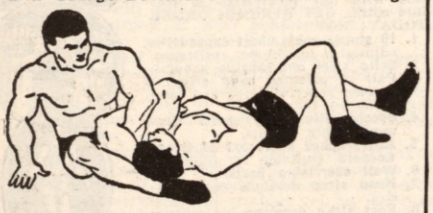

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SOUTHERN OHIO JABS

By J. JIMMIE AMANN

BOXING lost one of its greatest personnel when Parson Tommy McGinty of Cleveland passed on to his Maker. McGinty was well liked all through the fist fraternity and the game will pass through many long days before McGinty's departure will be filled. God Rest his Soul in Peace.

Al Bechtold, secretary for the Cincinnati Boxing Commission for a good number of years, recently announced his candidacy for City Council. This column is non-partisan but I urge all Cincinnati readers of this column to give Al their vote. He is a hard worker and is sure to follow his same tireless methods if he is elected to the Council seat as he did as secretary for the local Commission.

Probably the leading Cincinnati match of the month was the tenner at Music Hall in which Al Hamilton dribbled his way to the judges' verdict over Tommy Paul, Buffalo former featherweight champion.

This was Bob Bonner's protege's first start since his loss to Freddie Miller. Hamilton showed 100 per cent improvement over the Miller bout and may go places yet.

With Hamilton stepping into the elite, his "Black Menace," Tiger Walker stepped right back into the limelight by gaining a rather nifty nod over the rugged Karl Martin of St. Louis in one of the final outdoor shows at the Parkway arena.

They had Curley Denton all primed to step into the top notch of the junior lightweight division. They picked Jess Calhoun, figured to be slipping fast, but Jess fooled them all, fighting a heady battle, punching when he should punch and Calhoun took the verdict, bringing himself back in the running as a possible local foe for Al Hamilton.

Danny Davis is all het up about his 140 pound, Frankie Lockwood. Danny claims Frankie has everything which goes to make a good fighter and if anyone should know, Danny should, as he really brought out Freddie Miller, present world's featherweight champion. Danny is looking for some good boxers of all weights and you can reach him at 3119 Harvey Avenue, Cincinnati, O.

Ohio promoters list is ready for sale at 10 cents in cash while the Ohio State Boxing Ratings will be released for the second time and are now on sale at 25 cents in cash. Those rated as champions in these ratings are Johnny Risko, Henri Palmeri, Teddy Yarosz, Jackie Davis, Al George, Freddie Miller, Babe Triscaro and Joey Forchione. Managers all over the state are requested to send me the records of their entire stables, beginning from January 1, 1935 on. I am not responsible for ratings if your boys have beaten the rated champion.

Information also can be secured by writing the scribe at 2810 Sidney Avenue, Cincinnati, O.

Around Fountain Square with the Punchers and their Pilots . . . . Jack (Pop) Davis' heavyweight Dan Boone was slated to make his first appearance before the public on October 19th against Gabe Nosz of Alabama . . . . another of Davis' proteges, Junior Harter, was slated on the same card with Cyclone Thompson . . . . Jimmie Viccola of Bridgeport, Conn., wants to show his stable of fighters in this locality, headed by Phil Baker . . . . Melvin Wuest, young son of Arthur, dad and manager of Artie Wuest Jr., who went like a house afire in the amateurs a few years back, is expected to follow in the footsteps of his brother . . . . young Mel, just getting into his teens already has a good knowledge of the fist throwing game and his dad is predicting a rosy future for him . . . . Jack (Pop) Davis is expected to be the pilot of young Wuest when he steps into the ring for the first time.

UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES

By PINKIE LOU MASTERS

JOHN J. AHERN, wealthy St. Paul manufacturer and sportsman, was elected president of the National Boxing Association at its joint convention with the National Wrestling Association at Louisville, Ky., Mr. Ahern succeeds Edward C. Foster of Providence, R. I., who was appointed executive secretary.

In behalf of the boxing and wrestling fraternity of the South, many good wishes to you Mr. Ahern.

There is always a singular thing that stands out every month in this column in exploiting a youth's rise to fistic acclaim in the South. The latest to flash across the fistic horizon is Norment Quarles of Hendersonville, N. C. He is a better fighter today than he was during his college days with the Southern Conference lightweight championship gracing his "dome." He has whipped Stumpy Jacobs, Toots Bashara, Baby Miller, Steve Smith, Pete Galiano, Tommy McGovern and other good boys. With a lethal left and a roving right, both of which he uses with equal dexterity, Norm is headed for the first ten and before the year is over the world will hear of this youth's thumping mitts.

UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES—Ken Overlin, outranking middleweight of the South, is in the midst of a stirring comeback . . . . Joe Knight's defeat at the hands of Al McCoy was due to the rapid change in climate. Joe left Canada to come back to Miami to flatten Salvatore Ruggerello in 7 sessions. Joe spotted Sal. 33 pounds . . . . In the semi-final, Tiger Burns of Memphis took the duke over Rufus Miles after police stepped into the ring in the fourth to stop kicking, kneeling, biting and other rough tactics on Miles' part . . . . E. E. Schaaf of 2144 Glencoe Ave., Dayton, Ohio, wants to get in touch with talent for his shows . . . . while L. A. Cooper of Newport, Tenn., has a number of crowd pleasers that he will like to get located in Florida . . . . Ralph Chong of Texas was outpointed by Frankie Britt in the East . . . . Ken Overlin outscored Anson Green on the Babe Risko-Teddy Yarosz championship card at Pittsburgh . . . . Cecil Apple of McKinney, Texas is singing the praises of Curtiss Scott and Sid Hunter, two thumping heavyweights. Sid is the lad that recently stopped Art Shires.

Chino Alvarez, outstanding lightweight of the South, is booked for three bouts as this goes to press. Chino who holds the southern lightweight championship as well as the Mexican title, the Cuban diadem and the Missouri crown annexed the southern welterweight belt by soundly trouncing Relampago Saguero. . . . . Earl Dixon, lightweight champion of Georgia will soon leave for the East . . . . Carl Knowles outpunched Reds Barry at Sumter, S. C. . . . Harold Beall drew 1500 fans to his colored show at Atlanta, Ga. . . . Bobby Calmes, southern ranking bantamweight is seeking bouts in Florida. His address is Box 662, Winter Park, Fla. . . . Adios, Pinkie Lou Masters, 1911 Waters Avenue, Savannah, Ga.

LOUISIANA AND VICINITY

By H. J. "MATTY" MATHEWS

A COMPLETE change in professional boxing promotion ushered in the month of October, both the "white" and "colored" weekly shows being headed by newcomers. Although Negro boxing has been in the profit for quite some time now, the white boys have been idle for several months because of lack of patronage.

Baton Rouge was the only city in Louisiana staging "white" shows with two cards during the month. Bill Hogroder, Baton Rouge, decisioned Dewey Cannon, Mobile, Ala., featherweight in ten rounds, and Eddie Dreher, Baton Rouge middleweight, beat the veteran Jimmy King of New Orleans. It was King's first bout in several years.

Jumbo Rovira, New Orleans, journeyed over to Mobile, Ala., to meet his consistent rival, George Clausen, Mobile, lightweight. Their ten-round affair wound up in a draw.

Other fighters, who obtained action in this vicinity, performed in the following manner: Battling Burroughs, Pascougla, Miss., decisioned Johnnie Blalak, Mobile; Tommy Murphy trounced Sterling Silver; Kid Johnson stopped Bob Anderson of Hammond, La., and drew with George McInnis, all middleweights.

Wesley Farrell, Negro junior welterweight favorite, has been the kingpin lately scoring two victories in as many starts. Two Milwaukee, Wis., punchers fell under the local boy's fists, Billy Walker going out in a couple of rounds and Jackie Young dropping a one-sided decision in ten heats.

In his first main event, Lucius Fleet, ambitious young Negro bantamweight of New Orleans, took down a close decision over Duke Calloway of Chicago in ten stanzas.

Other Negro bouts during the month: Leonard Blunt kayoed Kid Lewis, light-heavyweights. Stonewall Jackson, Cincinnati, O., drew and won over Lee Page of Miami, Fla., all middleweights. Kid Willie, Hattiesburg, Miss., stopped Eddie Burr, welterweights. Newsboy Brown won and drew with Memphis Red; Israel Robinson downed Battling Brisco; Memphis Red defeated Battling Shaw, all lightweights. Carl Coste, a promising youngster, kayoed Al Rousseve and Willie Pool and decisioned Louis Kid Morris, all bantamweights.

OUTCROPPINGS—Marty Burke, veteran boxing promoter, says he has not quit but will not stage any shows for a while . . . . Wrestling has started again in New Orleans with the first card staged in the spacious Municipal Auditorium . . . . Spasmodic attempts are still being made to revive amateur boxing in New Orleans . . . . The colored folk of New Orleans staged a celebration demonstration up and down Rampart street the night of the Baer finish . . . . "Red" Walsh, Harold Buckley and others are looking for a hatrack since the change in boxing promotion . . . . The writer wishes to hear from fighters or managers desiring to show in New Orleans . . . . The address is 627 Ursuline, New Orleans, La., but please be sure and inclose return postage.

NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS
By BILL DAVEE

WHEN boxing was first legalized in Texas and the controls placed in the hands of the state labor commission, many of the close followers of the game were skeptical, fearing that ones appointed labor commissioners might not always be men with the good of the boxing game at heart. Those fears, however, have been alleviated this year with Com. F. E. Nichols at the helm. Mr. Nichols and his popular state inspector, John Galliano, have done a wonderful job of straightening out the game all over the state. They have proven themselves to be fair and impartial and in general very efficient. Those connected with boxing are hopeful that both will remain in their respective positions for a long, long time.

A couple of years ago there came up from the streets of Ft. Worth, another graduate from the ranks of the newsboys, a young lightweight whose sensational punching abilities astounded followers of fistiana as he cut a wide swath through the ranks of Texas lighties. In an eleven months period, he scored 20 straight victories, 12 by the dreamland route, many of them the best in this section. So great was his socking powers that he grew a little over-confident and became a bit lax in his training, resulting in a temporary slump and the loss of a few fights. Realizing his mistake, he is again training religiously and promises to yet reach that place in the hall of fistic fame. You guessed it, folks, I'm talking about "larruping" Lou Beard. 35 of his 63 opponents to date have been stiffened like a salt mackerel and half of those in the first heat. He is so adept at using either hand that critics have been unable to decide with which duke he hits the harder. Beard plans an invasion of the east shortly and should prove a distinct hit in Chicago or New York.

The bout that takes precedence over all others last month was the fifteen-round return engagement between Clyde Chastian and Dutch Weimer. Weimer was returned the winner by a technical knockout at the end of the twelfth round after a vicious right cross had practically severed Clyde's left ear. Chastian was slightly out in front at the time, but the terrific smashes of the Dutchman's were taking their toll. This was the third meeting between Clyde and Dutch, the first two being ten-round affairs with Chastian getting both dukes by narrow margins.

Another bout of importance was the defeat of Kid Azteca, Mexican welter who was ranked 4th by the RING last month, by Chief Parris. The Indian is positively the most tireless fighter the writer has ever seen in action. He simply swarmed all over Azteca for the entire distance. We don't believe there is a welter in the game today who can take Parris over the 15 round route. He steps the distance at full speed, using an attack for his defense, goes to his corner and shadow boxes between rounds, without sitting down, he finishes as fresh as he started. WHATAMAN!

Received a letter from Mrs. Evelyn Harper from Louisville, Kentucky, accompanied by clippings showing of the nice work her husband, "Bad Boy" Harper and "Wild Bill" McDowell, both of whom she manages, were doing. One of the clippings told of Harper and some opponent staging the greatest mill ever seen in that city. "Wild Bill" and his great right hand are a hit in that section also. Good luck, and hurry back to Texas, Mrs. Harper!

Art Dana, popular Houstonian, has opened a club in Harlingen and is doing real well. It promises to become one of the leading spots in the state. Dana knows the business and is strictly a square dealer. He has shown his fans such good boys as Kid Azteca, Dutch Weimer, Chief Parris and others.

Other results over the state: Dutch Weimer K.O.'ed Ed Dunaway and George Rickard; Kid Azteca stopped Tommy Collins in 7 rounds; Ray Silba K.O'ed Jaun Torres; Jesus Murillo beat George Ramirez; Santos Hugo won over Johnny Hernandez; Red Wright beat Dave Mason twice and decisioned Hal Cameron; Adolph Meave beat Bobby Corbett and stopped Harry Benson; Benson stopped Joe Rosen.

Lou Beard ran his right hand nearly through Howard Parker's solar-plexus, ending festivites in the second heat; Hal Cameron K.O.'ed Cliff Wheat; K. O. Lowery stopped Dave Mason; Sam Debes knocked out Phil Jones; Young Wallace won a decision over Joe Mazzagat; Howard Scott, state lightweight champion, beat Hal Cameron and Dave Shapiro, classy Jewish fighter; Bobby Garcia, without doubt the world's greatest club fighter, lost a decision to Chief Parris and also lost on a foul to Johnny Lindsay; Ed Dunaway was given a very unpopular duke over his old rival, George Brown. Brown appeared to have a decisive edge.

Hugh Benbow, who has revived the amateur game in Houston, got off to a good start, holding two shows during the month. Both were well received. He has around 200 Simon-pures training at his gym daily and many of them show rare promise, among them Young Bussey, San Jacinto football star and a heavyweight. Tony Arfele, Italian lightheavy and August Arreliano, welter also look good.

Amateur results: Young Bussey K.O.'ed Hal Bailry; August Arreliano beat Dick Barnes; Clifford Wells K.O.'ed Clyde Petit; Peter Martin won over Willie Garcia; Cleo Hager decisioned Marvin Gonzales; Ray Serrano beat Jimmy Dupre; Jake Schumann defeated Jeff Skyvara; Guy Bianckino won from Jess Skyvara; Johnny Fruia beat Mike Zamora; Willis Landry beat Babe Tucker.

Young Bussey decisioned Nash Scalises; Tony Arfele flattened Luciano Crespo; August Arreliano beat Roy Strickland; Jack Schuman won from Wesley Chumley; Max Murphy decisioned Morgan Westover; Joe Skyvara K.O.'ed A. D. Vinson; Lupe Ramirez outpointed Cleo Hager; Joe Nicholas bested Jack Peyton.

ONTARIO, CANADA, NEWS
By G. A. M. TUTTY

BOXING has again taken to the side-lines here and the proposed big matches with outstanding talent have not been forthcoming. It is a wonder that the game is allowed to lag in Toronto where there are so many fans.

Eddie Carroll's great effort against Gordon Wallace in Ottawa, when he nearly held the champion to a draw, was a great match and Carroll we predict will beat Wallace before very long as he is the most improved fighter of that class in Canada. His manager, S. Goldberg of Ottawa, is to be congratulated upon his handling of his protege. Carroll is in good hands at present and we'll see him on top some day. Sonny Jones beat Joe Dunn of Montreal in the semi-final with some to spare. The card promoted by Goldberg, manager of Carroll, was well supported and was well-balanced throughout.

The Amateur game has been very slow here.

Jack Allen manager of Gordan Wallace welter from B. C. was in the Queen City en-route to Vancouver, and made overtures to Frankie Genovese, Toronto Italian, for a match with Wallace at the Pacific Coast city next month, but as yet same is in the air.

"Spider" Jack Armstrong and Tommy Bland have gone to England with Mike Kaplansky and Eddie Wenstrob for matches. Armstrong will certainly show to good advantage over there with the "flys." If the promoters here had been wise, they could have built this boy up as he was tops in yours truly's opinion, the best boy Toronto has had in many a day.

Charlie Hallett, one time matchmaker in Toronto, will again bloom as a promoter in this city. In the old days Charlie had them coming to his shows in numbers.

Ottawa is to be favored by some good cards under the promotion of Eddie Carroll's manager, and the Capital city folks were sure that Eddie would come down in front against Wallace for the welter title so much so that on entering the ring, he was wearing the words "Champion of Canada" on his bathrobe.

When addressing this column, do so to 126 Walmer Rd., Toronto, Canada, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope if wishing a reply. No letter answered unless this is done. Anyone wishing their picture in THE RING please send postcard size. Also your notes to the writer by the first of every month no later.

Lou Keoswetter, returning from upstate New York where he has been roughing it for the last two months, had too good a time and had to get down to hard work. He was sent to the camp, on return to New York, to condition some of the boys on the Baer-Braddock, Louis-Baer fights, this will fit him for any boy in Canada who questions his right to the Canadian heavy title.

We wish to thank the unsigned writer of the letter received from Cape Breton with reference to fight doings in the Maritime and we are sorry to hear Norm Mason is giving up promotion in New Glasgow but we know some of the heartaches he has had to put up with.

Both Bobby Orr and Bobby Allen beat Young Clements at New Waterford, C. B. Bobby Allen K.O.'ed Earl Kinsman, at Berwick. All bouts took place last month in the land of the Herring.

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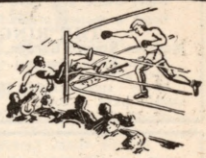

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NEWS FROM HUDSON COUNTY, N. J.
By BABE ORLANDO

TEDDY LODER, Keansburg, sturdy welter, stopped Mickey Makar's winning streak when he put the crusher on the latter for the full count in the third round of the main event at the Braddock Bowl. Loder was far too strong and experienced for young Makar, although the latter put up a game fight while it lasted. Dom Rizzo, of Bayonne, and Eddie Durino, of Montclair, fought to a slashing draw in the semi-final. Little Jack Sharkey, Jr., finished Mike Digiacamo in the first of a four-rounder; Angelo Fracasso stopped Frankie Van in the third; Joe Moresca kayoed Jackie Fields in the second, while Indian Quintana was declared the winner over Damas Sida in the first round by Referee Joe Anderson. In an emergency bout, four rounds, Dom Pasculli drew with Mickey Carbone.

Tony Galento, chunky Orange slugger, knocked out Al Boros in the tenth with a powerful left hook to the point of the chin at the Meadowbrook Field in Newark. Charley Mantz outpointed Stanley Ketchell in the semi; Paul Cortlyn decisioned Vince De Cola in five. In four rounders, Vince Funk edged out Jerry Cooper, Nunzi Bisagno beat Lou Pallarino, Attario Capella knocked out Johnny Naparano in two, while Johnny Phillips shaded Spider Moran.

Jack Stanley of West New York lost a six-round decision to Ray Miller, Chicago K. O. artist, which featured the show at the Coney Island Velodrome.

Joseph Anthony Shugrue, better known as Joe Shugrue, celebrated his 41st birthday on September 11. Joe, one of the two men to hold a knockout victory over Benny Leonard, was born in the old Horseshoe of Jersey City on September 11, 1894.

A fair-sized crowd greeted the Hudson County amateur boxing championships at the Braddock Bowl, as local youngsters were crowned in four divisions.

S. Kaljian knocked out S. Calabria in the third and final round to gain the 135-pound diadem. Kaljian, who is a protege of Allie Ridgway, looks like a comer. Chester Rogers kayoed Joe Sulkey in the second round in the 160-pound class. Ernest Bailey is the new light-heavyweight champion of Hudson County. Ernie defeated Nick Colluccio by decision.

Lew Massey gained the nod over Freddy "Red" Cochrane in the star bout of ten heats at the Meadowbrook Field in Newark. Mickey Page kayoed Ralph Acquino in the fifth of the semi; James J. Merriot knocked out Frank Marchiello in one.

After giving everything he had in one of the most courageous exhibitions Hudson County fight fandom has ever witnessed, Joe Costa, Jersey City Italian, fell a knockout victim to the blistering punching power of Lou Lombardi, his neighborhood rival, before a crowd of some six thousand fans at the Braddock Bowl. Referee Manley stopped the contest in the sixth round when it seemed that Costa was out on his feet.

Charley Trader Horn didn't get much of a chance to display his wares. The Trader met Frank Zamoris in the semi-final and was stopped in twenty-one seconds of the first round with a terrific left hook to the chin. The preliminaries saw Billy Beauholt stop Harry Greenberg (2), Mario Carbone edged out Joey De Lanzio (4), Dinty Moore won over Henry Di Carlo (4), while Joey Tagg finished Joe Micelli (2).
Joey Ferrando, using a left hook to good advantage, outpointed Eddie Cool in nine of the ten rounds at the Valley Arena in Holyoke. In the semi-final six-rounder, another local boy, Ritchie Thurer of Union City, got off the floor in the fourth round to knock out Ray Truehart of Easthampton.

Paddy Creedon lost the duke to Morrie Sherman in the feature ten-rounder in Passaic. Dom Pascalli, Allie Ridgway's crack bantam, knocked out Sammy Reade in the first of the semi-final eight.

Sollie Krieger won over Ray Miller by a technical knockout in the sixth round of their ten-round go at the Laurel Gardens in Newark. In an eight-round semi-final, Maxie Fisher scored an upset decision victory over Abe Wasserman that was a slugfest all the way.

Jay Mecadon, hard-hitting South Orange welter, scored a technical K. O. over Ralph Fulton of Trenton in one minute, ten seconds of the ninth round of their scheduled ten-round feature go at Plainfield.

Lou Lombardi, Skeeter State's best lightweight, made an auspicious debut on the Canzoneri-Roth card in the Garden, outpointing Eddie Zivic of Pittsburgh in six slashing rounds.

CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

JULES RACICOT is gradually reaping his promotorial harvest through his efforts with Al McCoy, latest light-heavy sensation, and may become Canada's leading promoter during the coming winter months. Racicot has signed a year's contract with the Forum, leasing the West End sports palace for his presentations, most of which will be headed by McCoy. Armand Vincent and Tommy Gorman, the Forum's general manager, have severed connections and Gorman states that the Forum will stage a few shows on their own during the winter between some of Racicot's offerings.

Racicot will not confine all his efforts to putting on Al McCoy shows, as getting good opposition for the classy French-Canadian sharpshooter is none too easy. Jules figures to do his share in keeping the Montreal fans fed on the bantamweight banquets they are used to and is figuring to show either or both Lou Salica and Sixto Escobar on some of his cards, which will be staged every three weeks or at least every month. The Forum is also after bantamweight bounty, though their last two offerings went onto the debit side, with a Petey Sanstol-Frankie Martin clash their first winter attraction.

The Forum's last two shows failed to draw good attendances, less than two thousand dollars being averaged, one card being featured by foreign talent and the other by practically all local products. The first one, late in September, was headlined by two mighty good and colorful fighters—Juan Zurita, Mexican featherweight, and "Poppy" DeCico, French bantam champ. They put up a whale of a struggle over the ten-round route, with the swarthy Mexican proving that his decision win over Escobar was no fluke. Zurita was too strong and tough for the game, grim little Frenchman and won in clean-cut fashion.

The supporting card produced some earnest battling, though too many new faces billed helped to keep the attendance down. Zurita's stablemate, Vincento Torres, outslugged Jerry Mazza, highly rated New York featherweight, in the eight-round semi-final staged after the main bout. Henri Pilotte, local French-Canadian 140-pounder, outbattled another tough Mexican, Paoli Villa, in another torrid "eighter." Maxie Berger scored over the ill-conditioned Joe Marciente in an all-local featherweight six rounder and Katsumi Mariaki, Japanese flyweight champ, beat Greggie Gregersen, in a bristling eight rounder.

Frankie Martin retained his Canadian bantam title in the feature of the last card staged at the Forum. Martin repulsed Harry Gerson's title bid in a twelve rounder that produced plenty of furious action.
The supporting card produced some fair battles. Joe Marsh, local 140 pounder, beat Rene Loubier, Sherbrooke, in the ten round semi-final to win the rubber of their feud. Henri Pilotte flattened Al Dunbar, New York, in six heats and Maxie Berger scored a one-round kayo over Joey Thomas, a New York boy billed from Detroit, that neither the fans nor the Commission liked. After going down from a left hook to the head Berger's victim collapsed three times without apparently being hit and stumbled all over the ring until the referee called a halt to the proceedings. Katsumi Mariaki, Jap flyweight, pasted Eddie Petrin handily in the six round opener.

Pete Sanstol, colourful Blonde Bullet from Norway, is likely to return to Montreal rings next month, probably for a match with Frankie Martin according to negotiations now pending. Sanstol returned to Norway after his defeat here by Escobar and scored a cleancut decision over ex-champ Panama Al Brown in a ten rounder at Oslo before 16,000 spectators, according to his manager, Raoul Godbout, who made the trip with him. Sanstol figures to make one more Canadian campaign before retiring.

STRAY SHOTS—Eddie Carroll, Ottawa's welter flash, has split with his manager, Julius Goldberg . . . . Carroll is a colourful Irish youngster who is rapidly becoming a prime favourite in Montreal and Toronto as well as the biggest attraction in his home town . . . . most of the ballyhoo for the Gerson-Martin clash was centered on the managerial rivalry . . . . Sam Gibbs versus Slitkin-Slotkin . . . . Gibbs had the satisfaction of seeing his fighter win but Gerson's managers had the double satisfaction of outsmarting the matchmaker and Gibbs on the financial end of it . . . . Gibbs, figuring on a gate of $3,000 or so, took 30 per cent terms while Gerson got $600 guarantee, about twice as much as Martin's end of the $1300 gate . . . . one of those rare cases of the challenger getting more than the defending champion . . . . Eddie Carroll and Sonny Jones, his dusky Vancouver rival, will headline the next Ottawa card in a return go . . . . Carroll scored over Jones in Toronto during the summer . . . . Jules Racicot hopeful of getting Abe Feldman to oppose Al McCoy here . . . . Harry Gerson is 24 years old, Myer Alper is 19, Maxie Berger two months younger . . . . fine prospects.

NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM BOSTON

By DOC ALMY

THE fight game in Boston—an up and down affair but, of late years, more often down than up—reversed itself recently when Al McCoy, known as the "Dorchester-Maine" boy, and Lou Brouillard of Worcester, outstanding candidates for a "shot" at Bob Olin's title, clashed in a ten-rounder staged in the Boston Garden under the auspices of the Goodwin A. C. It was a fighting fight, therefore most decidedly refreshing for the followers of the sport who have been pining for such for months.

From start to finish—the distance, ten rounds—McCoy was out in front and, in his taking of eight of the rounds by a big margin, and evening another, he gave the ex-world's welter and middle champion the toughest pasting he ever has received in a Boston ring, or elsewhere for that matter. Brouillard's southpaw stance, troublesome to the average performer, was as nothing to McCoy. Round after round the latter demonstrated what we always have contended—that a southpaw is a cinch for a ringster who knows how to fight him. Repeatedly in every round McCoy, working to the left, shot his left over Lou's extended right, to the head, immediately following up with a crashing, punishing right to either head or body. It was a style of attack which allowed Brouillard but one working hand—his right—while his opponent had two—and two which he used most effectively.

Brouillard was wobbling in the eighth, ninth and tenth rounds and, but for the fact of his wonderful stamina and physical strength, he surely would have been dumped into the resin. To the credit of the Worcester boy, he was game and willing—never took a backward step except when knocked back—fought desperately, though a bit blindly, all the way. Lacking in ring generalship and ability to change his style, Lou's stance and tactics played him right into the hands of McCoy, a smarter, better boxer and far harder hitter. From the first bell, barring a possible fluke, the result never was in doubt. Four times Brouillard let go low ones, for which he was warned and, in one mix at close quarters, he opened a cut in McCoy's right eyelid. Otherwise, Al came through the fire practically unscathed while, as for Lou, he was pretty well messed up.

The boys fought as light-heavyweights, Brouillard at 162½ pounds and McCoy at 170½, with Jack Sharkey and Johnny Buckley coaching the former, and Barney Fox and Bill Brennan, joint managers of McCoy, acting as his esquires. Though after the bout the Brouillard corner blamed the difference in weight for the defeat of their man, the fact had very little to do with it. McCoy was down from his fighting weight of 175 pounds, while Brouillard was in his full strength. Lou was whipped by a better man and was gallant enough to admit it, all aside from what his corner men had to say.

McCoy and Brouillard went into the ring each with a percentage of .299 out of a possible .300, according to the fistic statisticians, consequently at this writing the former is entitled to the top place in the 175-pound division, a spot denied him by the N.B.A., which at its recent convention placed Rosenbloom, Lewis and Feldman ahead of him, all of whom have been fighting for some time in the heavyweight class. We contend, the same backed by cold fact, that the N.B.A. in its selections has booted one—has practically barred McCoy, the logical contender for the title, from the chance he has sought for months. An effort is on to arrange an Olin-McCoy titular bout both here in Boston, also in Montreal, but without any signs of definite result as yet. As the readers may be aware, following McCoy's fifteen-round win over Joe Knight in Montreal on September 5, he received the commissional award of light-heavy champion of the world, Olin being defaulted. However, titles must be settled within ropes.

McCoy, now twenty-two years old, of French-Canadian parentage, started when fourteen years old as a bantam and has fought his way up through all the classes to the light-heavy division. During the present year he has won seventeen starts out of seventeen, dropping ten of his opponents into the resin. By the time this appears in type, the chances favor he will be back in his native haunts of Maine for a hunting and recreation trip, to be followed by a ring appearance in Montreal.

In giving so much space to McCoy vs. Brouillard, other bouts on the September 20 card have been neglected. However, in the semi-final, Honey Mellody, the Charlestown, Mass., lightweight, a very promising performer, stopped Lou Hardcastle of Philadelphia in four heats. Terry "Tiger" Warrington of Nova Scotia, 171 pounds, caused a sensation when, after being downed in the first round by Clayton Settino of Dorchester, the "Fighting Barber," he came back and knocked his man out in the second stanza. Prior to this affair, Settino had won fifteen straight by kayos. In one of the other frays, Dave Castilloux of Waterville, Me., McCoy's nephew, defeated Johnny Bangs, Charlestown, by a small margin in six rounds of hectic milling.

Having picked Joe Louis to stop Max Baer as far back as August 9, when the mill was announced, all of which is sustained by cold type in the Boston paper with which we are connected, it was some disappointment to miss the mill fought in New York. As a substitute for the real thing, the best we could do was to see the fight films, which latter were a bit of a disappointment as concerns the man-killing qualities and newspaper greatness attributed to the Detroiter by many of the sports writers. In looking at the movies, we failed to note wherein Louis is either a combination of Corbett, Fitzsimmons and Dempsey, as contended by several writers, or the greatest heavyweight ever, as claimed.

Louis, as we saw him on the screen, is truly a great fighter, also seemingly the best of the present crop of heavies now out in front but, as for being a Corbett, Fitz and Dempsey all in one, or the greatest heavyweight ever, nothing doing. Louis is cool, confident, doesn't waste blows or his strength—has a lot of stuff, but his punch is not so terrific. He landed plenty of square hits on Baer before Max, who in our opinion was whipped before the fight started, decided that he had enough—shots, which delivered by either Fitzsimmons or Dempsey, under similar circumstances, would have dumped Baer much earlier in the fray. In our opinion, the Corbett who whipped Sullivan and Mitchell, would make one lovely job of Louis, and the same goes for Jeffries, Tom Sharkey, Tunney, Johnson, Langford and Dempsey, with Sam McVey, Joe Jeanette and even Sandy Ferguson making him plenty of trouble. Others can be named.

Slow, tumbling in chaps, minus the will to win under their fifth ribs—merely in there to get the loser's end, will be a cinch for Joe Louis for some time, but the day he faces a determined ringster of any real ability—a chap who can move around, box and punch, the Detroiter is bound to have his hands full. It will be noted in Louis' record that several opponents—boys lighter than himself, who have stepped around and fought with some courage, have gone the route with him. As heavyweight fighters go today, Louis is a great—no question about it, but the day will come, if he sticks at it, when he will be really tested. It is our view that though Louis' youth and stamina will overcome Jimmy Braddock, the present champion will give him a fight—a far better contest than did Carnera, Levinsky or Baer, all of which, as concerns the three latter, may not be saying much.

The Irish American A. A., mentioned in another paragraph, is already planning for a series of Diamond Belt tourneys, following its Golden Glove affair and, right along with such, another international amateur tourney similar to that staged here last spring when Irish and Canadian teams competed against American defenders in Boston. Such activity is a good sign for the sport. Indications point to the re-opening for the boxers of the old Cypress Hall, Cambridge, Mass., ring, a spot where in days of yore many ringsters, who later attained prominence, got their start. In former years the building would be jammed to the doors every week while the fighting—in a small ring—was most intensive.

Dan Carroll, who has taken over the affairs of Tony Shucco, the North End light-heavy, figures that his protege has the makings to defeat Al McCoy. Shucco has been doing very well of late, winning five bouts in as many weeks in rings outside this state. However, with McCoy angling for Bob Olin, there is small chance of such a bout being staged at this time. Shucco will have to wait awhile.

Report has it that the Goodwin A. C., the lone active "pro" club in Boston, has signed up Jack Doyle of Ireland for three appearances in Hub rings, his prospective opponents being Dick Madden, Jack McCarthy and Hans Birkie.

Henry Emonds, the Taunton, Mass., welter, is back from the Pacific Coast, where he claims to have come through with six straight wins in eight weeks. He has attached himself to the Fox-Brennan stable and is seeking bouts with any of the 147 pounders.

Johnny McGann of Cambridge, veteran sportsman, boxing promoter and manager of ringsters died Oct. 4, at the Cambridge Hospital, following an illness of nearly six months. In his death fisticuffs has lost one of its greatest friends, while thousands of sport followers have lost a pal. McGann, a native of Cambridge, came to the front as a manager and promoter in connection with boxing years ago when, despite adverse legislation, the sport flourished in Boston and vicinity like the proverbial green bay tree. He was actively connected at times with various amateur boxing organizations, also such "pro" clubs as the Cambridge A.A. and University A.C., also the Douglas A.C. of Chelsea and former Armory A.A.

Among the boxers whom he personally handled were Jerry Gains, the famous "Market Champion," Young (Phil Powers) Donohue, Tommy Robson, Bob Mohr, Rudy Unholz and Billy Nixon, the latter now an inspector connected with the Cambridge Police Department. McGann was one of those oldtime sportsmen whose word was his bond—very seldom was he ever required to sign a boxing contract or similar paper. When boxing began to fade, McGann, in partnership with Alex MacLean, conducted a roller-skating rink in Cambridge for several years. Later he handled the tickets both at the Garden and Boston Arena.

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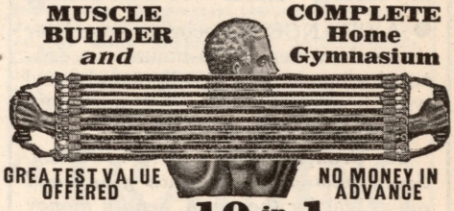

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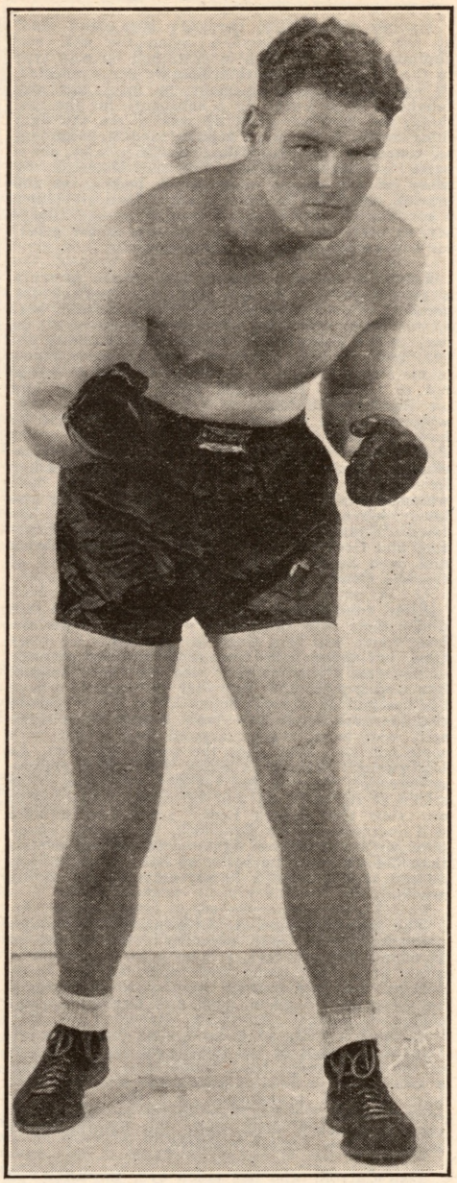

"Reds" Burman of Baltimore, a good light-heavyweight prospect who is being handled by Max Waxman, Jack Dempsey's manager in New York.

IN OKLAHOMA
By HOOKS GIBSON

THE past month was rather quiet in this and surrounding localities, although clubs that did run report the attendance very good. Many of the promoters seem to be marking time and preparing for the indoor season. All activities centered in Oklahoma City, Ponca City, Frederick and Pawhuska, with Johnny Russell at Frederick, heading the list with four shows in as many weeks. Russell, by the way, has quite a promotional record for this part of the country. In a town of slightly less than ten thousand population, he has staged 127 consecutive weekly shows.

It is reported that Babe Hunt has taken unto himself a new manager and will stay in New York for a few engagements with the top flight of heavies. Babe can really fight. If he will get down to business he may go places yet. Clyde Chastain, who a year or more ago was in the select circle of the first ten light-heavyweights, is the proud papa of an eight-pound boy. Clyde was the recipient of a tough break at Houston recently in the twelfth round of a scheduled fifteen-round bout with Dutch Weimer for the Texas title. Clyde, ahead on points, had his left ear almost torn off by a glancing right hand punch and lost on a K.O. to the Dutch boy when the club physician refused to let him answer the bell for the thirteenth.

Johnny Ford, Harry Bell's elongated heavyweight, has recently joined the ranks of the benedicts.

Junior Munsell, sensational Indian light-heavy of Oklahoma City, continues to punch his way through all opposition. An unbroken string of ten knockouts attests to his punching ability. The latest victims were Red Crisp, four rounds at Ponca City; Ross Garrett, one round at Garber, and Tex King, one round at Oklahoma City.

Harry Bell, Oklahoma City promoter, believes in giving his patrons a run for their money. Harry reports a steady increase in attendance but a scarcity of fighters and would like to hear from all heavyweights in that part of the country. Mail will reach him at 812 W. Washington St., Oklahoma City.

BILLINGS, MONT., BOXING BITS
By C. E. "DOC." MITCHELL

MISSOULA—Richie Fauntain, Missoula, outpointed Baby Palmore, Hollywood, in a ten-round main event. The fight was fast throughout.

Fromberg—Donald Klaus, Fromberg, won a T.K.O. over Angelo Magallanes, Edgar, in the second round. Both boys fell through the ropes to the floor. Magellanes wrenched his hip, and was unable to continue. Up to that point, Magellanes was forcing the fight, with both boys working hard. The real fight of the evening was between Bob Petty of Billings and Art Gary of Fromberg. These boys showed more action in four rounds than was shown in all the rest of the card. Bat Schmaltz, Bridger, and Ole Heglend, Jolette, showed nice in their preliminary.

Powell—Billy Vaughn, of Torrington, Wy., stopped Joe Dorran, of Scotts Bluff, Neb., in the eighth. Santo Ramaraz, Cody, drew with K. O. Hendrix, of Fromberg.

Hamilton—Billy Prucle, C.C.C. Derby, won over Ray Babich, Butte, in eight. Charles Trumble, Bridger, won over Joe Eastman, Lewistown, in six. Young Bergam, Butte, won over Chuck Silvers, also of Butte, in four.

Billings—Al Webster, "the Iron Man" of Billings, asked the writer for a shot at Jack Gibbons, St. Paul. If Gibbons' price isn't too high, he can have the bout here in Billings, either Webster or Dick Demeray.

Get your RING notes in early. Address all correspondence to 119 N. 28th Street, Billings, Mont.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS
By T. W. McNIEL

AT Walsenburg, Colo.—Mike Montoya, La Veta, and Joe Martinez of Monte Vista, fought a slashing ten-round draw. Montoya scored a knockdown in the second round but was unable to keep the Monte lad down. The pair are middleweights.

In the semi-final, Les Dalton, Pueblo welter, suffered a broken jaw in the seventh round of his bout with Johnny Johnson of Las Vegas, N. Mex., and lost by a technical kayo.

At Antonito, Colo.—Emilio Martinez, Colorado light-heavy and heavyweight champ, scored an easy ten-round decision over Johnny Romero, San Diego, Calif., battler. The Californian went into a shell in the first session and the Denver Mexican was unable to reach a vital spot.

Joe Naranjo, Del Norte middleweight, stopped Swede Linderholm of Alamosa in the second round of the eight-round semi-final, after being practically knocked out himself in the opening heat.

At Canon City, Colo.—Wad Harris, Cripple Creek featherweight, scored an easy victory over Andy Urioste when he knocked the Pueblo battler out in the second round of a scheduled ten-rounder.

At Pueblo, Colo.—Chuck Hefner, Denver middleweight, scored a technical knockout over Joe Martinez, Monte Vista Mexican, in the fifth round of a scheduled ten-round bout. The battle was a slow affair throughout.

The semi-windup, however, was a pip, with Ernie Lara, state featherweight title-holder, retaining his crown by knocking out Wad Harris, Cripple Creek miner, in the fourth round. A terrific wallop to the belly finished off Harris after he had taken three knockdowns.

At Denver, Colo.—Everette Marshall, the blond La Junta heavyweight grappler, successfully defended his "world's championship" against Lee Wycoff, who was somebody's football star once upon a time. This thing of Marshall claiming to be the champion of the world is ridiculous. But worst of all, the Colorado Boxing Commission says he is, too. It's too funny to be even comical.

Remember, the writer will be more than glad to give any information concerning the fight game out here, but don't forget to enclose reply postage if you expect an answer. I also have a complete list of boxing promoters out here that you can have for a thin dime. Address all letters to T. W. McNiel, P.O. Box 126, Blanca, Colo. That'll be all till next month.

MINNESOTA FLASHES
By CLYDE SMITH

CHARLEY RETZLAFF St. Paul heavyweight beat Art Lasky, of Minneapolis, by a kayo, when the towel was tossed in the ring to save him from further punishment. Petit Serrorre, Des Moines negro, gained a decision over Mickey Patrick, Chicago light-heavyweight. Kid Miller won over Stan Savoldi; Jimmy Collins shaded Emmett Weller; Verne Trickel beat Lee Savoldi.

John J. Ahern, of St. Paul, was elected president of the National Boxing association. Mr. Ahern takes over a position in the ring game in 40 states, and Canada, similar to that held by Commissioner K. M. Landis, in baseball. Mr. Ahern is chairman of the Minnesota commission, and has been connected with boxing for many years.

Williston, No. Dak.—Jack Gibbons of St. Paul knocked out Kid Miller in three rounds. Miller was completely outclassed by the clever Gibbons.

Shelby, Mont.—Jack Gibbons, St. Paul middleweight, scored a four round T. K. O. over Sammy Evans, of Cutbank, Mont. Young Jack fought in the same arena where Uncle Tommy Gibbons fought Jack Dempsey, in 1923.

Devils Lake, No. Dak.—The barnstorming tour of Young Jack Gibbons ended in another kayo, when he belted out Johnny Kerns in two rounds. Ralph Baker, of Grand Forks and Sammy Aldahl, of Minot, went to a fast draw. Billy Haynes of Minneapolis knocked out Blackie Angelo in two rounds. Tiger Axtman won over Kenny Fox.

Readers—Please have your notes in my hands by the first of every month, and mail same to 746 So. Smith Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

LAST MINUTE FLASHES . . . . At this writing, your scribe is getting ready for a trip to Texas, and will take with him Adam Smith, a former National Chicago golden gloves champion, in the heavyweight class. Gene Connolly lightweight champion of the Northwest, and Billy Light, who holds a victory over Frankie Battaglia . . . . My address while in the south will be 1003 E. Magrill Street, Longview, Texas . . . . A record crowd turned out to see the A. A. U. boxing tournament at Rapid City, So. Dak. . . . At Portland, Ore., Jack Gibbons scored a decision over Al Trulmans . . . . Jock Malone is making plans to promote shows at Davenport, Ia. . . . Bill Lyons is boxing instructor at the Y. M. C. A. Lyons has developed a number of ring performers . . . . Bobby Burns a good bantam about 15 years ago is located in Minneapolis, arriving from Dallas, Texas with a good stable of boys, included in his list is Tom Beaupre, and Jim Perry, two heavyweights . . . . Burns met such men as Pal Moore, Pete Herman, Joe Lynch, Earl Puryear, and many others . . . . Puryear we understand is living in Omaha, Neb. . . . . Tommy O'Loughlin, former Minneapolis promoter, has closed his arena in Sioux City for the season . . . . He had a very successful season in spots . . . . Many fighters head-quarter in Sioux City during the summer months . . . . Two arenas going there kept many fighters busy . . . . Jack Finney, manager of Baby Manuel, the Cuban featherweight may barnstorm around here . . . . Roy Gillman Fort Dodge, Ia., promoter has a tough youngster in Young Mickey Walker a lightweight . . . . and would like to show the boy here . . . . Will see you fellows next month . . . .

KANSAS AND VICINITY
By L. R. FORD

SALINA, KANS.—Jimmy Garrison defeated Don Smith in ten rounds. Bruce (Wildcat) Brown beat Harry Browne in eight. Johnny Wilson lost on a foul in three to Royal Coffman. Harry Tressler knocked out Charley Donaldson in three. George White and Billy Abrams fought four rounds to a draw.

Johnny Apt, promoter at Salina, states he had a fair house considering his initial show, and that his following shows will draw better.

Les Showers, premier amateur boxing promoter of the Middle West, had a successful three-day tournament at Rapid City, So. Dak. He is undecided just where his next tournament is to be held, owing to several attractive offers to stage tourneys in Kansas, Mo., Colorado and Arkansas. Showers will spot a location at once and will probably work several pre-Olympic tournaments.

Florence, Kans.—Sid Flagler, promoter and sportsman, writes he has just signed the tough light-heavy, Brooks Robison, to a contract, and he will manage him. Robison is a real hard fighting lad and a willing mixer. Promoters desiring his services get in touch with Flager at Florence, Kansas.

Neodesha, Kans.—Ira Krueger, local promoter, is undecided whether he will start the fight game in his city this winter or not.

Ft. Scott, Kans.—Johnny Wagner says he may promote amateur fight cards in this city this winter. The meteoric rise of Joe Louis is encouraging to the amateur fighters.

Several towns in Kansas are likely to open this fall and winter. Among the largest of the cities is Wichita, with Jack Slattery and E. E. Chaney at the helm, two capable men in the fight game.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

JOHNNY FREEMAN, veteran Salamanca heavyweight, dropped a decision to Al Delaney of Detroit in their six-round set-to at the Broadway Auditorium on September 16. Delaney missed many punches when the bobbing Freeman ducked some of his haymakers but the Michigan lad got in some good blows, scoring a couple of knockdowns.

The gate was disappointing and Promoter Charlie Murray suffered a loss, his second consecutive one. The Loughran-Delaney melee at the ball park was also a loser.

There's some talk now about a Lou Scozza-Al Delaney match. This writer selects Scozza to win if the pair engages in a bout. Lou is a cunning, experienced ringster and, while many times his style is displeasing to the fans who crave action, nevertheless the gentlemanly Italian's record is one of the best among light-heavyweights.

Delaney should fight the rushing, swinging type. He would score more knockouts with inexperienced fighters whom he can readily "tag" on the jaw and knockouts build a scrapper into a drawing card.

Big Boy Brackey, who has been on the shelf all summer with a broken shoulder, is taking light workouts with the hope of returning to the ring soon. Whether he can regain his old form remains to be seen. Since his last appearance in the roped arena, Brackey has switched managers. His contract with T. Aquinas Timlin elapsed and inasmuch as fighter and manager could not agree the big boy selected Red Carr to do his business.

Timlin says he doesn't care a rap what Brackey does. He points to his gray head which he acquired through worrying over Brackey's inconsistencies and strong-headedness. T. Aquinas has again taken over the management of the speedy Batavia lightweight, Tony Sciolino, whom he will shoot at the best in the 135-pound class.

Young heavyweights have a splendid opportunity in Buffalo to get "in the money." Brackey came here penniless and made around seventy-five hundred dollars in a year, fighting his way up from the amateurs. Good young heavies who are free from managerial alliances and contracts should write Hugh Shannon, 95 Saranac Ave., Buffalo, New York.

Tommy Paul returned to the wars after a summer's layoff and dropped a decision to Al Hamilton, a youngster, at Cincinnati on September 20.

Steve Halaiko is getting plenty of work around New York, New England and New Jersey. Manager Plunkett has been offered matches in Europe for the Auburn speed-ball.

Tiger Fisher of Saskatoon, western Canada's middleweight champion, is coming East to campaign. The Tiger will fight out of Buffalo and Toronto. He may do his training in the Ontario metropolis.

The sensational punching and all-around fighting of Joe Louis will give boxing the stimulant it needs for a boom. Watch the sport soar to a new high this fall and winter.

A new boxing club in Jamestown, with Tommy Moore as matchmaker, is almost a certainty. The crafty Tommy knows his boxing and is a splendid promoter. Syracuse, Erie, Hamilton, Ont., and Buffalo will all have new clubs.

MISCELLANEOUS FISTIC NOTES—Charlie Bailey, boxing writer on the *Times*, forecasts promotional opposition for the Queensberry Club here . . . . Without a first class promoter and matchmaker, a club is a liability . . . . Boxing interest is perking up around here and this winter should witness a boom along Cauliflower Alley . . . . The six-day bike races are due to hit Buffalo in December . . . . Tiger Fisher of Saskatoon, western Canada's hard-hitting middleweight champion, wants to come East. He may make his headquarters in Toronto . . . . Amateur boxing will be renewed this fall at the Orioles and also at the Eagles here . . . . Some big shot amateur shows may go to the Auditorium, which will accommodate eight thousand . . . . Jack O'Brien is planning some splendid shows at St. Mary's, Pa., this season. Jack is a hustler and understands boxing from A to Z . . . . George "Pop" Needham, old-time ball player, is a capable fight judge here . . . . And "Ike" Klipfel, another old-timer, is a splendid official . . . . Jimmy Goodrich and Luke Carr are the referees, and both are honest, experienced arbiters . . . . Luke and Jimmy did plenty of fighting themselves and know what it's all about . . . . Charlie Murray would give a lot for another Jimmy Slattery or a Jimmy Duffy.

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SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS
By BILL HAWKINS

THE untiring efforts of promoters Ty Dillon at the Uptown arena, and Tommy O'Loughlin at the Riverview arena, to give the fans the best possible for their money, has boomed the game here. Both men are to be commended, for their work.

Uptown Arena—Frankie Wolfram, Winnipeg featherweight scored a 10 round decision over Armanda Sicilla, of Springfield, Ill. Buddy McCrea, Wichita, Kan., lightweight dropped the duke to Jackie Johnson in six rounds. Billy Porter, Indianapolis, welter, and Kid Jobe, Sioux City negro, went to a draw in six. Jack Harding gained the nod over Lloyd Weaver. Young Newsboy Brown edged in a decision over Billy Clancy.

Riverview Park Arena—Baby Manuel, Tampa, Fla., featherweight, and Henry Hook went 15 rounds to a draw; Jackie Elverrillo, Chicago welter, defeated Billy Porter. Jack Harding scored over Ray Watson. Terry Griffiths won by a kayo over Frank Casey, of Minneapolis.

Uptown Arena.—Al Manriquez, Atlantic, Ia., featherweight, punched out an easy decision over Hymie Wiseman, veteran Des Moines fighter in eight rounds. Irish McKenna scored a T. K. O. over Bobby Crowley in seven. Jimmy Legrone, Des Moines, lightweight comer defeated Buddy McCrea in eight. Jes Ackerman, Des Moines, lightweight scored over Speedy Clayton of Sioux City. LeRoy Seloner, De Moines welter won over Lloyd Weaver of Sioux City.

Riverview Park Arena.—Henry Hook, Indianapolis bad boy, won a 15 round decision over Paul Astrada, Kansas City featherweight. Jimmy Garrison, Kansas City lightweight won over Freddy Chynoweth, of Chicago in eight. Al Pahl, local welter scored over Billy Porter in six; Young Newsboy Brown shaded Tommy Sacco.

Uptown Arena.—Petey Mike, West Palm Beach, Fla., welterweight halted the winning streak of Dick Demaray, Tappen, No. Dak., battler in 10. Ernie Heatherington, Winnipeg welter beat Mickey O'Shea in eight. Tom Habel Chicago welter won over Irish McKenna. Lloyd Weaver won over Al Soukup, Omaha welter. Oscar Bell Omaha middleweight beat Bob Neil of Sioux City.

Riverview Park Arena.—Henry Hook, Indianapolis featherweight, dropped a 15 round decision to Baby Manuel, of Tampa, Fla. Freddy Chynoweth, scored over Billy Porter Indianapolis welter in eight. Lloyd Weaver shaded Jack Harding. Bob Tinsley, Chicago lightweight, won a close decision over Terry Griffith, of Sioux City. Eddie Reynolds, Le Mars, Ia., featherweight won over Newsboy Brown of Sioux City. Ray Watson, of Reno, Nevada, won over Bob Neil, Sioux City welter.

Uptown Arena.—Baby Manuel, Tampa, Fla., feather, showing plenty of class, belted out a 10 round decision over Albert Manriquez, of Atlantic, Ia. Billy Porter, Indianapolis welter, knocked out Kid Jobe, Sioux City negro in six rounds. Cappy Wooten, Omaha, lightweight won over Roy "Kid" Newman, of Sioux City. Terry Griffith, Sioux City lightweight scored a T. K. O. over Leo Rhodes, of Omaha. Bill Clancy scored over Young Newsboy Brown.

Riverview Park Arena.—Freddy Chynoweth, Chicago lightweight, won an easy 10 round decision over Bus Breese, of Manhattan, Kans. Al Pahl, Sioux City welter won over Bill Porter of Indianapolis. Lloyd Weaver won over Jack Harding. Bob Tinsley, Chicago lightweight won by a T. K. O. over Baby McCrea, of Wichita, Kans. Young Kid Mann won over Young Newsboy Brown, both Sioux City feathers.

Herewith is a few of the results around the state of Iowa: Fort Dodge, Ia.—Bob Tinsley, Chicago lightweight scored over Terry Griffith, of Sioux City. Bobby O'Dowd, Sioux City feather won over Jimmy Salvadore, of Fort Dodge. Fred Chynoweth, Chicago lightweight and Billy Porter of Indianapolis moved their series from Sioux City to Fort Dodge, with Chynoweth getting the nod.

Denison, Ia.—Jack Harding, Sioux City welter, scored a decision over Jimmy Wooten, of Omaha. Ray Mann, Sioux City welter, and Irish Farley, of Sac City went eight rounds on fairly even terms.

Des Moines, Ia.—Hymia Wiseman, Des Moines featherweight was awarded a decision over Frankie Wolfram by the foul route in five rounds. Pret Ferrar, Des Moines, won a disputed decision over Andy Miller, Sioux City light-heavyweight. Steve Cronin, Des Moines won over Jose Rivers, Audubon, Ia., welter. Larry Ritter scored a kayo over Brooks Wilson in four rounds.

Onawa, Ia.—Jimmy Wooten, Omaha, lost a sixer to Buddy Short, Sioux City negro middleweight. Kid Jobe, Sioux City won over Bob Pettit, Council Bluffs welter. Cappy Wooten, and Lloyd Weaver went to a fast draw. Bert Woods won from Bill White. Eomo Wyland lost to Joe Ogle. Ben Finnerty lost to Chuck Johnson of Sioux City.

Fort Dodge, Ia.—Jackie Elverrillo, Chicago negro welter scored a kayo over Jimmy Wooten of Omaha in five heats. Tuffy Dial, Sioux City light-heavyweight won over George Borland, of Des Moines, Ia. Ray Watson, Sioux City welter won over Bobby McLoughlin.

Waterloo, Ia.—Andy Miller, Sioux City light-heavyweight and Pret Ferrar, Des Moines, fought to a fast six round draw. Sonny Bass, New Hartford, Ia., comer, stopped Tommy Sacco, Sioux City, in the first round. Jackie Dugan and Whitey Dale fought to a good draw. Danny Schneck and Eddie Rivers also went to a draw.

Sac City, Ia.—Mel Rice, Sioux City welterweight won over Dixie Taylor, Waterloo, Ia., negro in a bout billed as for the welterweight title of Iowa. Ray Mann, Sioux City welter won over Wild Bill Corey in eight rounds.

LAST MINUTE SPARKS—Pinkie George, Des Moines boxing promoter is staging some fine cards . . . . Andy George is going good with wrestling at Waterloo, Ia. . . . Fred Mason is promoting at Sac City, Ia. . . . K. H. Buck, of Vail, Ia., is holding shows every two weeks at Dension, Ia. . . . At Carroll, Ia., business men interested in boxing and wrestling have formed an organization and will sponsor cards . . . . The group is headed by Walter O'Connor, and Less Jessee . . . . Bob Seagrist is going at Ottumwa, Ia. . . . Eagle Grove, Ia., Onawa, Ia., Perry, Ia., and many other small spots are going with cards . . . . One of the finest fellows this writer has met up with for some time, and a very interesting talker, is Jack Finney, who is headquartering in Sioux City, on the last lap of his barnstorming tour with Baby Manuel, Tampa, Fla., featherweight . . . . Tommy O'Loughlin is making plans for a trip to the coast with Young Rightmire, his featherweight . . . . In order to keep records in line, Ross Abramo, manager of Andy Miller, Sioux City light-heavyweight wants it known, that from now on, his protege is fighting under the name of Andy Miller, and not Kid Miller . . . . He further stated his boy did not appear on cards in St. Paul, or at Williston, No. Dak. . . . At Chicago, Young Rightmire scored a two round kayo over Lenny Cohen, and won over Paul Lee at St. Louis . . . . Jimmy Legrone, Des Moines, lightweight in our opinion is a very good looking prospect . . . . George Trafton, owner of Trafton's gym in Chicago, spent a few days in Sioux City looking things over . . . . Mickey Slater is on the sidelines with an injured ankle . . . . Louis Larson is the A. A. U. commissioner for the state of Iowa . . . . We stated Harvey Woods and Jimmy Salvatore fought to a draw, last month. It should have read, Woods defeated Salvatore . . . . sorry . . . . Boxing has started to show signs of life in Omaha . . . . The big fistic event of the indoor season will be the "Sioux City Journal's Good-Fellow boxing card" which will be staged right before Xmas . . . . We have a hunch, that Ty Dillon, popular Uptown promoter will be the matchmaker . . . . Henry Hook, the rough featherweight from Indianapolis made a big hit with fans this season . . . . His rough style of fighting had the fans wild . . . . Don't forget, get your RING every month . . . . Will be seeing you . . . .

IN THE NORTHWEST
By DAVID CAVADAS

FREDDIE STEELE earned a ten-round decision from Willie (Gorilla) Jones. Freddie had the Akron, Ohio, Negro on the verge of a knockout in the tenth, but the Gorilla was too big an obstacle to cut down.

Freddie Steele's proposed winter campaign may be disrupted owing to an injured hand. This would certainly be a tragedy to the youngster's career.

Although outweighed by more than ten pounds, Barney Ross, world's welterweight champion, scored a technical knockout over Baby Joe Gans, Los Angeles Negro, in the second round.

Gordon Wallace, Canadian welterweight title holder, strengthened his hold on his crown by winning a ten-round decision over Eddie Carroll of Ottawa, Canada in the latter's home town.

Fred Lenhart, Spokane light-heavyweight, won an easy 10-round decision from Wesley (Kayo) Ketchel. He had Ketchel on the floor twice for nine counts. "Tiger" Hack Fox, Spokane Negro, held Maxie Rosenbloom to a ten-round draw. Sonny Jones, Vancouver, decisioned Joe Dunn in eight rounds at Ottawa, Canada.

Vancouver fans are opposed to the rumor, which is flying sky high in some of the Eastern papers, that Jimmy McLarnin has quit because he lost his title to Ross. Jimmy has returned from a honeymoon trip in Honolulu and says that he has had a "juicy offer from the Boston Garden to meet Teddy Yarosz." He believes that he will meet Barney again.

It seems that Billy Townsend, one time welterweight prospect, has hung up his gloves after being k.o.'ed by Gordon Wallace.

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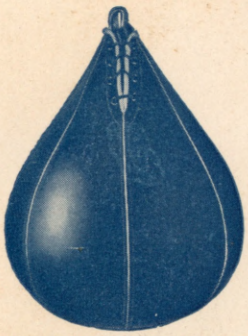

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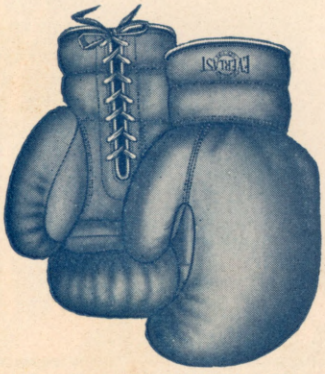

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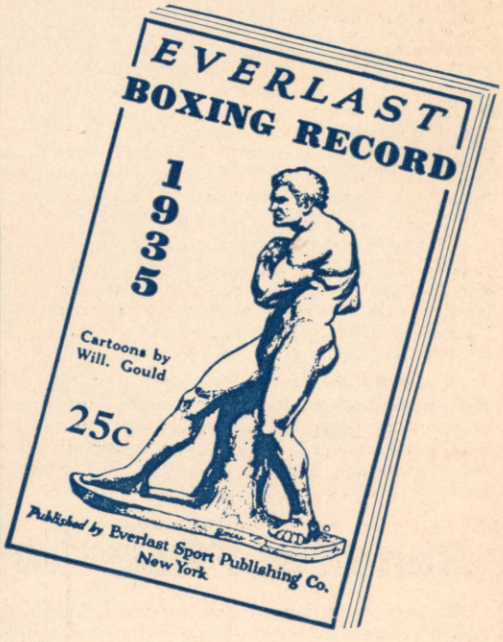

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